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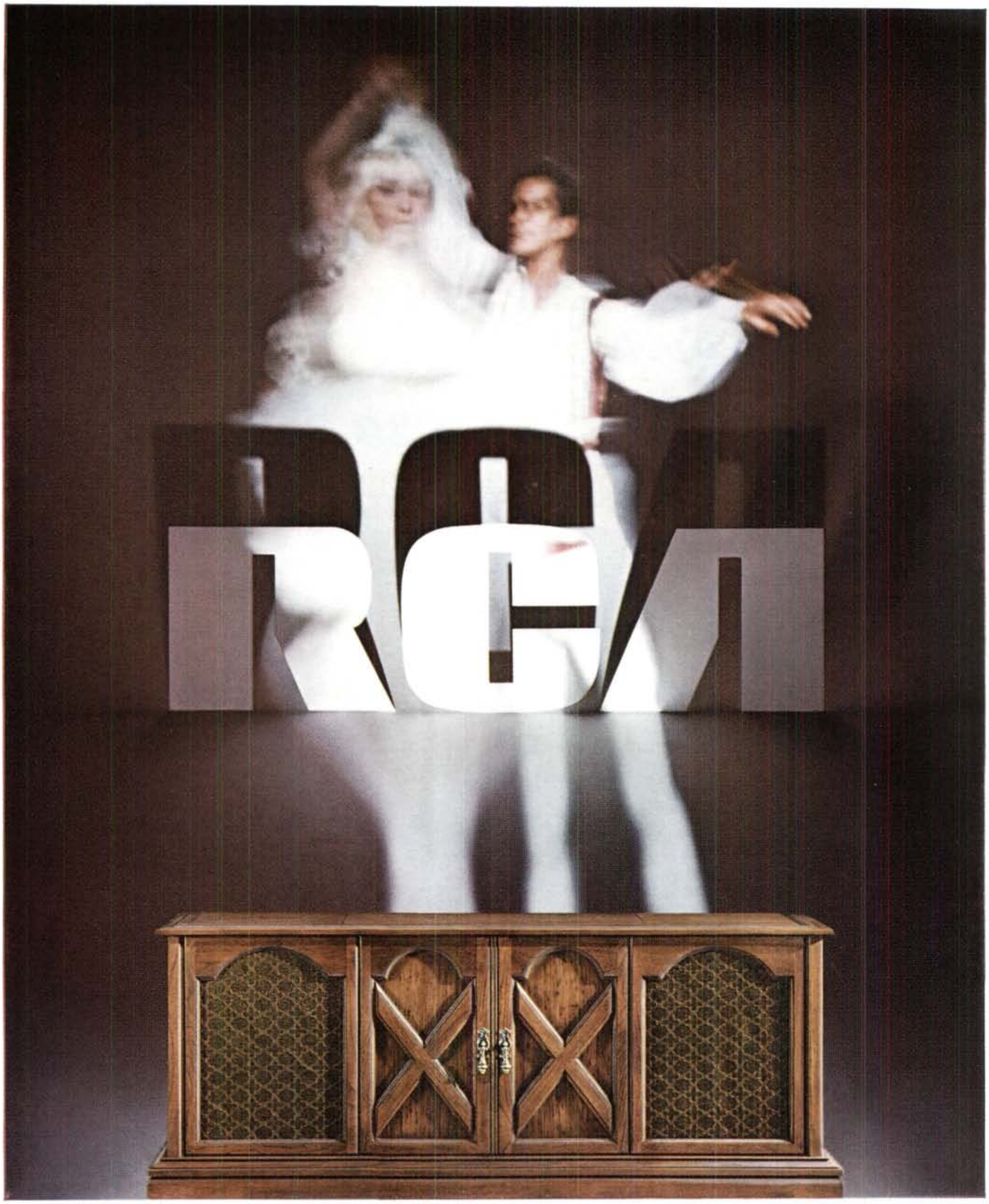

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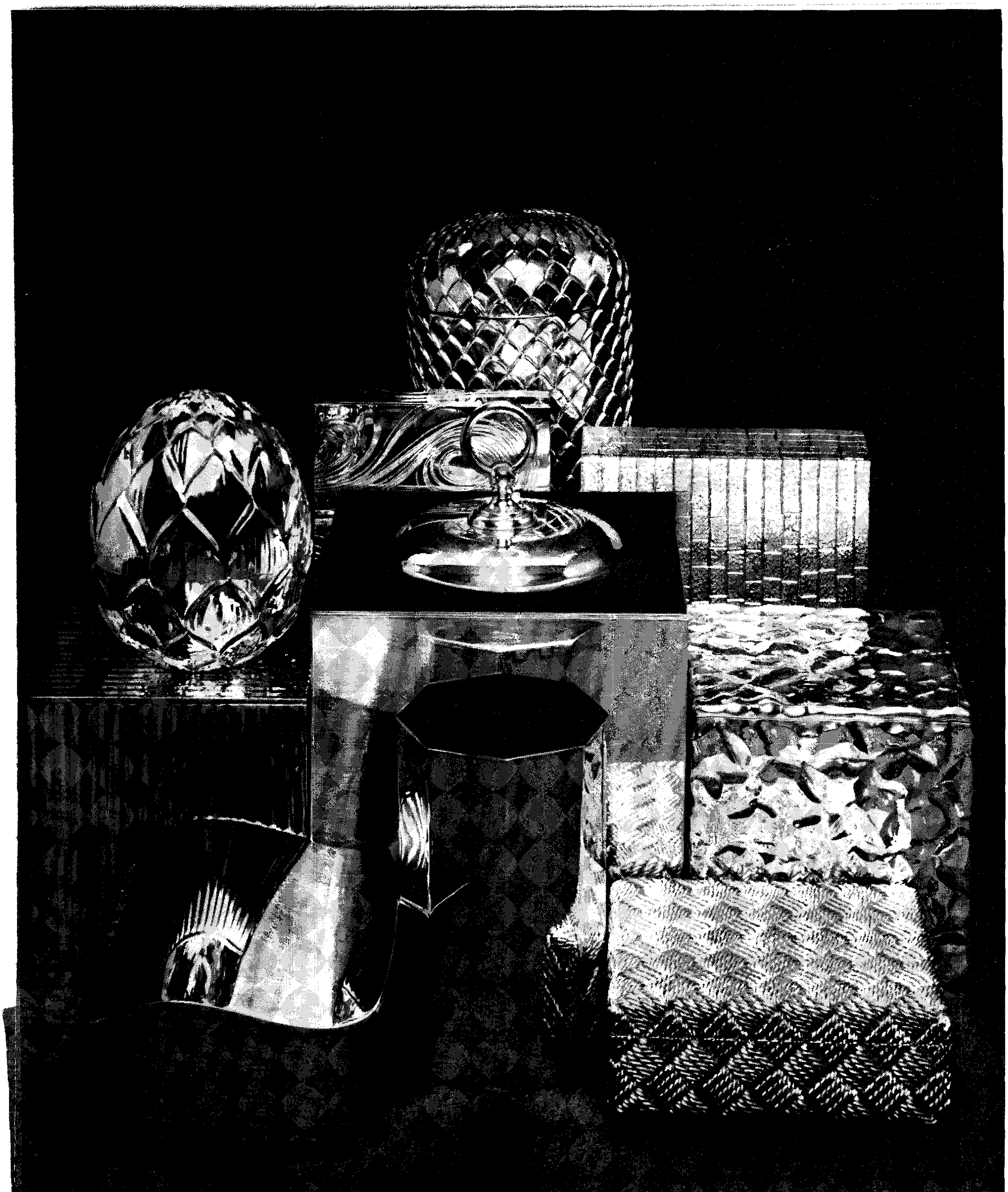

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Memorial Day, May 30. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF**: Thursday, May 23, at 8:30; Saturday, May 25, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday and Tuesday, May 27-28, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Ionesco's **EXIT THE KING**: Friday, May 24, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 1, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Chekhov's **THE CHERRY ORCHARD**: Wednesday, May 29, at 2 and 8:30, and Thursday and Friday, May 30-31, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ed Bullins' Plays—Mr. Bullins is resident playwright of the New Lafayette Theatre, in Harlem, now being rebuilt. These three plays, dealing with one aspect or another of Negro life, are sad, funny, harsh, and horrifying, often simultaneously, and in each of them Mr. Bullins has been able to get exactly the effect he is after. The actors, under Robert Macbeth's direction, perform very well indeed. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

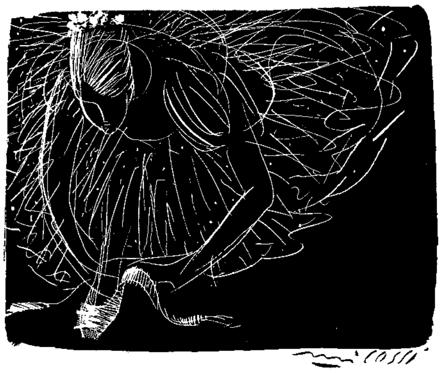
Collision Course—Eleven one-acters by a dozen "new" and not-so-new dramatists. Although facetiousness abounds, only one of the plays—Jules Feiffer's entry—is funny, and although portentousness abounds, only one of the plays—Israel Horovitz' entry—is serious and touching. (Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. 777-1919. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—An inept rendering of the romantic Rostand drama, with Robert Symonds playing the proud and selfless Gascon. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 8.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by the extremely gifted young playwright Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Jane White is the Queen in Michael Cacoyannis's production of the Euripides tragedy, and Gretchen Corbett now appears as the Greek princess who allows herself to be sacrificed for the sake of her father, Agamemnon. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 26.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

Joe Egg—A brilliant, corrosive comedy by Peter Nichols about an ill-fated young English family. With Donal Donnelly and Zena Walker. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Memorandum—This satire on bureaucracy by the Czech playwright Václav Havel is shrewd, enlightening, and full of comic invention. It is performed with the requisite spirit and style by all concerned, under Joseph Papp's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 16.)

The Only Game in Town—Tammy Grimes, Barry Nelson, and Leo Genn are the entire cast in this play by Frank D. Gilroy. Mr. Nelson is the director. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Friday, May 31, at 2:30.)

Plaza Suite—Three determinedly funny skits by Neil Simon, guaranteeing a laugh a minute. Alfred Sandor (substituting for George C. Scott) and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, directed in broad, knockabout fashion by Mike Nichols. Starting Monday, May 27, Nicol Williamson will take over from Mr. Sandor. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Kate Reid, and Harold Gary carry on a long, sometimes funny but mostly lacerating conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. It is good to have the playwright, Arthur Miller, mixing a few jokes in with his usual grim family flayings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, May 30, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Zoe Caldwell in a marvellous comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, May 30, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

Private Lives—A revival of Noël Coward's play, with Elaine Stritch, Russell Nype, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Howard Erskine. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Red Cross and **Muzeeka**—A pair of one-acters, both of them comprised of monkeyshines and sight gags in the modern manner but with bleak overtones. The first, by Sam Shepard, is a repellent comedy about a symbolically infested young man in a symbolically antiseptic setting. The hero of the second—a sporadically funny and high-spirited play by John Guare—is an employee of a canned-music corporation who lands in Vietnam. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—Tom Stoppard's droll and highly ingenious account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on Rosencrantz and Guildenstern instead of upon Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead a fine cast that has been astutely directed by Derek Goldby. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Spofford—An old Connecticut nutmeg, played with skill and charm by Melvyn Douglas, takes a look at the commuting set that is invading his domain, and his observations make for quite a bit of merriment. The comedy was written by Herman Shumlin and based on a novel, "Reuben, Reuben," by Peter De Vries. Mr. Shumlin also directed the piece. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays—except May 29—at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

Summertree—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 8.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A tired farce about

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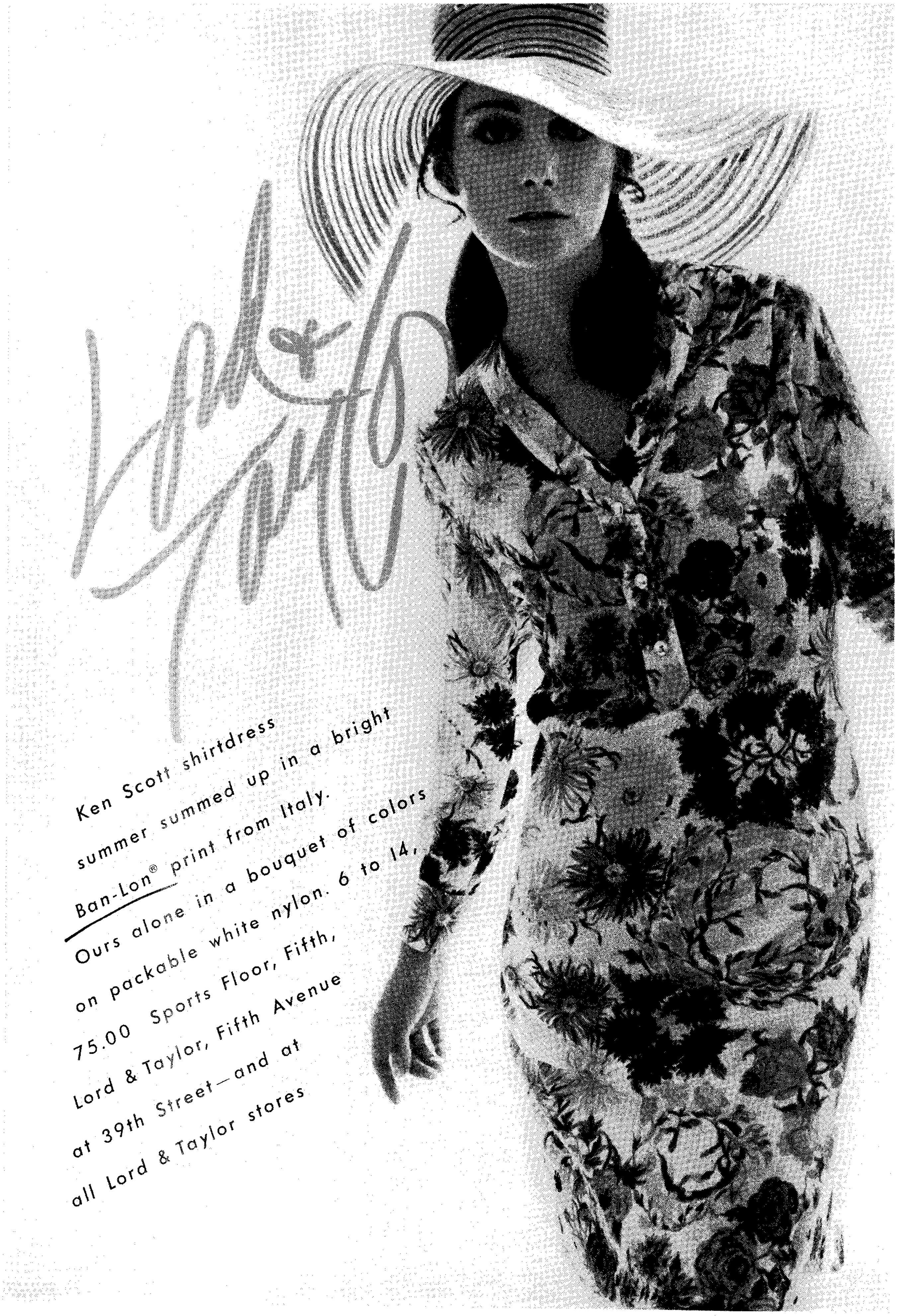

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a middle-aged lecher (Laurence Hugo) entrapped by a nineteen-year-old girl swinger. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Venetian Twins—A three-week engagement of Goldoni's comedy, performed in Italian by the Theatre of Genoa. Opens Tuesday, May 28, and will run through Sunday, June 16. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. They are now acted by Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Linda Selman. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sunday, May 26, at 3.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by an amateur choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Constance Towers, Michael Kermoyan, and Anita Darian in **THE KING AND I.** The first of two musicals by the company. Opens Thursday, May 23, and will run through Sunday, June 9. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays, except May 28, through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day.)

George M!—A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas—a preposterous subject, redeemed in part by many bouncy girls and fancy stage effects. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Hair—Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays—except May 29—at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 2.)

The Happy Time—A labored, not very tuneful telling of the old tale about how difficult it is to return to the scenes of one's childhood. Robert Goulet and David Wayne perform gallantly against crushing odds. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

How Now, Dow Jones—Antics of the financial set in a musical that isn't overly yeasty but that has fine performances by Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, and Brenda Vaccaro, among others. George Abbott directed in his most galvanic style. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, June Gable, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

New Faces of '68—An unintentional throwback to a simpler time. The performers are pleasant and the material dreary. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

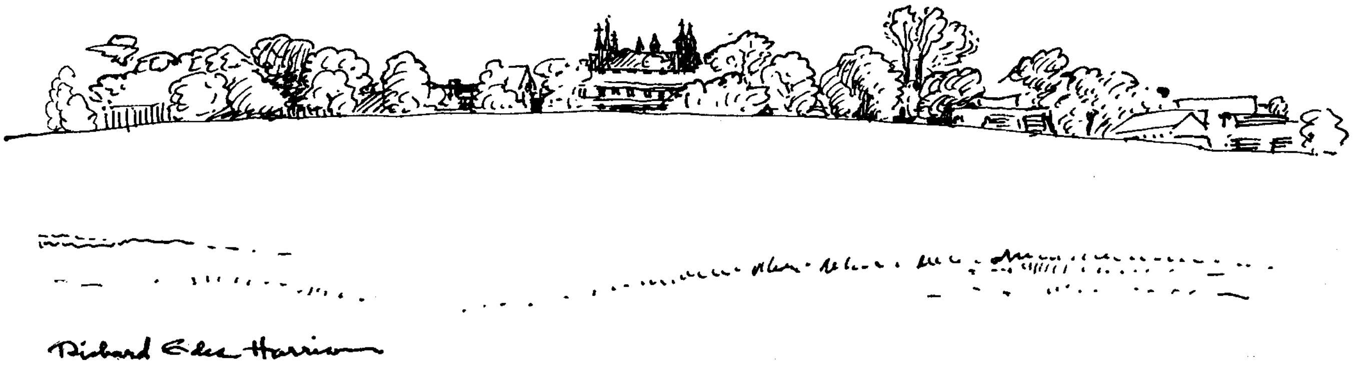
Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Jack Gilford and Lotte Lenya are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** And to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)... **I DO! I DO!:** Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae are now in this version of "The Fourposter." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)... **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Janis Paige is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, May 23, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Dim Lustre," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Friday, May 24, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 2:15: "Firebird," "Ivesiana," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 8:15: "Episodes" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Sunday, May 26, at 1:15: "Prodigal Son," "Ivesiana," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday, May 26, at 7:15: "Haydn Concerto," "Apollo," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Tuesday, May 28, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Wednesday, May 29, at 8:15: "Illuminations," "Ivesiana," "Tarantella," and "Apollo."... ¶ Thursday, May 30, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, May 31, at 8:15: "Haydn Concerto," "Strawinsky: Symphony in C," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird." ... ¶ Saturday, June 1, at 2:15: "Jewels." ... ¶ Saturday, June 1, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and "Firebird." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 16.)

Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet—Thursday evening, May 23: Act II of "Giselle," selections including "Don Quixote Grand Pas de Ballet" and "The Dying Swan," and "Ballet School." ... ¶ Friday evening, May 24; Saturday matinée and evening, May 25; and Monday evening, May 27: Act II of "Swan Lake," selections including "Black Swan Pas de Deux" and "The Dying Swan," and "Ballet School." ... ¶ Tuesday through Thursday evenings, May 28-30: Act II of "Giselle" and High-



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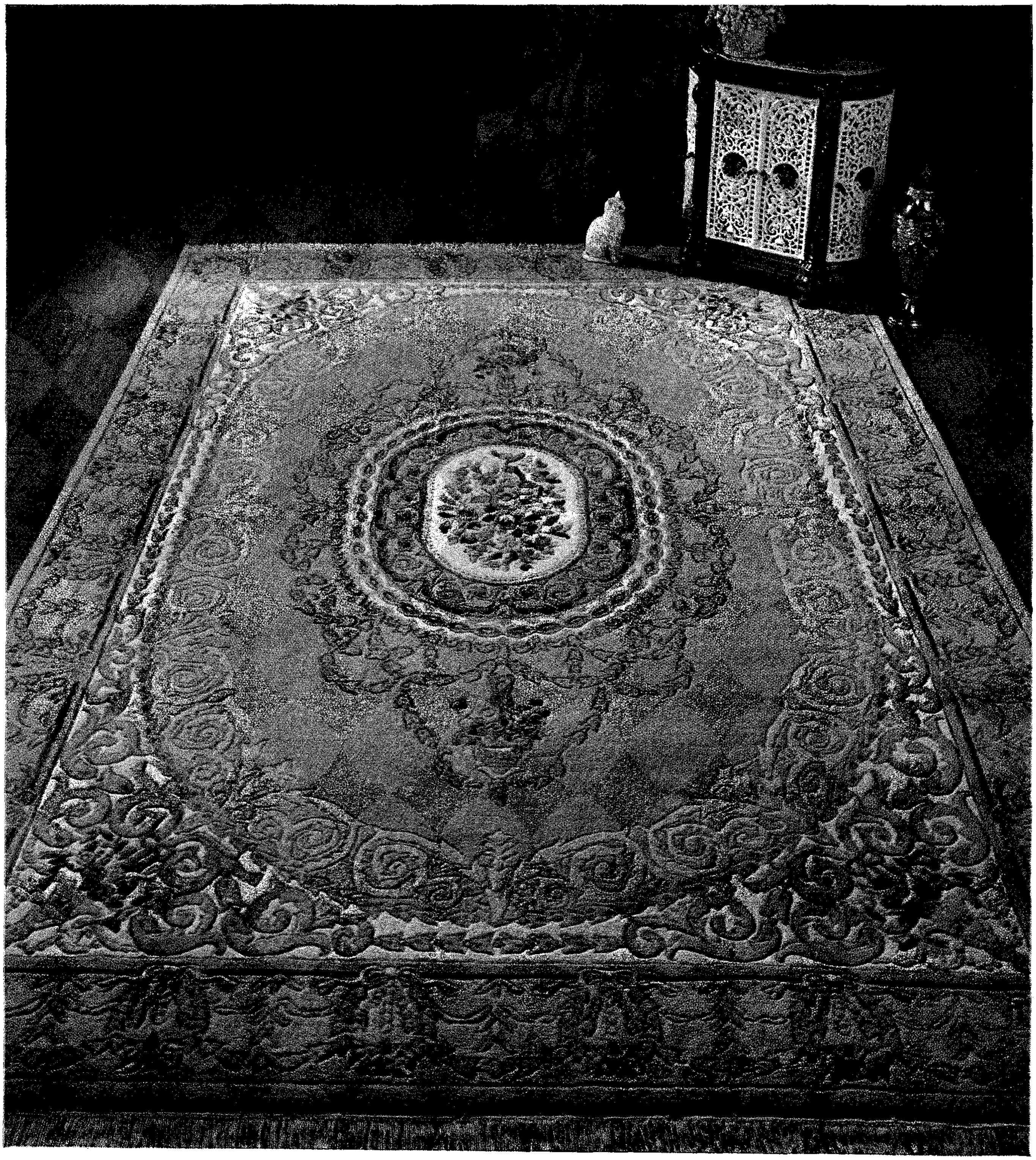

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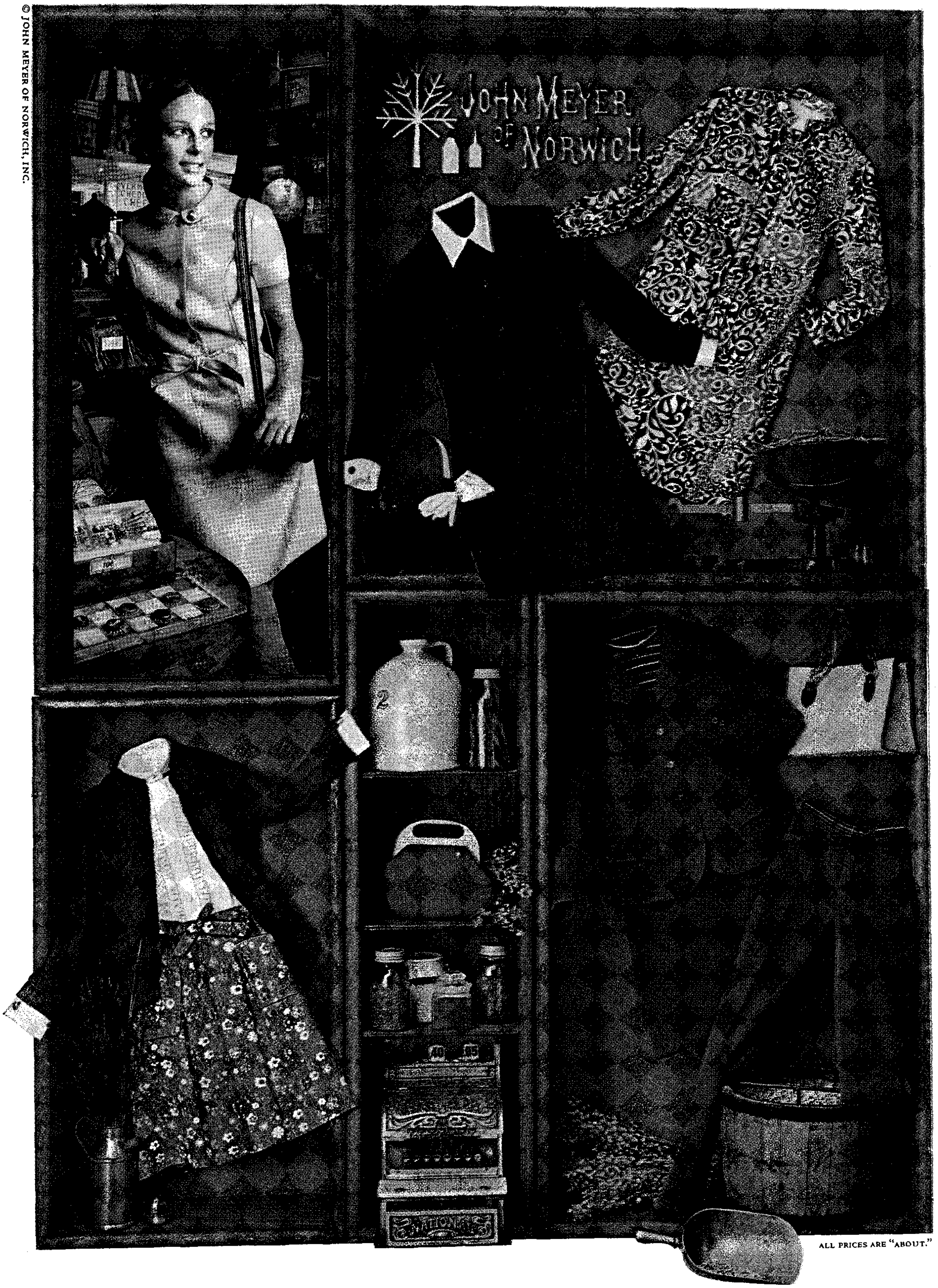

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lights II ("The Nutcracker Pas de Deux" and "Don Quixote Grand Pas de Ballet"). . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 31, and Saturday matinée, June 1: "Chopiniana" and Highlights I ("The Flames of Paris Pas de Deux," "The Doves," "Bach Prelude," and "The Dying Swan"). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 1: "Chopiniana" and Highlights I ("The Flames of Paris Pas de Deux," "The Doves," "Bach Prelude," and "The Sleeping Beauty Pas de Deux"). (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, June 15.)

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, May 23, at 8:30: "Suite for Five," "Rain-Forest," and "Place.". . . ¶ Friday, May 24, at 8:30: "Winterbranch," "Variations V," and "Nocturnes.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 8:30: "Place" and "Walkaround Time.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 26, at 3: "Collage III," "Field Dances," "RainForest," and "Walkaround Time." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Martha Graham and Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-and-a-half-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 9—Friday evening, May 24: "Dancing-Ground," "Cortege of Eagles," and "Acrobats of God.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 25: "Dancing-Ground," "Appalachian Spring," and "Héloise and Abélard" (première). . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 26: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Appalachian Spring," and "Héloise and Abélard.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 28: "Circe," "Diversion of Angels," and "Cortege of Eagles.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 29: "Circe," "The Plain of Prayer" (première), and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 30: "Appalachian Spring," "The Lady of the House of Sleep" (première), and "Cortege of Eagles." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 31: "The Plain of Prayer," "The Lady of the House of Sleep," and "Héloise and Abélard.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 1: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Dancing-Ground," and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 1: "Circe," "The Plain of Prayer," and "Héloise and Abélard." (George Abbott Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Coruscare," "Car Lot," "Pas de Quatre," and "Da Capo 20." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Monday, May 27, at 8:30.)

Glen Tetley Dance Company—With Carmen de Lavallade and Scott Douglas, in a program consisting of "Freefall," "Pierrot Lunaire," and "The Mythical Hunters." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday, May 29, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment—comprising singers, instrumentalists, and comics—sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8025)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. The bandstand is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor. Zoot Sims leads a neatly assembled quartet, whose members play as though they mean it. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group comprising Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from eight-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Nashville Room, in the Taft Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. (265-7577)—A spacious bluegrass pasture. Jimmy Dickens leads a country-music show at nine and again at midnight. Starting Tuesday, May 28, Waylon Jennings will lead the show. Limited dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangement of Petula Clark's latest. Old movies are shown from time to time. On Sunday, May 26, from five to nine, Jazz Interactions will present a trio (non-banjo) consisting of Willie the Lion Smith, Bobby Thomas, and Ben Tucker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Keep walking—you'll get there eventually. It's a dark and elemental hole whose clientele knows pretty much where it's at. Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers are doing some intricate, well-blended, original things. On Tuesday, May 28, Yusef Lateef's quintet will succeed them. On Saturdays, from five to nine, other groups play before the regular session, and on Sunday, May 26, from five to eight, Weldon Irvine's seventeen-piece band will perform. Mondays are reserved for benefits and so forth.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, where grilled dishes are served, the Bill Evans trio alternates with Andy Bey's piano every night but Monday. On Tuesday, May 28, Bob Lam will replace Bey. On Mondays, the regular talent is off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, Friday and Saturday, May 24-25: Hugh Masekela's quintet and the Modern Jazz Quartet. On Friday and Saturday, May 31-June 1: the Herbie Mann quintet and, again, the M.J.Q.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box in which music stays near the van. Roland Kirk's quartet plays six nights a week. Mondays are a different scene, being devoted to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu, and sawdust is on the floor. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass: Earl Blake and John Latham play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. When the musicians take a break, you can go to the jukebox and play "Down in the Boondocks."

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, the fun runs from four-thirty to closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

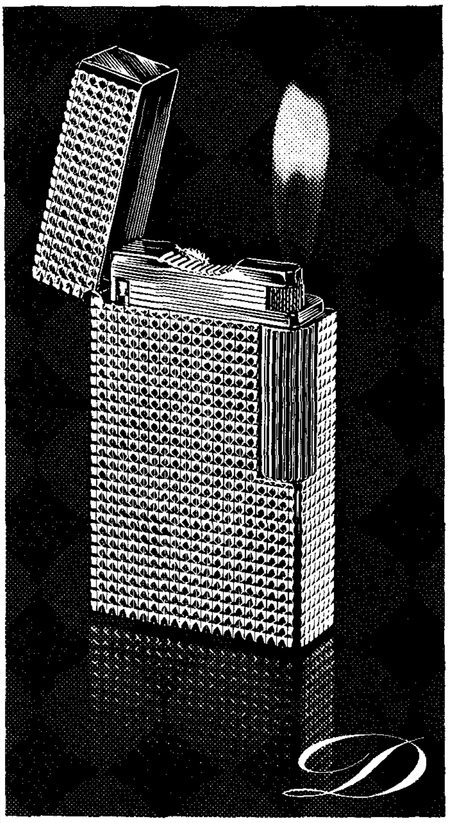
(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the rampant live sounds of The Brotherhoods. On Tuesday, May 28, The Orphans will replace the B'ds. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Cheetah, 310 W. 52nd St. (582-2970)—It's getting by, with a little help from its friends. The people are there, and so are the props—black lights, fake cheetah fur, and a stainless steel dance floor. On the non-alcoholic main floor, Soul Three and Fear Itself are making big sounds on the big stage. Starting Thursday, May 30, the Brooklyn Bridge and Peppermint Rainbow will make the sounds. Closed Mondays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and

THAT
IT LIGHTS
CIGARETTES
IS
ALMOST
INCIDENTAL.



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run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the crowd grooves on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. The James Cotton Blues Band alternates with records over a potent system. On Monday, May 27, at eight-thirty, the place will move even farther into the electro-techno-aleatory sphere when five composers, including John Cage, make light patterns and produce auditory fibrillations determined by moves on a chess board. On Tuesday, May 28, the Bagatelle will start playing for dancing. Alcohol is out; no wonder.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—Kind of a cool place. Dancers swing expertly on the parquet floor, and the records stay up. Recorded rock from ten to three or four every night.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy place with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The late-dinner menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—It's steep getting in, and it may be even steeper getting out. You descend to the lower depths, where the stylishly dressed—hoping to be seen by others stylishly dressed—cavort to records played over a sound system whose components may be made of Britannia metal. Things run from ten till closing except on Fridays and Saturdays, when things start at eight-thirty. No one is saved.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, four youths known as The Teachers play for dancing and listening. On Thursday, May 30, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral will succeed them. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—Well, yes, Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The live music of the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble alternates with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): Youth springs eternal, after no matter how many years, from the mind and the horns of Duke Ellington's practically permanent party of players and from the fingers of the Duke himself. When all these are at rest, Phil Wayne's satisfying foursome mounts the podium. Closed Sundays. . . . **Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Here every bracket is upper, and up, too, is the music of the spheres—the social ones, of course—that goes on every single night in the Café Pierre. John Mince's band is the purveyor each Monday and Tuesday; the rest of the week belongs to Stanley Worth's crew. They are spelled, between sets, by the songs and piano of Ellen Harwicke, who knows what she's about. Miss H. has Mondays and Tuesdays off. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, one of the immutable figures of life after dark, stables his crew in the restaurant, where he is on duty from eight to one through the week, and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays and Mondays are silent nights. . . . **El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): If only these walls could speak, what tales they could tell of the time when nighthood was in flower and daytime was for sleeping. As it is, Lester Lanin himself, and not a tape, runs one of the present-day bands. The office hours are eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444): Johnny Long's orchestra, which now gets to town no more often than Halley's Comet, is on the firing range from seven-thirty on. Another group reports at six. No blowing on Sunday nights. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): A protectorate devised for the benefit of those who can remember the foxtrot, the two-step, and other Early Americana. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the three extensive bands (Argueso's Latin laureates are the best known). Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty, and for Memorial Day, which runs from two-thirty until twelve. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers, a compulsive conversationalist, lets her subconscious be her guide, and a wild-and-woolly guided tour it is. Not before nine-thirty or so is the scheme. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Somewhere in Israel, most likely on a ranch between Jerusalem and Beersheba, where the ranch hands gather at eventide for spots of song, dance, chatter, and whatnot. The major interests are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, players and jokers. One dines as the Israelis do. Closed Mondays.

Eugene's, 1034 Second Ave., at 54th St. (758-7620)—The sound has little political timbre, even though the enterprise is devoted to the candidacy of a senator whose first name is the same. The air is congenial, the amusement (at eleven) is collaborative and catch-as-catch-can, such as comedy and songs by Allan Sherman and Albert Hague on Thursday, May 23; jazz by Les McCann's trio on Friday, May 24; and satire by the Yale University Improvisational Ensemble on Saturday, May 25. Closed Sundays.

Plaza 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—In the course of "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's current revue, all gall is not divided into three parts; instead, it is presented full-blown, and directed at a quantity of circumstances and characters in this world in need of a resounding rebuke. The administrators of the rebuke, all as estimable as can be in their wily ways, are Mary Jo Gillis, Alex Wipf, John Svarr, and Leslie Stewart. The exuberant pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; Baldwin Bergersen is the eclectic interlude pianist. Nine and eleven-thirty are the hours. Closed Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Photo Finish," a new bits-and-pieces collection of persiflage, has its outings at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

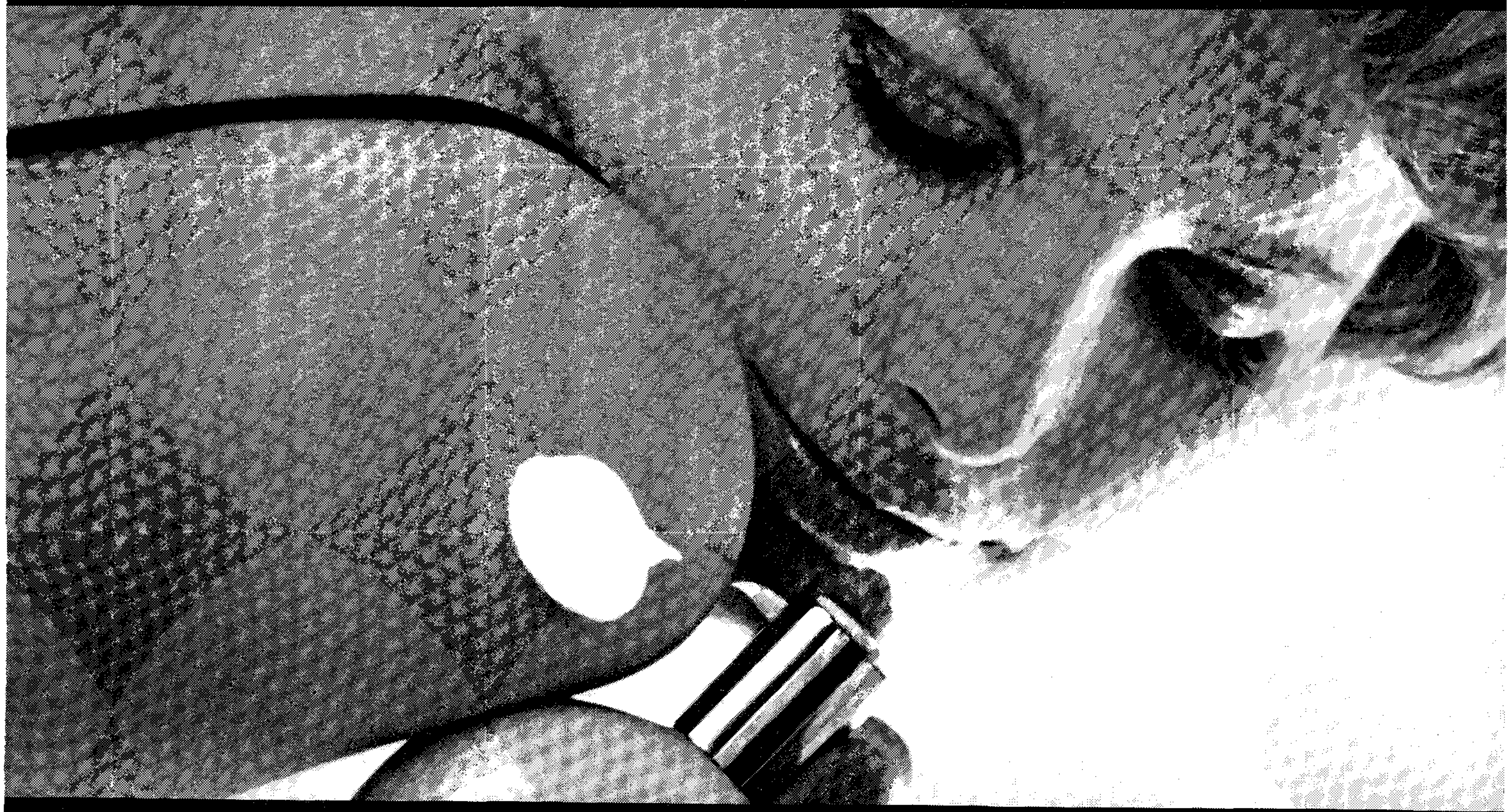
BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—New wine in an old *boîte;* i.e., the Royal Box, where the rollicking and rolling 5th Dimension does its dinner and supper brouhahas, and a brace of recent wits, Davis & Reese, do the talking. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which likes to sound like itself instead of like every other band, carries on all evening. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—Spain in broad spectrum (a spectrum almost too broad for viewers in the back row, but nevertheless a tremendous panorama), what with Los Chavales de España and their easy-does-it new-form folklore, and the Rosario Galán ballet troupe (flamencan and flamboyant). Their stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In two separate entities, life goes on, too, on a no-nights-off basis—the Flamenco Room, with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Tony Bennett, a singer very warm for May, is also calorific enough to warm the cockles and muscles of the heart. Next to him, the Copa ballerinas, one of the last strongholds of individualist thinking, will run slowly riot. No nights off. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from



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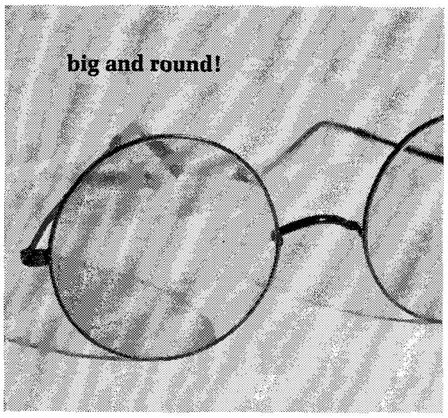

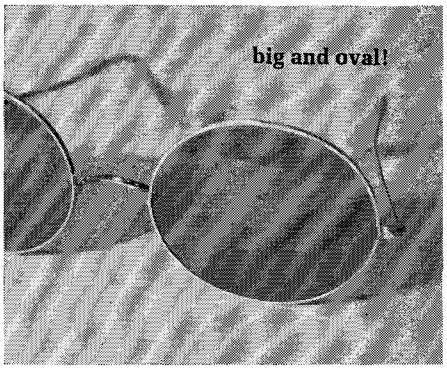

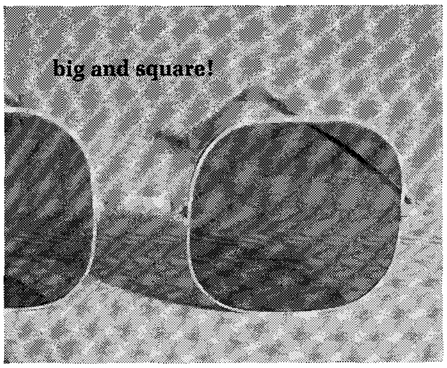

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ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music, and rumpus-room music, and rumpus-room music.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—Ah, yes, the Garden of Eden, ladies' division, before the serpent opened his big fat mouth. In addition to the ladies in the long, long spectacular, Bobby Ramsen supplies the humor and the Doodletown Pipers do their thing. On Wednesday, May 29, these characters will be replaced by Bobby Vinton, a singer designed for prom time. Twice a night, forever and a night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Noel Harrison, young man about several big towns, is the tenor in the Persian Room during dinner and supper. The well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandsmen collected by Mark Monte do the rest of the sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and from seven to nine, except Sundays, in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ The Palm Court, thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when Gunnar Hansen, violin at the ready, ascends the throne at eight. He does not abdicate until one. No music Sunday nights.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette brings on Earl Wilson, Jr., at dinner and supper, to do a cluster of songs. He withdraws on Saturday, May 25, and on Monday, May 27, Leon Bibb, voice of experience, will become the resonance. The bands of George Cort and Quintero do the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Just across the alley, calm violin and piano attend the diners and supperers in La Boite. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Shani Wallis comes up like thunder (in, though, her girlish way) during mealtimes in the Empire Room. Her final storm arrives on Saturday, May 25. The enterprise reopens on Friday, May 31, to house Trini Lopez, a wandering minstrel and pretty much a Mexican jumping bean. Charles Turecamo's band reappears the same evening. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Horace Diaz' triad plays for dancing from eight to one Wednesdays through Saturdays, and there is piano from four to ten Mondays through Fridays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A fine how-do-you-do, for everyone appears to know (and be on speaking terms with) everyone. Colonel Louis Golson Hawkins, prop., and Wayne Sanders are the permanent party, sometimes singly and sometimes doubly in spades, on the keyboards, and always merry as old King Cole. Closed Sundays and Thursday through Saturday, May 30-June 1. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): No one sleeps aboard this West Indian cruise ship. Dining and listening to whoever is chanting those Basic English ditties of the region are the basic activities. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Community sing can break out when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A closeup view of Budapest from St. Margaret's Island—gypsies and all, bending over their hot fiddles and zimbalons. There is dancing (Béla Babai's band) and singing (Tibor Rakossy), and never a silent moment. Closed Mondays. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): "Glass—Handle with Care" should be the label on the beaded walls that divide this strivers' paradise into a thousand corners, none of them quiet, for Scott Reed's piano and voice are in full cry from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is hardly for everyone, but the fact is that Charles De Forest, whose songs and piano delight those who fly, and late at night, cheers this den of propinquity, where he carries on every evening but Sunday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the drawbridge of this comfortable old castle, is on tap and on violin from dinner until late every night but Sunday. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Three times around the walls of Rome, and every night but Sunday, marches the troupe of musicians in the charge of Herman Honigsberg and his reasonably magic violin, but so gently do they swing and sing that nary a stone is dislodged. Seven is starting time, well after the theatre is closing time. . . . **Regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, which is all that the phrase Park Avenue implies, a piano runs its leisured course (mostly through nighttime Vienna, because Kurt Maier skips only Sundays) between five-thirty and half past midnight every single evening. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its town-house days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant. . . . **Polo Bar,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy has the use of the mannerly piano in one corner of the Hotel Westbury's Polo Bar, the main-floor restaurant. His stint is nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **Salum Sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): Up the beanstalk (though just for one floor) into another world—Ottoman, Byzantine, or Erewhon? The piano in one of the dining alcoves is, though, as American as Rodgers and Hart. It operates six to one; the emporium operates daily except Sunday. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle,** in the hotel of the same name, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Where the manner and the piano are visibly grand. George Feyer, who presides over the latter commodity from eight-thirty until two every night but Sunday, applies to this instrument his own sort of serendipity. . . . **Essex House,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park is perpetual serenity enhanced—from six-thirty until one, except on Sundays and Mondays—by the piano of Bob Kail.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

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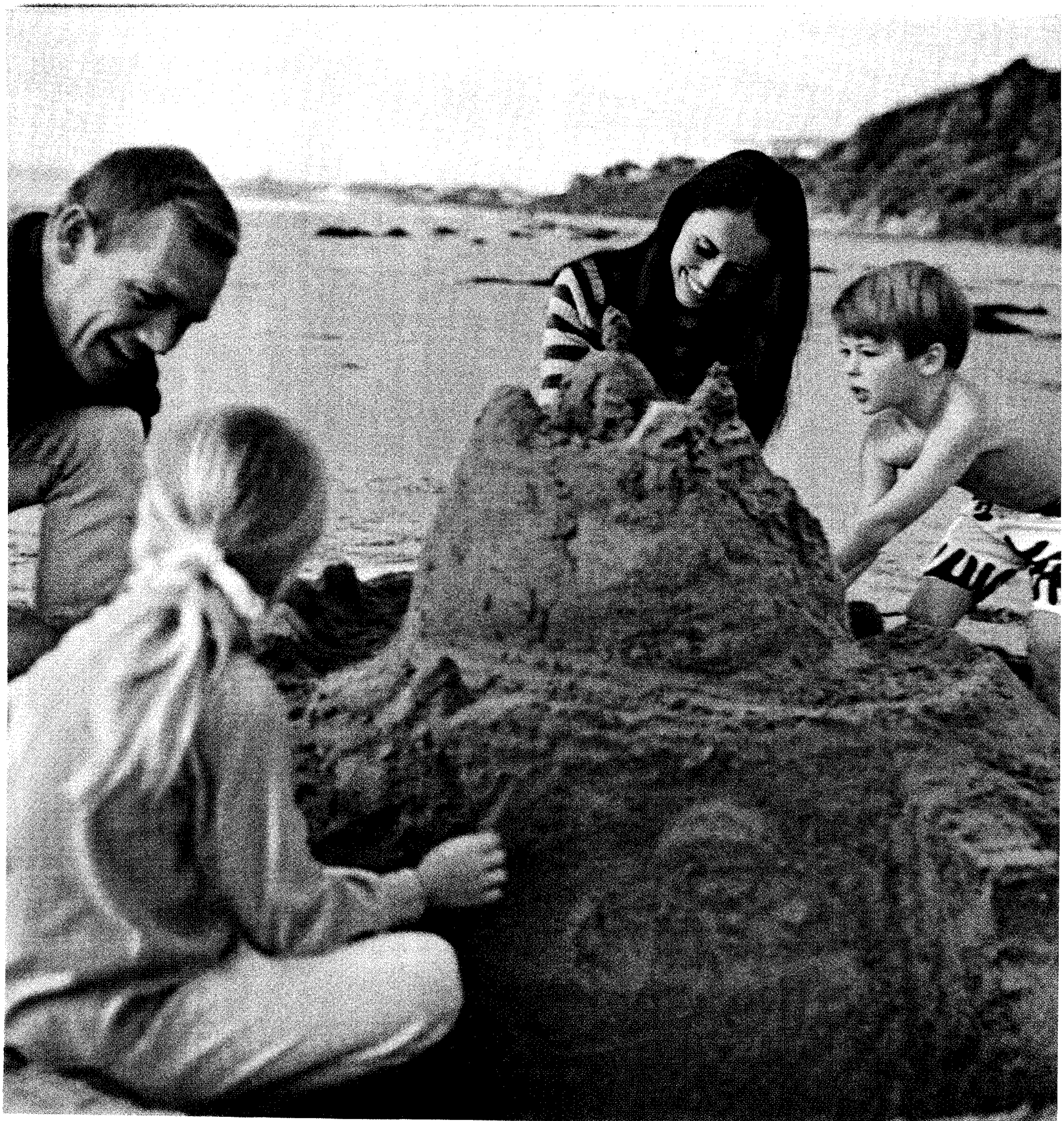

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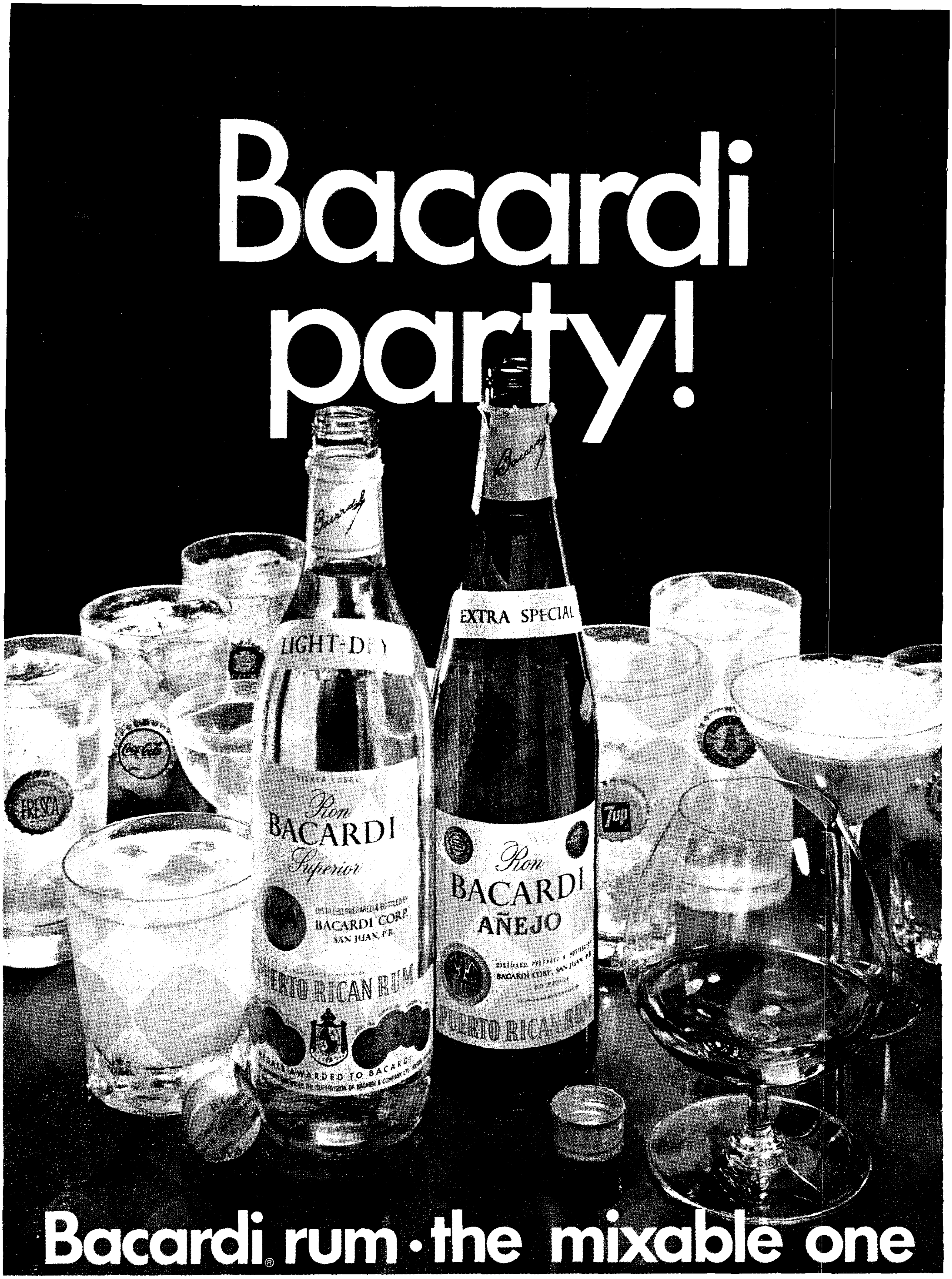
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ment; through June 7. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Peter Agostini—Abstract sculptures in plaster by a familiar New York artist; through Saturday, June 1. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Arman—"Accumulations" by a European specialist in boxed art; through Saturday, June 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Seventeen previously unexhibited paintings (oil on paper) of figures and landscapes by an artist who influenced American Abstract art; through June 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Olle Baertling—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by a European avant-gardist; through June 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Cecil Beaton—Movie and stage sets and costume designs; through Saturday, June 1. (Wright-Hepburn-Webster, 205 E. 60th St. Open Friday evenings and also Thursday, May 23, until 9; closed Memorial Day.)

George Bellows—Thirteen paintings; through Wednesday, May 29. (Allison, 11 E. 57th St.)

Arnold Blanch—Paintings, some of them incorporating collage, of the female, plus several landscapes, by a veteran American artist; through June 8. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Patrick Caulfield—Paintings by an artist who makes new uses of banal images; through June 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Robert De Niro—Figurative bronzes and drawings by an Expressionist painter; through June 7. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle and Jean Tinguely—Eight enormous fibre-glass women in loud colors by the former, menaced by rickety machines by the latter; through Oct. 31. (Central Park Conservatory Garden, Fifth Ave. at 105th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Abstract compositions by a West Coast artist known for his figurative paintings; through Wednesday, May 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Burgoyne Diller—Drawings and collages by a leading American Constructivist painter and sculptor, who died in 1965; through Saturday, May 25. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Harry Dix and Tony Harrison—Constructions with found objects by the former and Abstract paintings by the latter; through Saturday, May 25. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sherman Drexler—Expressionist figure paintings which favor the female nude; through June 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yun Gee (1906-63)—Abstract paintings by an American who lived in Paris in the twenties; through Wednesday, May 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sam Gilliam—Four mammoth Abstract oils by a Washington, D.C., artist; through June 29. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

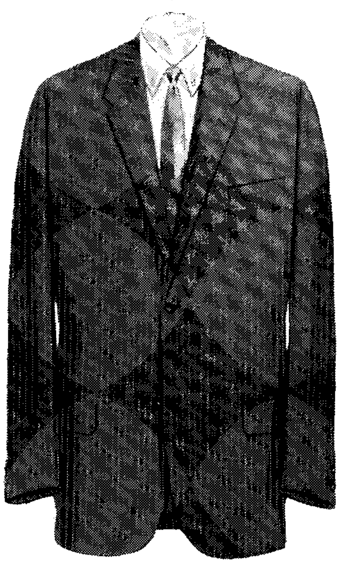
Rube Goldberg—Conventionally comic sculptures by the famous cartoonist of silly machines; through Saturday, May 25. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Robert Gordon—The first local exhibition, consisting of six large collages, by a Philadelphia artist; through Saturday, May 25. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Otto Herbert Hajek—Cast-aluminum sculptures by a German artist; through Monday, May 27. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 2 to 9.)

Nelson Howe—Reliefs constructed of assembled materials; through Saturday, June 1. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Richard Hunt—Welded-steel and welded-



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aluminum sculptures; through June 15. (Dorsky, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Jean Ipousteguy—Four major bronzes by a contemporary Paris artist; through June 14. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Jack Krueger—Large steel tubular sculptures by an artist who studied engineering; through June 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernest Lawson (1873-1939)—Paintings by a well-known American Impressionist; through Friday, May 31. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Gerhardt Liebmann—Paintings of deserts of uniform red-brick structures; through Wednesday, May 29. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Milkowski—Two clusters, one twenty-eight feet long, of stainless-steel cubes; through June 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Ennio Morlotti—Paintings by an Italian Expressionist who favors abstractly handled nudes; through Wednesday, May 29. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Masayuki Nagare—Abstract stone sculptures by a Japanese monument maker; through June 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Ernst Neizvestny—The first exhibition in the United States by an artist of the U.S.S.R. who deviates to a degree from official Soviet art; through June 8. (Sculptors Guild, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Doug Ohlson—Geometrical paintings consisting of groups of panels; through June 8. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Reichel—Watercolors by a German artist who worked with Paul Klee; through Friday, May 31. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by two leading American artists of the West; through June 22. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Henri Rousseau—Eighteen landscapes and still-lifes by the modern primitive; through June 8. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Eugene F. Savage—Landscapes by an officially honored academician; through June 7. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St. Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

Tsai Wen-ying—Sculptures in motion rhythmically modulated by lighting; through Saturday, June 1. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Benjamin West (1738-1820)—Pen-and-ink, crayon, and wash drawings by an Early American artist; through Saturday, June 1. (Black, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Brett Whiteley and David Smith—Paintings reflecting a passionate response to New York by Mr. Whiteley, an Australian artist who lives in London, and small sculptures of the mid-forties by Mr. Smith, the prominent American sculptor who died in 1965; through June 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

William T. Wiley—Watercolors, plus related constructions in wood, metal, and plastic; through June 8. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Neil Williams—Color on shaped canvases; through June 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Yacoe—Paintings of male and female nudes; through Saturday, June 1. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1968 Annual Exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through Sunday, May 26. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **Hutton**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings by French, German, and Russian Fauvists and Expressionists up to the First World War; through June 12. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.) . . . **Knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings and sculptures on the theme of "The Animal," ranging from early Chinese chickens through a study of an elephant by Rembrandt to a Renoir cat; through Friday, May 24. . . . **Lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Bissier, and Bury; through June 7. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.) . . . **St. Etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Primitive art of contemporary Yugoslavia; through Saturday, May 25. . . . **Shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: Two hundred French nineteenth-century paintings, bronzes, and drawings, from David through Puvis de Chavannes, chosen with emphasis on the academic. Included are Ingres, Delacroix, Géricault, and Degas. Through June 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Shickman**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: A hundred and three drawings from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, by Van Dyke, Tiepolo, Boucher, Millet, Degas, and others; through Friday, May 24. . . . **Slatkin**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Nearly fifty drawings, pastels, and watercolors from sixteenth- to twentieth-century France; through June 29. (Closed Memorial Day.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until dark, starting Friday, May 24, and continuing through Sunday, June 9. . . . ¶ Sixty-two cartoons by Alan Dunn that originally appeared in this magazine are being exhibited at the Edward W. Root Art Center of Hamilton College, in Clinton, New York, under the over-all title "Alan Dunn: A Social Cartoonist Comments on His Times;" through June 2.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A selection of works by Kenneth Noland and Morris Louis; through June 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," an interpretation by the Museum of what happened in art from 1912 until recently; through June 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and painted sculptures in abstract patterns by Paul Feeley (1910-66), done in the last twelve years of the artist's life; through Sunday, May 26. . . . ¶ A selection of a hundred oils, drawings, and watercolors by modern masters, from Seurat and Modigliani to Matisse, Picasso, and Mondrian, shown in tribute to Hilla von Rebay, the first director of the Museum; through Sunday, May 26. . . . ¶ Sculptures—some of them kinetic, others using strobe lights and mirrors—and related drawings, by Harold Tovish; through June 30. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighty sculptures, including eight "objects" for ballet sets, by Isamu Noguchi, a veteran sculptor and theatrical, architectural, and industrial designer; through June 16. . . . ¶ Paintings by Hilaire Hiler (1898-1966), an American artist who was a well-known figure in Paris in the time of Hemingway, Pound, and Henry Miller; through June 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifteen centuries of Korean ceramics said to be among the best of this craft; through June 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Gardens in Chi-

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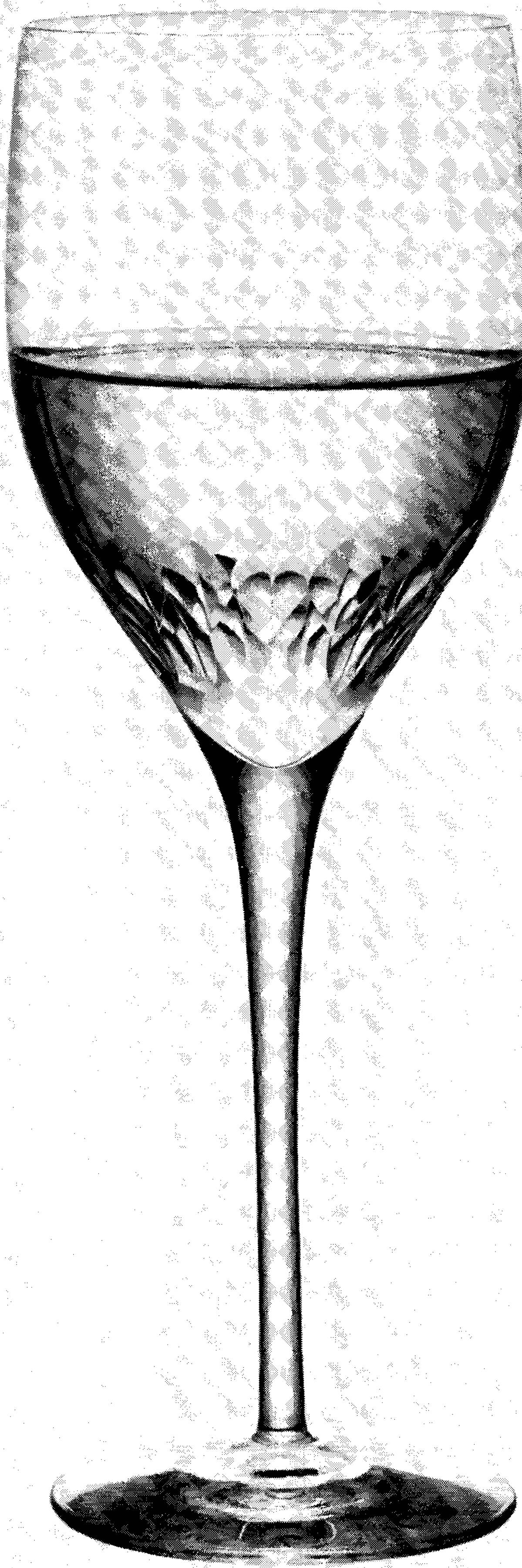

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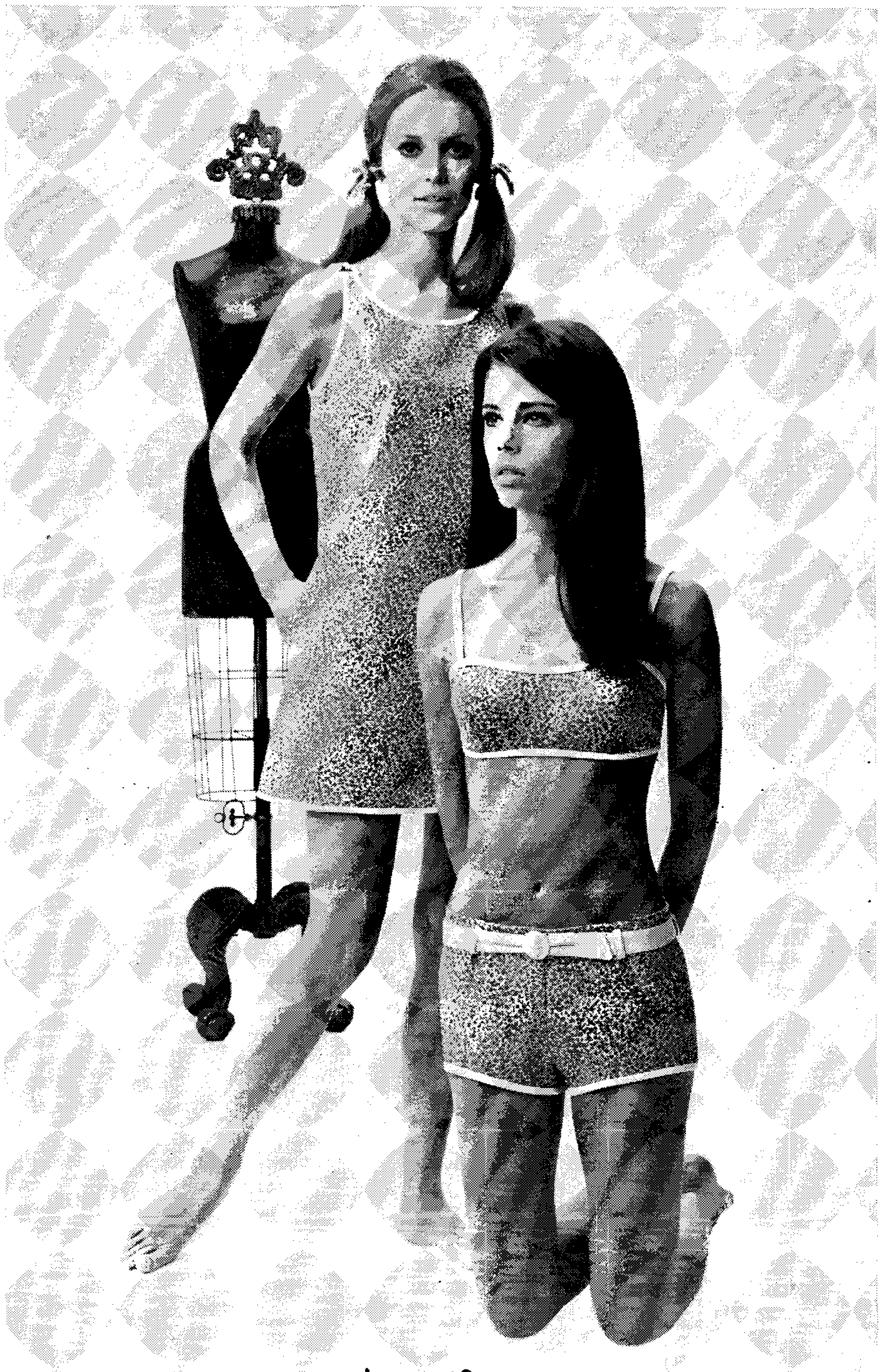

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nese Art," an exhibit in a large variety of mediums (paintings, handscrolls, carved lacquers, ivory screens, porcelains, and illustrated books) from the eighth century through the eighteenth; through Sunday, May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (1828-1900), a leading Hudson River School painter; through Friday, May 31. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Destruction Art" by a group of post-Dadaists—Arman, Yves Klein, Tinguely, Ortiz, and de Saint-Phalle (to mention a few); through June 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A small group of pastels, etchings, and paintings by James A. McNeill Whistler (1834-1903); through June 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; starting Friday, May 24. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Memorial Day, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Ballet and opera designs by Boris Anisfeldt, an eighty-eight-year-old artist who did many settings and costumes for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; through June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A flock of decoys made by several carvers, along with wood fantasies (a peacock fountain, no less) whittled by John Scholl in the late nineteenth century; through July 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Art of the Congo; through Aug. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Forty years of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics by members of the Sarah Lawrence art faculty, past and present, among them David Smith, Theodore Roszak, Bradley Walker Tomlin, Oronzio Maldarelli, Peppino Mangravite, Ezio Martinelli, Concetta Scaravaglione; through June 2. (Daily, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting the final concerts of the regular season. Thursday, May 23, at 8:30; Friday, May 24, at 2:15; and Saturday, May 25, at 8:30 (all with Eileen Farrell, soprano; James King, tenor; and Michael Langdon, bass)....¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season of "Promenades" that will run through Saturday, June 22. A program of Viennese music Wednesday through Saturday, May 29-June 1, at 8:30 (with Beverly Sills, soprano).

Senior Orchestra of Local 802—William Feinberg conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 26, at 2:30.)

Naumburg Symphony Orchestra—Richard Burgin conducting, with Francesca Roberto, soprano. (Central Park Mall. Thursday, May 30, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Rita Shane, soprano, and Frances

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lumpkin, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 24, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla. (Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday, May 24, at 9.)

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, May 26, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Guarneri String Quartet—Chamber music. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Sunday, May 26, at 4. For tickets, call LA 4-1300, Ext. 288.)

Ernst Haefliger—Tenor, in Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin." (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 28, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Don Heckman's Electric Music Machine—With Sheila Jordan. (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Friday, May 24, at 8. For tickets, call 246-4376.)

Country Joe and the Fish and the Blue Cheer—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Saturday, May 25, at 8 and 11:30.

Moby Grape—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 31-June 1, at 8 and 11:30.

MISCELLANY

Composers and Musicians for Peace—Izler Solomon, Aaron Copland, Henry Lewis, Hugh Ross, and Elie Siegmeister conducting a benefit concert by a chamber orchestra and chorus, with Adele Addison, soprano; William Warfield, bass-baritone; Herbert Beattie, bass; and Martin Bookspan, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 24, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, May 24, at 8; Saturday, May 25, at 2; and Sunday, May 26, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Tuesday, May 28, at 8, and Thursday, May 30, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Yankees, Monday, May 27, at 8:05 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball). . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, May 31, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 1, at 2:15.

Boxing—Dick Tiger vs. Bob Foster, 15 rounds, for the World Light-Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, May 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 9:30.)

Horse Show—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Friday and Saturday, May 24-25, and Monday through Saturday, May 27-June 1.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 29. The Acorn, Saturday, May 25; the Edgemere Handicap, Wednesday, May 29; the Metropolitan Handicap, Thursday, May 30; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 1. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, May 30. The Jersey Derby, Thursday, May 30. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Friday, May 31, through Saturday, Aug. 3. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer—New York vs. Atlanta. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, May 31, at 8.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Speedway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, May 26, at 2.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Final day Thursday, May 23, at 8. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, May 24, through Tuesday, July 23. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Pecos Bill." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturday and Sunday, May 25-26, at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday and Sunday, May 25-26, at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "On the Wings of Icarus." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Memorial Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include kids, lambs, deer, chickens, and a yearling mule. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a variety of small animals, among them lambs, kids, mice, and prairie dogs. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn on Friday, May 24), as well as to sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Friday, May 31), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Memorial Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

National Antiques Show—A romp through our grandmothers' closets. Among this year's exhibits are early kitchen gadgets, seventeenth- and eighteenth-century pewter, and examples of Tiffany Studio bronzes. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Thursday through Saturday, May 23-25, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, May 26, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 23, at 10:30 and 1:45: European porcelains, from many collections. . . . ¶ Friday, May 24, at 10:30 and 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; the property of several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 10:30: African and Oceanic art, belonging to Dr. S. Raeburn. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 1:45: French and other furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 28, at 1:45: English and Continental silver, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 29, at 10:30: Books, from many sources.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—May 23 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Farrebique" (1948), in French. . . . ¶ May 24 at 2 and 5:30: "High Noon" (1952), with Gary Cooper and Thomas Mitchell. . . . ¶ May 25 at 11:30: "The Toll Gate" (1920), with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ May 25 at 3 and 5:30: "Shane" (1953), with Alan Ladd and Jean Arthur. . . . ¶ May 26 at 2 and 5:30: "On the Waterfront" (1954), with Marlon Brando and Lee J. Cobb. . . . ¶ May 27 at 2 and 5:30: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, with Max von Sydow. . . . ¶ May 28 at 2 and 5:30: "La Strada" (1956), in Italian, with Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart. . . . ¶ May 29 at 2 and 5:30: "Der Golem" (1920), a German film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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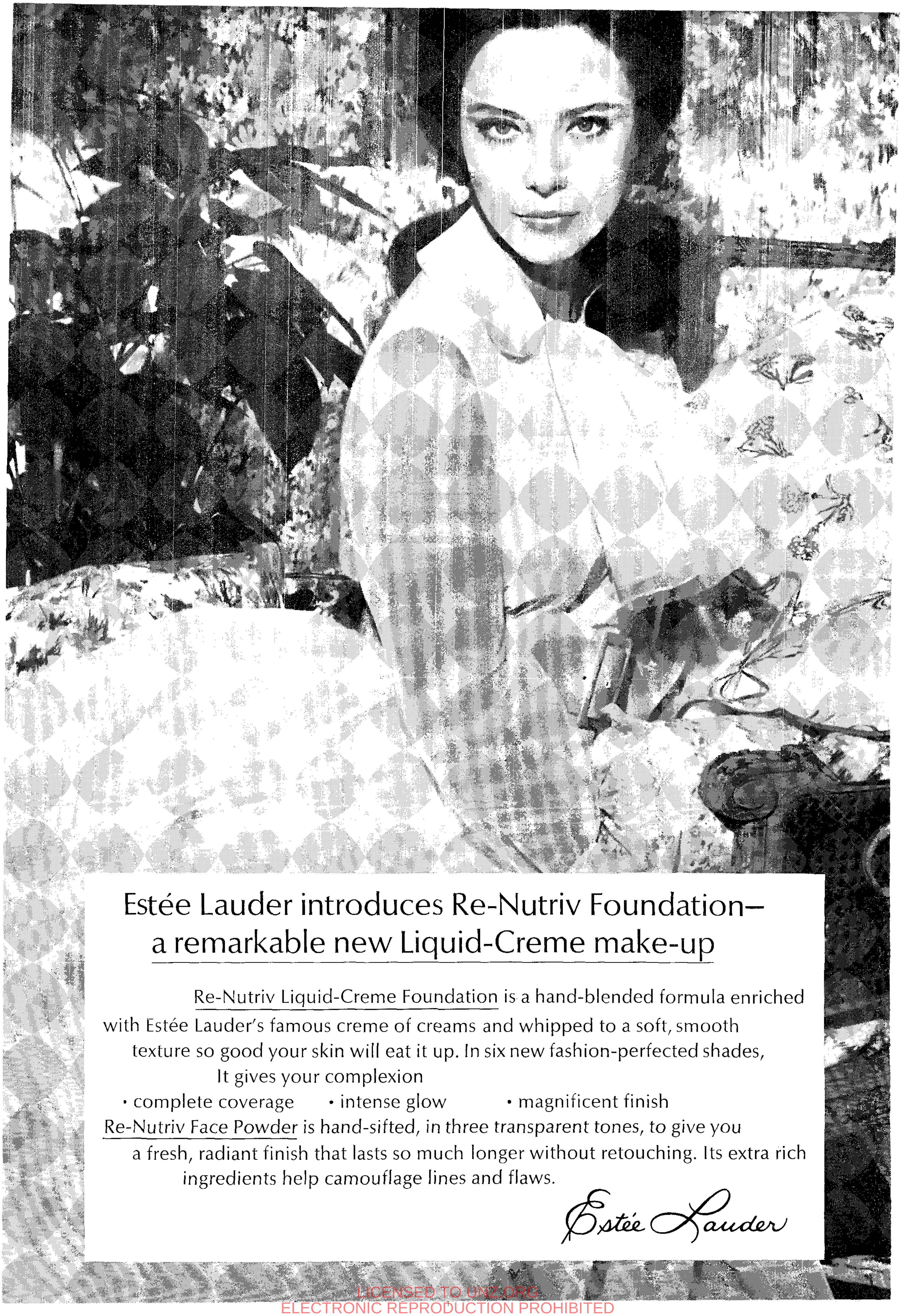

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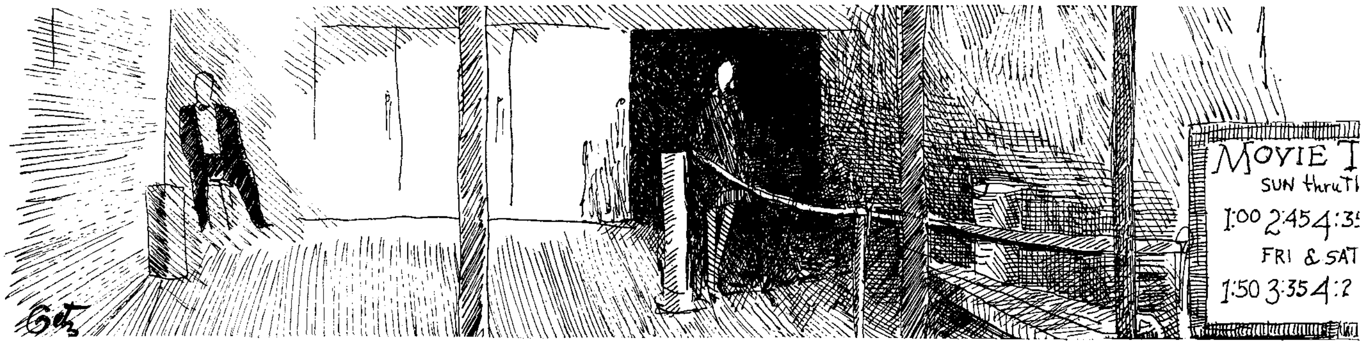
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

Bedazzled—An intellectual's "Hellz-a-Poppin," full of relentlessly silly jokes, most of which work. With Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 29.)

Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves St. Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Bonnie and Clyde—Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow (played by Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty in Arthur Penn's film) became the Depression's folk heroes and thought they had charmed lives. A shrewd and harrowing study of the criminal's urge to be remembered. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through May 26. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through May 28.)

Camelot—Vanessa Redgrave is very pretty and Richard Harris very handsome in this mindless dinosaur of a musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Charlie Bubbles—Albert Finney as a famous writer who feels alienated. The dreariness of his life, though deliberate and stylized, is enough to alienate anybody. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through May 28.)

Closely Watched Trains—A tragicomedy about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. The setting is a godforsaken railway station during the last war. A Czech film, directed by Jiri Menzel. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 29.)

Doctor Dolittle—In which Rex Harrison is no more frightened of his many animal friends than he was of Eliza in "My Fair Lady." The switch is, *they* teach *him* how to speak properly, in pig, duck, and heaven knows what. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A beautiful young couple find that love is not all. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

A Face of War—A brave news cameraman named Eugene S. Jones went to Vietnam and spent ninety-seven days of combat with a Marine platoon. His fine film isn't openly political at all; the Marines have no chance to use their heads, and the picture records only what the war permits them, which is a nearly unimaginable hell of pointlessness. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445.)

Far from the Madding Crowd—An all too faithful transcription of the Hardy novel, with miles of wild Dorset landscape to make us think of Wessex, and starring such inarticulate children of the soil as Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 28.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear—Written and directed by Zbynek Brynych, this is a startling and masterly Czech film about a Jewish doctor's fight to retain his sense of himself in a neo-Nazi occupied Prague. Like Kafka, but only because this is Kafka's century, Brynych creates a world of slammed doors, eavesdroppers, stress secreted, words that aren't what people mean. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Fox—D. H. Lawrence's English spinsters are transformed into Canadian lesbians in Mark Rydell's film. With Sandy Dennis as the weak one and Anne Heywood as the strong one. Keir Dullea makes a handsome fox. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Graduate—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Hour of the Wolf—Carries forward Ingmar Bergman's moving technical achievements in "Persona." He has mastered a quiet, attentive, fluid form to observe inner life, free of the brutish jolts of schemes that depend on narrative. In his direction of Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann he observes the minute details of a relationship between two people without dramatics or pretense of omniscience. In Swedish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting May 29.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's funny play, more or less taken to the screen by moving van. There is a brilliantly mopey performance by Walter Matthau as the card-playing divorced husband driven mad by a male crony who comes out in housewifeliness like measles. Jack Lemmon is the fusspot. Gene Saks directs. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Planet of the Apes—The tall hero, Charlton Heston, and the wide screen are wittily used in this good black entertainment about the future. Franklin Schaffner directed. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Poor Cow—Unexciting version of Nell Dunn's novel, with Carol White as a thieves' Darling and Terence Stamp as her burglar-lover. Kenneth Loach's semi-documentary direction is no more than competent. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 28.)

The Producers—Mel Brooks wrote and directed this farce about the worst Broadway show ever put on and how it became a hit; the success of the movie is a parallel phenomenon. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn have their good moments. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Two of Us—The Second World War fable about an anti-Semitic old Frenchman and a Jewish child is affecting, but rather too simple and artless. With Michel Simon and Alain Cohen. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own novel and screenplay (both in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy, in two parts, made with every resource of detail and dramatic intelligence, and with battle scenes that look like Goya's. Dubbed, by some apish decision. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

The Whisperers—Edith Evans as a very old woman living alone in the industrial North of England. The physical detail of solitude and age is nobly precise. Bryan Forbes directed; Eric Portman plays her craven quitter of a husband. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 28.)

REVIVALS

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through May 28. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting May 29.)

The Fortune Cookie (1966)—Billy Wilder's bitter comedy about a shyster lawyer. With Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; May 23.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play, brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 29.)

The Married Woman (1965)—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, as recounted by writer-director Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 24-27.)

My Life to Live (1963)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 24-27.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 28.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 28.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 29.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—Sean Connery, as James Bond, careering around a power-maniac's classy quarters in a volcano. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; May 23.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 28: **FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.**
From May 29: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"491" (in Swedish); and "The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 28: **THE WHISPERERS**; and **PERSONA** (in Swedish), revival.
From May 29: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film; and **THE WRONG BOX**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 28: **FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.**
From May 29: "Half a Sixpence," Tommy Steele.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Prudence and the Pill," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through May 25: "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname," Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.
From May 26: "Boom," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
May 23: **YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE**, revival; and **THE FORTUNE COOKIE**, revival.
From May 24: "What's So Bad About Feeling Good," George Peppard, Mary Tyler Moore.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Trans-Europ-Express" (in French), Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR, a Czechoslovakian film.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 28: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From May 29: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO**, revival.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 28: "Weekend, Italian Style" (in Italian).
From May 29: "Wild in the Streets," Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 28: "A Minute to Pray, a Second to Die," Alex Cord, Arthur Kennedy.
From May 29: "Half a Sixpence," Tommy Steele.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 28: Theatre closed.
From May 29: "The Detective," Frank Sinatra.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
"No More Excuses," a Robert Downey film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 28: **POOR COW**; and "The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.
From May 29: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Accattone!" (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 28: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO**, revival.
From May 29: "A Stranger in Town," Tony Anthony.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 28: **ULYSSES**, revival.
From May 29: **BEDAZZLED.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through May 28: "A Minute to Pray, a Second to Die," Alex Cord, Arthur Kennedy.
From May 29: "Half a Sixpence," Tommy Steele.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Blue," Terence Stamp, Joanna Pettet.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through May 26: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From May 27: "Fist in His Pocket" (in Italian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
A FACE OF WAR.

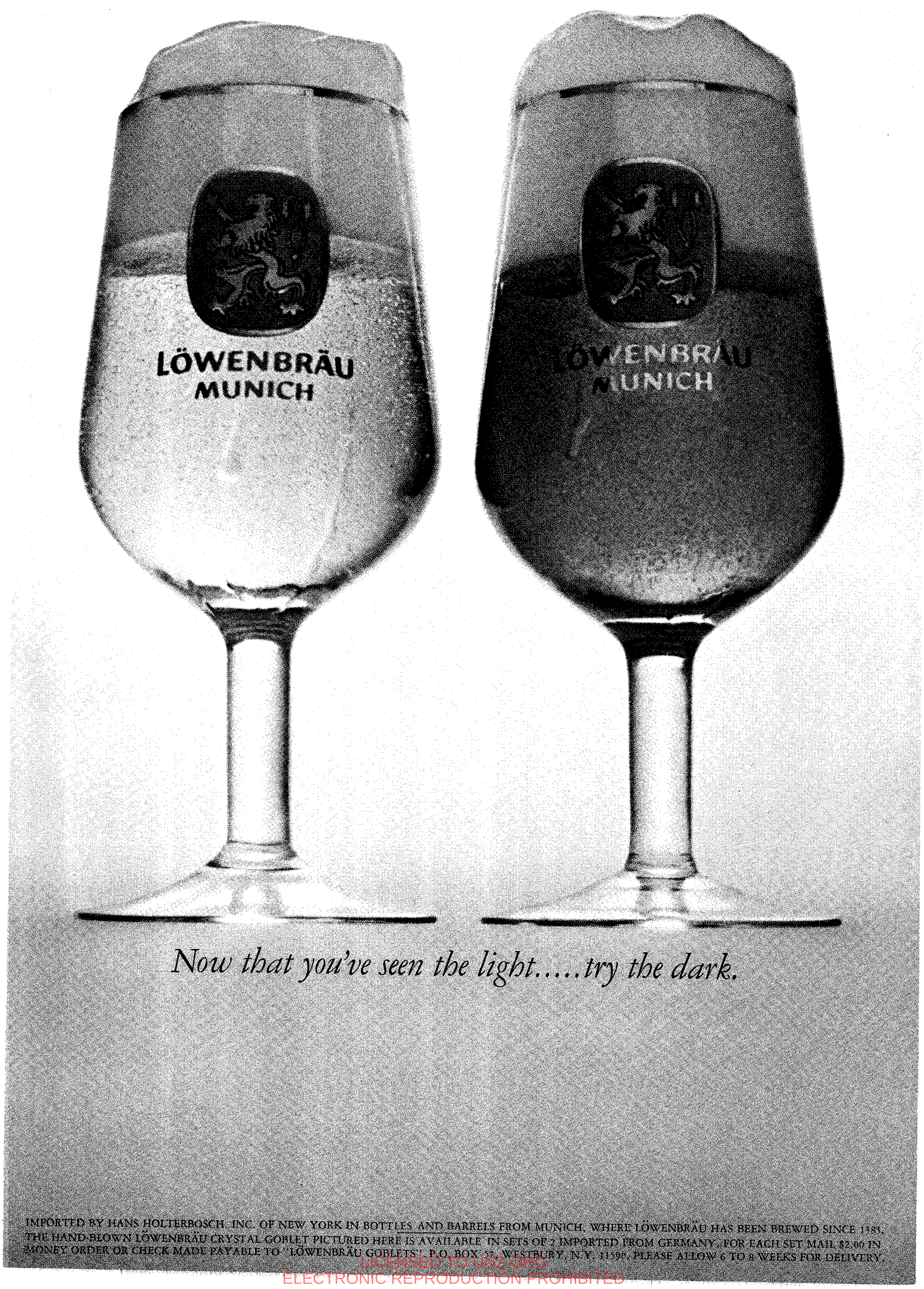
Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
"Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 29: **MARAT/SADE**, revival; and "A Tout Prendre" (in French), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 23: "Nothing but the Best," revival, Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
May 24-27: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** and **MY LIFE TO LIVE** (both in French and both revivals).
From May 28: "Rhapsody in Blue," revival, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda; and "The Jazz Singer," revival, Al Jolson.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 28: **CHARLIE BUBBLES.**
From May 29: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish).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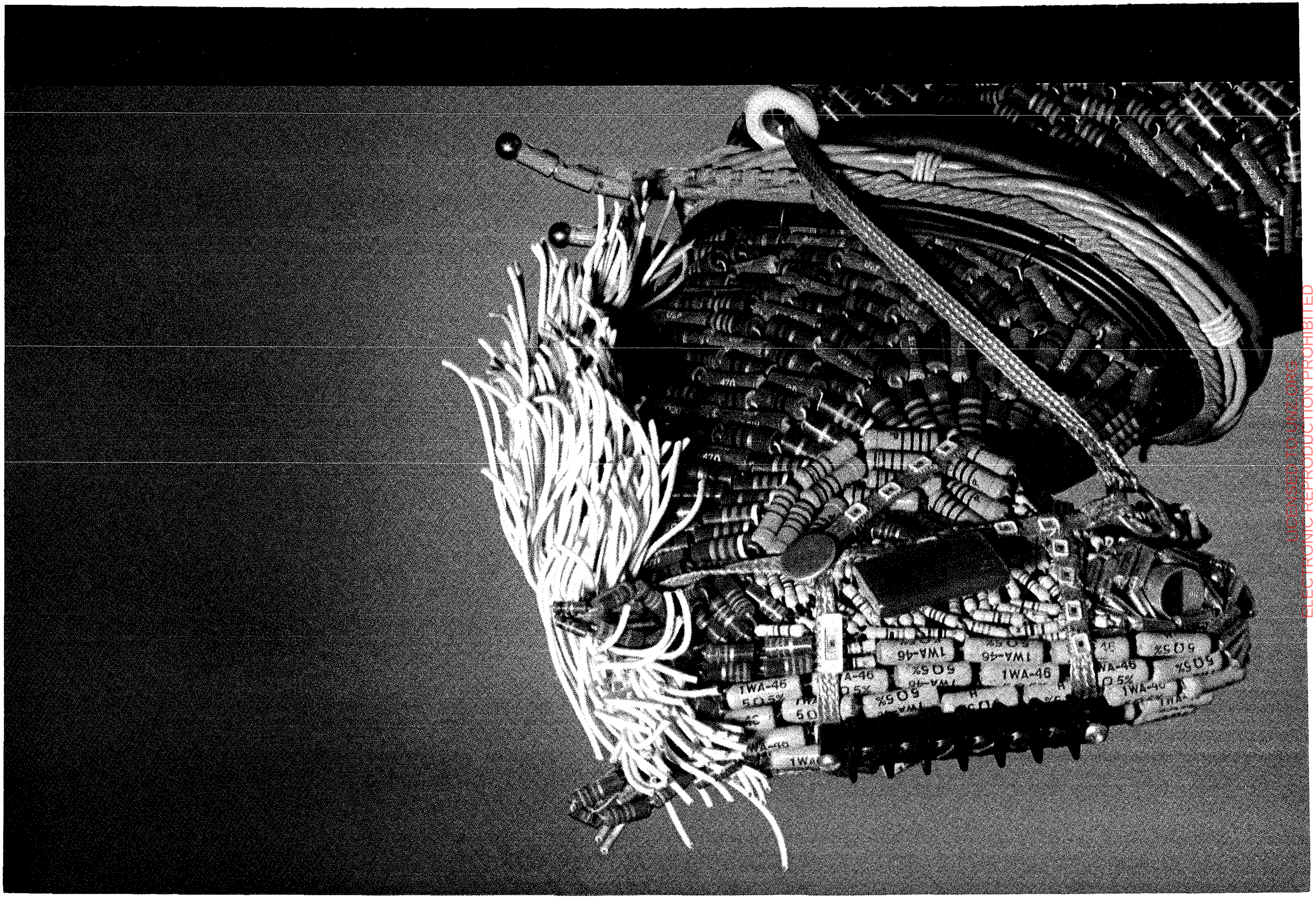

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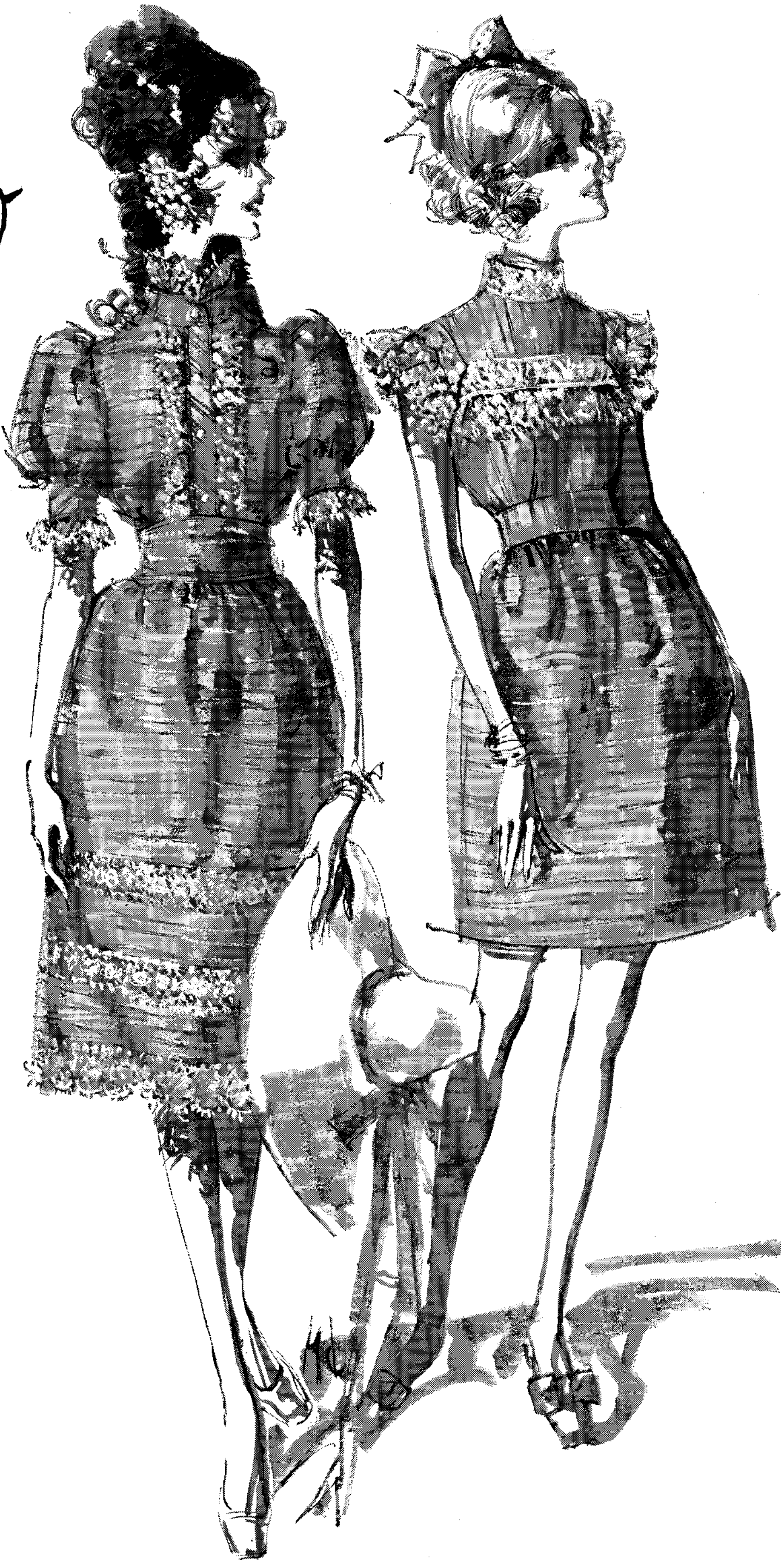


THE NEW YORKER

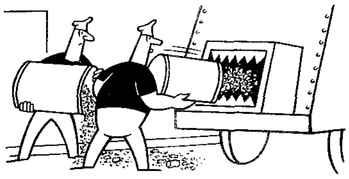
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A MAN we know who is something of an amateur musicologist strolled into our office the other day, and from his expression we guessed that something was up. As soon as he had sat down, he confirmed our guess. "It's amazing!" he said. "Who would have thought it?"

"Who would have thought what?" we asked warily.

"The garbage men!" he exclaimed. "You know the welcome noises that come from the streets when, thank goodness, a garbage truck is operating—the whine of the truck's grinder, the clanking of cans, the banging and thudding of unidentifiable objects as the men dump garbage into the grinder's maw. But did you ever stop to think—" Our friend raised both hands in a kind of conductor's gesture. "Did you ever stop to think what *else* the garbage men are doing?"



"What else *are* they doing?" we asked.

"They are *calling!*" he said, with a blissful expression. "Haven't you heard them? They call—I think it has something to do with letting each other know when a group of cans have been emptied, so that the truck can move on—and they call in a consistent, coherent way. For years I have heard the whine of the grinder, the clanking and thudding, and the shouts of the men as a kind of inevitable, atonal polyphonic structure that was better left unexamined. But as a garbage truck was passing my building the other day, I had a revelation. No matter *who* the garbage men are, their *call* is always the same! It goes like this." Our friend stood up and gave a lusty cry, a sort of high-pitched, rapidly falling "Oh-oh!"

"Hm," we said.

"You hear?" he said, beginning to pace back and forth in front of our desk. "Sol-mi—a minor third. The garbage men's call is always a *descending minor third!*" He stopped pacing and called in our direction, "Oh-oh!"

"Tell us more," we said.

"Let me ask you this," he said. "Why don't the garbage men call out a descending *major* third, like this?" He called, "Oh-oh!"

We shook our head.

He smiled, and went on, "Or a perfect fourth, like this? Oh-oh! Or a perfect fifth? Oh-oh! Or a diminished fifth, or a major sixth, or any other interval?" Pointing a finger at us, he said, "Because the other intervals don't *sound* right. 'The Song of the Volga Boatmen' begins on a descending minor third, and that's perfectly understandable. The descending minor third has strength, balance, and tension—qualities that make it appropriate for men at work. It's a satisfying sound—one that is self-sufficient—and yet it carries a hint of incompleteness, of anticipation. It can be either happy or sad. It turns up in the blues all the time, and it's frequently heard in the street cries of children—you know the sound: Sol-sol-mi-la-*sol*-mi! What's more, the descending minor third, being fundamental to the diatonic scale, absolutely *abounds* in musical history. Beethoven's Fourth and Eighth Symphonies both begin on that interval. And so do the second movement of his Trio in G Major, Opus 9, No. 1; Haydn's String Quartet in C Major, Opus 76, No. 3; Mozart's Sonata in G Major for Violin and Piano, K. 301; the first theme of the first movement of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor, Opus 23; Khatchaturian's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra; 'Numi, Pietà,' in the second act of Verdi's 'Aida;' and the march from Wagner's 'Tannhäuser.' Descending minor thirds figure importantly in the first movement of Schubert's Trio No. 1 in B Flat Major, Opus 99. The second movement of Prokofieff's Fifth Symphony begins with a series of descending minor thirds from F to D. And—this is a garbage man's dream—Anton Rubinstein's 'Kamennoi-Ostrow' begins with *fifty-four consecutive repetitions* of the descending minor third C sharp-A sharp!"

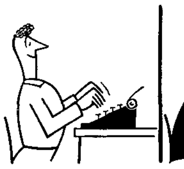
Our friend strode to an open window and poked his head out, and we said, "What are we supposed to conclude from all this?"

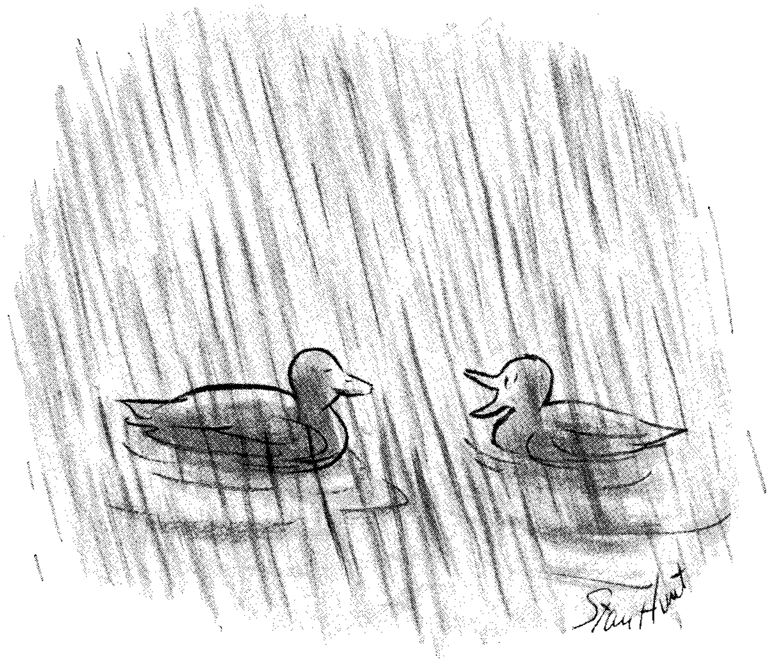
"Conclude?" he said, whirling to face us. "Just that garbage men are innately musical, that's all! Let's not forget the Sanitation Department's band—the Sanitation Department's *late* band, I should say, since it was recently abolished. I say bring the band back. Let the garbage men give vent to their natural abilities. Let these fellows express themselves. Why do you think they bother to call out melodically at all? To *entertain* us, that's why—to please the citizens' ears, to make the city's streets a little more euphonious than they were before the garbage truck came by. What more could you ask from a garbage man?"

We had had several things we wanted to say about this, but our friend had now reached our office door and was disappearing through it, humming a few bars from "The Sidewalks of New York," which, we realized, begins on a descending minor third.

Biographer

"I BEGAN it as a young person and ended it as a senile old man," Michael Holroyd said to us of his biography of Lytton Strachey (1,229 pages, two volumes, $21.95), which has caused a literary commotion in London and is now stirring one up here. "I read more than thirty thousand letters to and from Strachey, along with trunkfuls of diaries and other documents, and I must have interviewed or





“Boy, what a day, huh?”

• •

corresponded with more than a hundred people. My flat in London looked like a defunct post office. One squeezed in among the letters. Most of them were lent to me by James Strachey, Lytton’s younger brother and literary executor. I kept going by pretending that I was writing a short book. ‘Just one more year,’ I’d say to myself. It took nearly *six* years. At times, I doubted whether I would ever complete it. When I did, it was a real relief, but I also felt an emptiness, as if a good many people I’d known had died.”

Mr. Holroyd, who is thirty-two, and as normally proportioned and robust-looking as his subject was spindling and frail, told us he had got interested in Strachey while writing a life of Hugh Kingsmill, an English biographer, novelist, and critic who had been considered an imitator of Strachey. “To refute this charge, which was unjust, I read all of Strachey,” Holroyd said.

We asked how he felt about the charge, made by several reviewers here, that he had laid too much stress on the homosexuality of his subject and of many of the subject’s friends.

“I genuinely felt that I was not unfair,” Mr. H. replied. “I felt that Lytton’s love life had a strong influence on his career and on his work. The homosexual thing went on for years in his case and in that of the others. It imperilled their lives. To put it down as trivial would have gone against my purpose—to give a complete picture. If you take out sexual jealousy from ‘Othello,’ what do you have left? On the whole, people were very good about giving me permission to quote from their letters. It took real courage in some instances. The people with the most cause to object were the best when it came to coöperation, and those with the least cause were the worst.”

The author was born in London and went to Eton. “My mother is Swedish,” he said. “She and my father were divorced when I was eight, and I was brought up by my paternal grandparents. I specialized in science at Eton. My father’s view was that that was where the money was. He’s a charming man. He’s an extraordinarily successful salesman. He talked me into science, but my teachers at Eton talked me out of it. So I talked *him* out of it. I was so argumentative that he advised me to go into law. I was articled to a solicitors’ firm. All I did most of the time was make tea in the office. I was quite good at that. I didn’t get a salary. You pay for the privilege of making the tea.”

In 1956, after eighteen months of law and tea, Mr. Holroyd went into the Army. “The Suez business started while I was on a three-week leave,” he said. “War broke out, but I didn’t really know that war had broken out. I was writing poetry and short stories, and I always turned immediately to the book page of the *Times*, so the war news didn’t quite register. I was in the Royal Fusiliers. One day during my leave, while I was at a newsreel, I saw my regiment embarking for Egypt. All those familiar faces! I felt something had gone wrong. It had. My orders had been sent to the wrong address. I was threatened with a court-martial, but things were straightened out.”

Mr. Holroyd has just finished a novel on old age. “It’s called ‘A Dog’s Life,’ ” he said. “I started it ten years ago. Being brought up by old people gave me the idea for it. My grandmother is still alive, at ninety-three. Old age is an extremely difficult subject to deal with. The book is a study in limitations. Old people are entirely indifferent to the outside world.”

This was Mr. Holroyd’s first visit to New York, so we asked him what he thought of the place.

“It’s browner than I expected,” he said. “There’s a lack of green. It’s definitely brown. Browner, and louder, too. More automobile honks than in London. You can’t honk that way in London. People in front of you would get out of their cars and reprove you.”

Walk

NIGHT fell in the city at approximately eight-thirty. Around the same time, a night within a night fell in the Planetarium. Sixty-two children from the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades of the Charles Young School, in Washington, D.C., sat, along with nine adults, under a black man-made sky and listened to the lecturer, a short middle-aged man in a brown tweed suit. The children were all Negroes; the boys were dressed in sports shirts, generally running to plaids, and the girls wore dresses that were yellow, red, green, and—disproportionately—pink. Before the Planetarium show, they had been on a tour of the United Nations, Rockefeller Center, Wall Street, the Statue of Liberty, and Chinatown, and after the show they were going to have a late supper at an Automat and then go to bed in the Paramount Hotel, overlooking Times Square. “If you want to see the stars, look not from the cities,” the lecturer said. “Look not from New York or Washington. Look not from these but, rather, go out into nature—out into the middle of the ocean, perhaps, or the desert—and cast your eye skyward.” With that, a skyful of stars was turned on. The children gasped.

The big museums were open that night. At the Metropolitan, eighteen Columbia students were standing in a semicircle around another lecturer, this one a bald young man with a reddish mustache and a muttonchop beard. He pointed to a Rembrandt—“Pilate Washing His Hands.” “You’ve got to get involved in what Rembrandt’s people were thinking,” he said. “My basic feeling is that Pilate is a guy who doesn’t know what he has done. Let’s move on to Impressionism.” The lecturer led his group to a gallery of paintings by Monet. He stopped in front of the recently acquired “La Terrasse à Sainte-Adresse.” “This is early Monet—1867,” he said. “The word ‘Impressionism’ hadn’t been coined then. As you can see, Monet was already painting in a very high key.”

“I don’t mean to be blasphemous,” said a husky student in a blue madras jacket, “but it looks to me like painting by numbers.” The other students stared at him in surprise and amusement.

“That’s a good comment,” the lecturer said. “I’ll keep a full response to it in abeyance.”

Just east of the Metropolitan Museum, on Eighty-second Street, between Madison and Park, a block party, known officially as the P.S. 6 Hoe-Down, was winding up. A couple of horse-drawn hay wagons, with real hay and real horses, were rocking around the block with a load of screaming, bouncing children in each wagon. The children wore straw hats, red bandannas, and big yellow buttons with blue letters that read “Happiness is P.S. 6.” They waved blue pennants embossed with “P.S. 6” in yellow and with a yellow City of New York seal. The nucleus of the party was in the school playground, which opens onto Eighty-second Street. A chubby, cranky policeman stood, his hands clasped behind his back, at the gate to the playground, where the Hoe-Down was beginning to collapse. The playground was dark except for wide ribbons of light coming from the lunchroom windows of the school. The last-ditch Hoe-Downers rushed back and forth across the ribbons of light, trying to keep things going. One pretty, dark-haired mid-teenager waved an orange-colored felt banner held between two sticks. Bright green, blue, yellow, and pink flowers were appliquéd on one side of the banner. The other side carried scrawled data: “P.S. 6 Man. Class 3-203. Ellen Gross. Mrs. Birnbaum.”

“My little sister made it,” the girl said to an older woman. “Everybody in her class made a banner to sell for about fifty cents. I liked my little sister’s, so I bought it.”

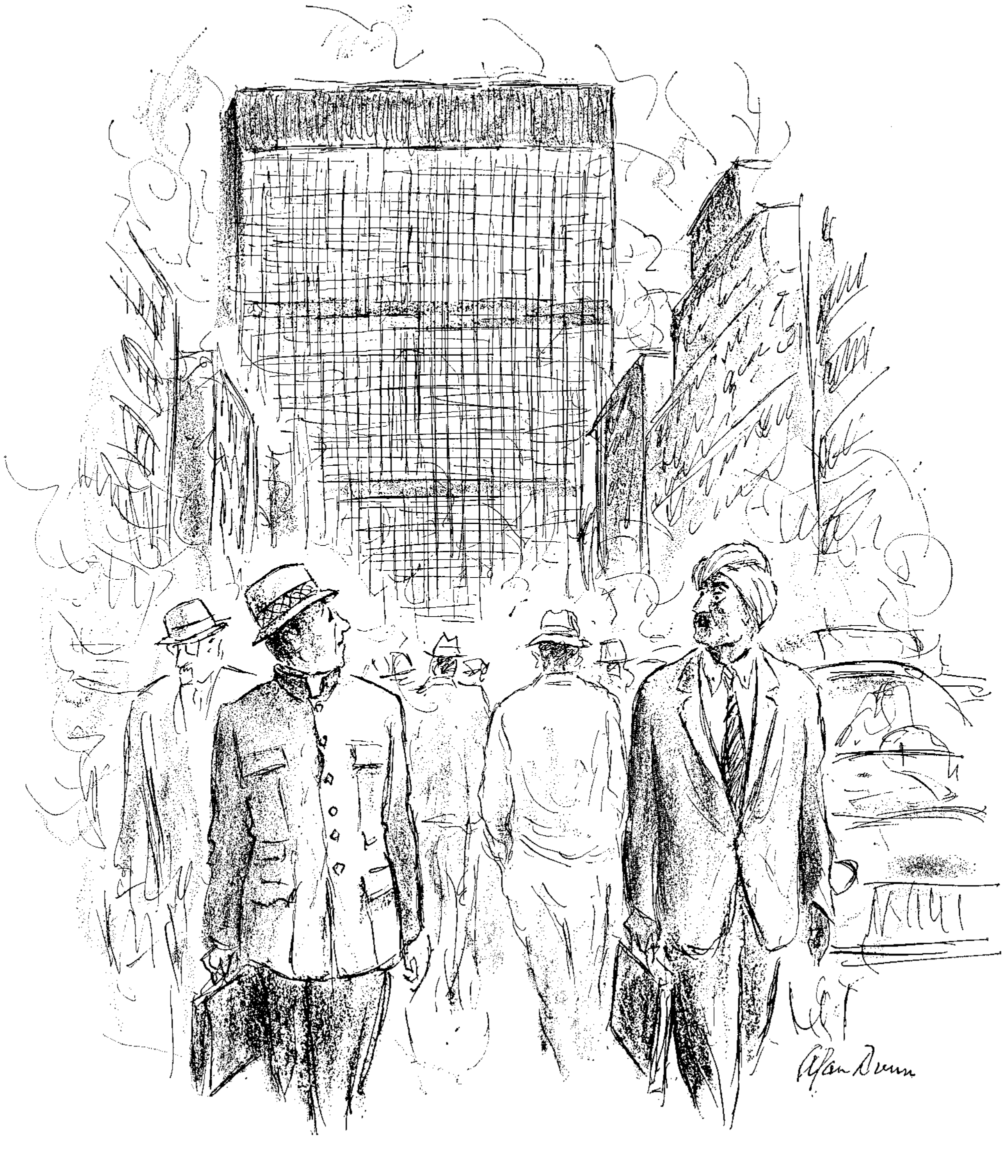
“I’ve never seen anything so beautifully run,” the woman said, in a kind of daze, watching bunches of overexcited children as they grabbed at the last remaining things-to-do at the Hoe-Down. The things happened to be the standard seesaw and slides of the school playground, and they were besieged. “We sold twenty-five hundred tickets, at twenty-five cents a ticket,” the woman went on. “We sold eight hundred hay-wagon rides, at twenty-five cents a ride. We sold a thousand hot dogs. We sold three hundred and fifty pickles, at a nickel a pickle.”

“We had a Promise Tree,” another woman said. “I promised a day trip to Fire Island for a family of four, and a lady bought it for seventeen-fifty. I made a gorgeous apple pie and I made a gorgeous coffee cake, and I sold slices. Every bite was sold.”

On the far side of the playground, the leader of a four-piece square-dancing band yelled into the microphone that the dancing was over and that he would now auction off the empty pickle barrel. The bidding started at a dollar and ended at two seventy-five. The triumphant bidder, a ten-year-old boy with curly red hair, stepped forward and claimed his prize. “Oh, my God!” a woman yelled. “It’s David! My son *David!*”

The sidewalk outside the D’Arcy Galleries, at Madison and Eighty-second (exhibition: The Caves of Karawari), was strewn with hay. A handsome young couple wearing Hoe-Down straw hats and red bandannas stood on the hay at the bus stop. “We netted about thirty-five hundred dollars,” the young woman was saying. “Now we don’t have to worry about how to get a hundred and fifty dollars a year for our P.-T.A. program of visiting speakers.”

Over at the Whitney Museum, about four hundred people, sitting on foam-rubber mats, filled the third-floor gallery, where a clarinettist and composer named William Overton Smith was giving a recital of his own electronic music, with the aid of his wife, Jane, and two tape recorders, four microphones, seven speakers, and an electronic sound-producing machine called Synket, which resembled a small telephone switchboard. Mrs. Smith sat on a folding chair, with her back to the audience, turning dials and pressing buttons on the Synket while Mr. Smith stood before a microphone playing his clarinet, which was wired to its own microphone. The listeners—in their twenties and thirties, attentive, solemn—clapped after the rather incon-



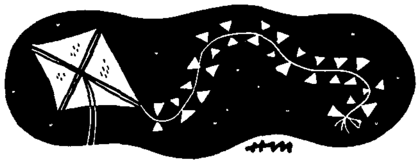
clusive ending of each number. Swaying above their heads was a red Calder mobile. As the sounds emanated from the network of machines and crisscrossing wires that surrounded the Smiths—one could hear what seemed to be a dripping faucet, and cufflinks falling into an old Maxwell House coffee can—a young man leaning against a wall next to a de Kooning said, "It's the next century."

Uptown a bit, surrounded by another tangle of electronic apparatus, Dr. Leonard I. Malis, working in the neurosurgical laboratory in the otherwise deserted and dark Berg building of Mount Sinai Hospital, was busy replacing some transistors in a computer he had had built to record the pulses of individual cells in the visual area of the cerebral cortex of rhesus monkeys. Dr. Malis is conducting a study to determine how the brain cells react to light stimuli, and how they interreact. He does this by implanting a tiny platinum electrode—one fifty-thousandth of an inch in diameter—against one of the cells in a monkey's brain. A light is then flashed at one after another of a thousand and twenty-four points in the monkey's field of vision, the electrode picks up the pulsing reaction of the cell to each flash, and the computer records the reactions. It takes two hours to go through this procedure with a single cell, and, working from 9 P.M. until 7 A.M., Dr. Malis and three assistants can study about five cells a night. Since there are approximately a hundred million cells in the visual area of a monkey's brain, they can hope to get only a highly selective statistical pattern from the fifty or so monkeys they plan to study over the next two years. Dr. Malis is an attending neurosurgeon at Mount Sinai, and one reason he conducts his laboratory experiments at night is that he performs operations during the day. Another reason is that there is much less interference from generators, elevators, light switches, centrifuges, and other electrical equipment in the hospital. As Dr. Malis worked on the computer, one of his assistants joined him and lent a hand. "What I like about the night," Dr. Malis told him, "is that our monkeys aren't disturbed by doors slamming and footsteps echoing. Also, the telephone never rings, so we can tend to business."

As Frank Swint, the night watchman, made his rounds at the Central Park Zoo, carrying a chrome-plated punch clock, he found almost all the animals, including the monkeys, asleep. As he passed an outdoor cage full of raccoons, however, a beady eye peered at him out of the blackness. Then he unlocked the door of the Antelope House and went in to check up on the zoo's two cheetahs, one of whom had been sick. Now the cheetahs were stretched out on the floor of the cage, one of them cushioning its head on the other. Next door, two coatis lay connubially, side by side, on a shelf. Turning a key in his clock, Mr. Swint moved on to the Elephant House, where a female elephant, a fitful sleeper, was pacing in her cage. Swint next checked up on the lions, who are the best sleepers of all. As he had expected, they were quiet. The first of the indoor animals to wake up would be the birds, and next would be the monkeys—light sleepers all.

At Cheetah itself, on Fifty-second near Eighth, about fifty young people were dancing on a stainless-steel floor while an eight-man group played highly amplified rock against a dazzling striated background that changed colors continually. The dancers—mostly in their teens—wore bell bottoms, minis, or culottes with boat-necked shirts. Their movements were fast and loose-limbed and unpredictable. A half block to the east, at Roseland, a considerably older crowd was dancing the fox trot, the one-step, and the Lindy Hop. Several hundred couples—the men in coats and ties, many of the women in full-skirted dresses of tulle or chiffon—moved around the polished hardwood floor while, on a stage decorated with artificial roses, an eleven-piece dance orchestra played "Somebody Else Is Taking My Place."

Down at City Hall, in the ornate Board of Estimate chamber, Mayor Lindsay, Human Resources Administrator Mitchell Ginsberg, and a number of the city's anti-poverty officials were holding a nighttime hearing as a result of recent congressional legislation (opposed by the Mayor) that required a reorganization of the city's Council Against Poverty to provide for representation on it of elected and appointed officials. Mayor Lindsay and the anti-poverty officials sat on a dais. About two dozen citizens sat facing them. Mayor Lindsay opened the proceedings. "I guess that everybody knows that the Congress, in its wisdom—that's the expression we are supposed to use—has required a change in the Board," he said. "What we want to do now is hear anybody who wants to be heard." Seven speakers responded to the Mayor's invitation, but only one dealt with the specific issue that was supposed to be under consideration. The Mayor, Mr. Ginsberg, and the anti-poverty people nevertheless listened to each one, with resignation, if not with patience. Two of the speakers, a Negro woman and a white man, represented two civic groups in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn and were protesting its designation as a poverty area. A former employee of Haryou-Act complained that she had been fired unfairly. The one relevant speaker identified himself as Emil Levin, a member of the Council Against Poverty, and asked what purpose this hearing could possibly serve.



"It is to allow the community and good persons like you to share the frustrations we have," the Mayor said, with a laugh.

"Well, there is another purpose," Mr. Ginsberg put in. "You may want to make some suggestions as to just what area of life these elected and appointed representatives might be drawn from."

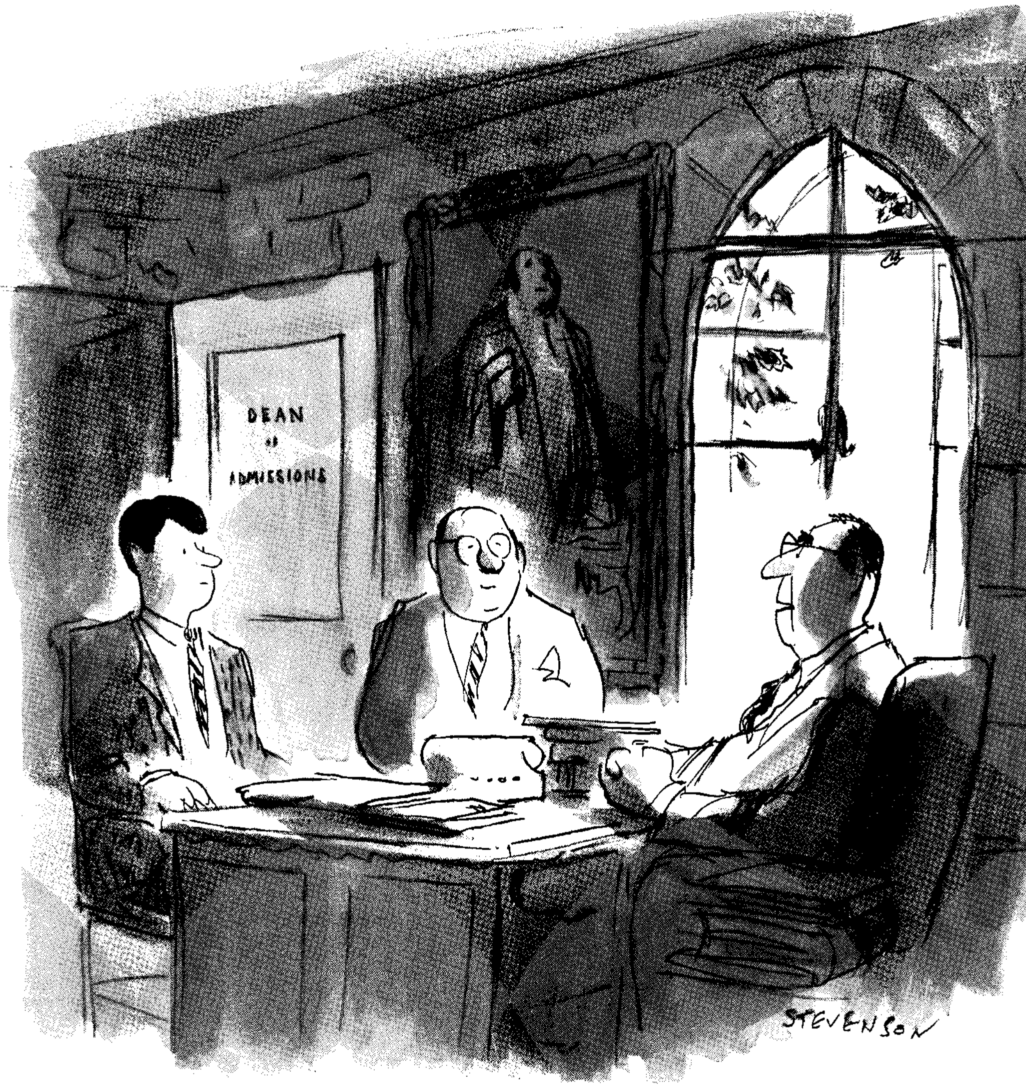
Mr. Levin, it turned out, did have a suggestion—that the official members, instead of being chosen from among appointed officeholders, be taken from among legislative representatives in Congress, the state legislature, and the City Council and from among justices of the lower courts.

"That may be sound," the Mayor said. "They and we might learn something then."

A few minutes later, the hearing ended, and Mayor Lindsay left for Gracie Mansion.

At ten o'clock, Underground Uplift Unlimited, which is a division of Free Speech, Inc., and is a small store on the south side of St. Marks Place, was crowded—mostly with young girls looking for posters and beads and underground newspapers. There were copies of the *Berkeley Barb*, *Avatar*, *Rat*, and the *East Village Other*. The Los Angeles *Free Press* had a heading that asked "HAS LEROI JONES SOLD OUT?" *Rat* had a special issue on Columbia, featuring documents taken from the office of President Grayson Kirk. Two vague-eyed girls came in together. One girl said, "See that? It's incense." "Rosemary has incense," the other girl said. "You come in and she makes you sit down on the floor, and it's a drag."

On Macdougal Street, well-dressed tourists from uptown and out of town strolled past the incense shops and the



"Tell me about yourself. What do you think of student protests?"

jewelry shops and the Italian restaurants and the coffeehouses, threading their way through groups of hippies and among uniformed policemen of the Tactical Patrol Force. On the southwest corner of Macdougal Street and West Third, in front of a food shop called Pizza Snack Time, three young men were sitting on the sidewalk with their backs against the building; one of them, wearing blue jeans, a flowered dark-brown shirt, silver bracelets, and a silver medallion on a silver chain, was stroking a brown cocker-spaniel puppy that lay curled in his lap. Two policemen came up to them, and one of the policemen, who looked to be in his late twenties, tapped the pants leg of the boy holding the puppy and said, "O.K. You can get up now and move on. Let's go. I hate to wake up your puppy."

"Oh, yeah. I'll bet," the young man said, without stirring.

"No, I really do," the policeman said. "I'm very concerned about your dog. Now move!"

Very, very slowly, the young man with the puppy and his two companions got to their feet and shuffled off down West Third. "Man, they're jumpy tonight," the young man with the puppy mumbled. "You can't sit and talk with your friends, you can't play an instrument, you can't do nothin'."

On Ninety-third, just east of Fifth, two hundred and fifty senior United Nations diplomats were gathered in the apartment of Ambassador and Mme. José Sette Camara, of Brazil, for a farewell drink. A steady stream of ambassadors—George Ignatieff, of Canada; Yakov Aleksandrovich Malik, of Russia; Lord Caradon, of Great Britain; Bohdan Tomorowicz, of Poland; José Ruda, of Argentina—were murmuring appropriate regrets to Ambassador Sette Camara, who is taking a leave of absence from the Foreign Service to become the publisher of the *Jornal do Brasil*, one of Rio's most distinguished papers, and to his wife, Elba, a handsome brunette in a gold lamé dress.

"I forecast that you will not stay long in journalism," the Swiss Ambassador, Bernard Turrettini, remarked. "No doubt you will go on to higher roles in politics."

"How I envy you, going back to Rio!" exclaimed an ebullient blonde in pink silk.

"I am sad to leave our good friends here," said Mme. Sette Camara. She turned to speak to Ambassador Mohamed Awad El Kony, of the United Arab Republic, who was reminiscing with her husband about the earlier days.

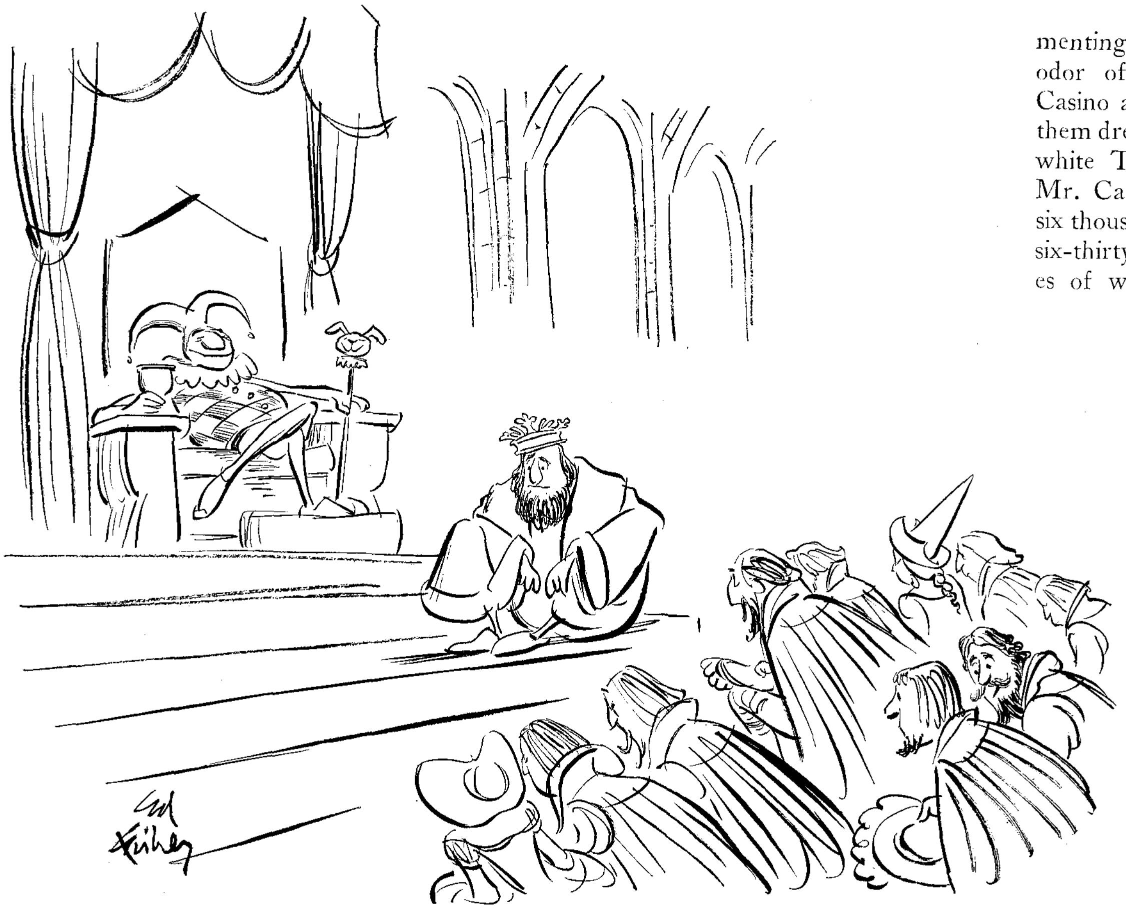
"The old U.N. we knew has changed a great deal," said Ambassador Sette Camara. "It was much smaller in 1950, and positions were absolutely frozen on most issues. Now there are many more members, and positions are often quite fluid. So there is a lot more work for everybody."

Ambassador El Kony smiled. A gray-haired diplomat standing behind him said, "Vishinsky and Menon used to talk for hours without a note in front of them. Nowadays nobody will speak three words without a prepared text."

"We are becoming cautious in our middle age," said Francisco Lopez Urzua, the Ambassador from Guatemala.

At midnight, the west side of Eighth Avenue between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets—the site of the old Madison Square Garden—was dark. The broad tunnel that used to be the Garden's entrance was a deserted place where bits of paper gathered in corners or shifted in a light wind. The shops south of the entrance were boarded up, and posters had been pasted on the boards, one on top of another. Still legible among the overlapping posters were the words "State Senator," "National Antiques Show," and "Noël Coward's 'Private Lives.'" On the sepulchral old marquee was the inscription "At the New Garden, See the Pro Greats of the National Tennis League."

On the northwest corner of Forty-fifth and Broadway, a scrawny woman in a brown coat and sneakers had just



"This certainly has turned out to be the year of the unexpected in politics."

finished speaking to a small crowd. She had been holding an American flag in one hand and a Bible in the other. Now, as she tucked the Bible under one arm and began to furl her flag, a heavy man with a rugged-looking face approached her and said, "Hey, Rosie! How much do you want for that book?" "This Bible?" she said, looking indignant. "I wouldn't take a million dollars for it." With her flag furled and her Bible clutched firmly in one hand, she started walking west on Forty-fifth.

The lights in Times Square flashed and blinked their parti-colored messages. On the south side of Forty-second, the horizontal Deli-Plaza sign glittered in red. Near it, on Seventh, was a neon sign reading "The Funny Store" in red, pink, rose, orange, turquoise, light blue, dark blue, gray, light green, and dark green. On the east side of the Square, between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth, was the huge Bond's sign, in red and blue. Above it, the immense bottle of Gordon's gin appeared to pour a whitish fluid into an ice-filled glass. The Schrafft's sign in the next block flashed its white letters in nonsequential clusters: "Sch—t's—raff—Sch—t's—raff." The pink neon sign reading "Hector's," on the east side of the Square, balanced the pink neon sign reading "Ripley Clothes," on the west side. At the north end of Duffy Square, "Canadian Club" was emblazoned in a bright red that shifted to white against an effulgent, expanding field of gold. The gold field filled the sign and then vanished, giving way to a brilliant-orange field that turned to orange stripes and finally became an orange-and-black checkerboard. Fleeting white numerals on the Accutron sign, on the east side of the Square, at Forty-sixth, gave the time to a tenth of a second. "Whelan's" was yellow and lavender. "Howard Johnson's" was yellow and orange. At the south end of Times Square, the tall electric-blue sign of the Allied Chemical Tower loomed above the Square, which was nearly empty. In front of a newsstand at Forty-third and Seventh, a man in a gray jacket stood stacking an early edition of the *Times*, illuminated mainly by the newsstand's fluorescent glow.

At one-thirty, Tenth Avenue, stretching away, was as dark as the River Styx. Between Fifty-first and Fifty-second, the gloom was pierced by a crack of light coming from the doorway of the Belmonte Baking Company. Inside, where the sweet smell of fermenting dough mingled with the warm odor of baking bread, Mr. Angelo Casino and seven other bakers—all of them dressed in white work trousers and white T shirts—were hard at work. Mr. Casino and his men bake nearly six thousand loaves and rolls a night. At six-thirty in the evening, they set batches of what will amount to thirty-six hundred pounds of flour, water, and yeast to churning in a large dough-mixing machine. Then they transfer the dough to a ten-foot-long greased stainless-steel trough, where it is allowed to ferment for an hour and a half. Afterward, great slabs of dough are laid on a large wooden table at the rear of the bakery, where Casino and his bakers work at breakneck speed to cut them into small pieces. These are weighed, kneaded, shaped, and then put on wooden boards and allowed to ferment in insulated proofing cabinets for a further half hour. After that, they are baked at three hundred and eighty degrees in a large, oil-heated rotating oven. When the loaves and rolls come out of the oven, fifteen or twenty minutes later, they are ranged on tall metal racks to cool. Then they are put in bags and delivered by truck to restaurants and grocery stores all over Manhattan. Now, by one-thirty, the racks of the bakery, which is about a hundred feet long and forty feet wide, were overflowing with bread. There were thirty-two-inch-long French loaves, six-foot Hero loaves, oval *bastone* loaves, twisted *tortone* loaves, round *panello* loaves, and loaves of Spanish bread called *manteca.* And there were club rolls, twist rolls, dip rolls, rolls with pointed tips, and egg-shaped rolls covered with poppyseeds. Mr. Casino, a tall, muscular man of thirty-nine, with brown hair and a pencil mustache, was talking to a young apprentice baker. The secret of making good bread, he explained, was not so much the recipe for the dough as how the dough was handled. "Dough should be processed by hand whenever possible," he said to the young man. "Machines abuse it. The trouble is more and more bakeries are becoming automated, because modern society requires mass production. Also, you know, not many of you younger fellows want to work at night."

TWO MEN OF AFFAIRS

EVERY so often I am made aware of how much I am my father's son—for instance, while doing the dishes. When I wash dishes, I use a cake of soap and let the water run; my head is slightly bowed, so that my forehead is resting on the cabinet above the sink, and my eyes, my wife informs me, are full of unreleased tears. This, too, is how my father does the dishes, except that he is erect. Bearing is one of his obsessions. When I was younger and tried to please him by standing up straight, he said I was having sport with him and he told me I had lordosis, which he then defined. That way I built up my vocabulary. My father also told me not to tip my chair back at the dinner table. Why did I persist? Why did he keep yelling at me? Why do I tell my son to stop tipping *his* chair back? Why does he defy me?

Lately, when my father and I talk on the phone, he doesn't say goodbye—he just hangs up. When I ask him why he won't say goodbye to me, he says he is unaware that he hasn't said it. I gather he wants me to drop the subject.

When I am seventy-one, will I neglect to say goodbye to my son for reasons that have not yet been revealed to me?

Once, I thought my father and I were poles apart. I was a dreamy boy, as he called me, as I grew to fancy myself.

We even make beds the same way—what my mother calls "the lazy man's way." That is, we don't strip the bed but tuck everything back in. My mother would just as soon my father forgot about the beds; after all, one of his favorite sayings is: If you're going to do something, do it right. Ditto the dishes. "I'd rather he'd go sculpt," she told me the other day. "Something worthwhile."

A number of years ago, my father took a ceramics class; an ashtray in the shape of a leaf survives. "He could have done things," my mother said to me recently. "It would have been an outlet."

What thoughts does my father entertain, standing at the sink as though on a parade ground? If my wife were free to investigate his eyes, what would she come up with? I imagine her giving him the onceover from several vantage points, taking his hand, leading him into better light.

Would you think anything stupendous went on in my head? My wife never inquires. She tells me I'm a hummer, however.

My wife won't take a shower with me. "Once the water strikes you, it never reaches me at a good angle," she says. "Besides, I have to listen to your long, boring dreams."

MY father calls me up. "You're old enough to have your own safe-deposit box," he says. I have always kept my valuables in his tin. I say, great, but I want a box in *his* bank. I wish my father would take a minute to question my motives, but he doesn't. Does it even occur to him? We make arrangements to meet outside his bank. "Wear a tie, for God's sake," my father says.

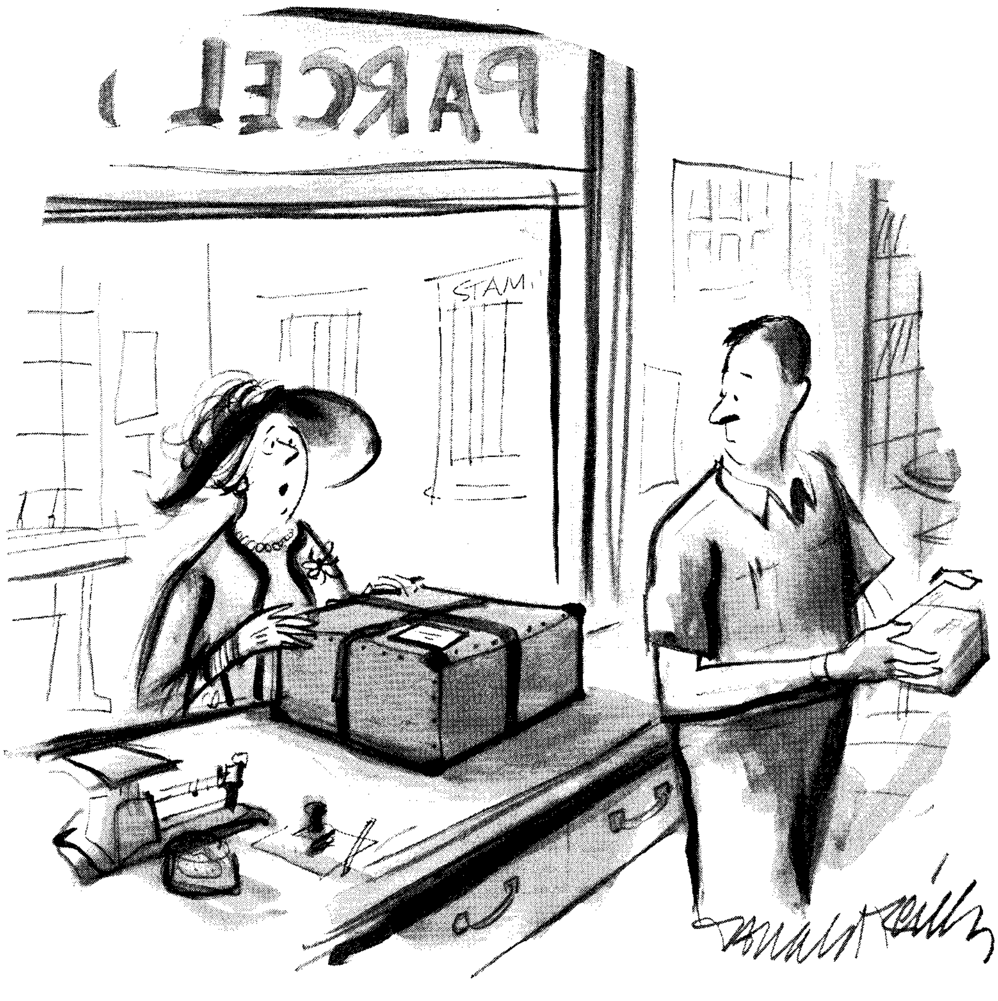
My father has never asked me to meet him *inside* anything. How would it be embarrassing? I've never challenged him on this. Not long ago, my son begged me to meet him *outside* the drugstore where we were going to eat before a Knicks game. I ask you. I arrive ahead of time, because I assume my father thinks I'm not very punctual. Of course, he has beaten me there. I see him before he sees me, in his long, gloomy overcoat. He has taken up an equivocal stance to fool passersby. Has the distinguished-looking cat paused to note an architectural detail? Or, toward the end of his life, has what was unclear suddenly become known to him?

"What are you wearing a vest for?" he says, taking hold of my overcoat and flinging it open.

"I want you to be proud of me when we're with your cronies at the bank," I say.

"Why do you insist on going to extremes?" he says.

We descend together to the vault—the netherworld. For a moment, I think he is going to take me by the arm, but I am disappointed. I have always got a kick out of these excursions with my father—two men of affairs. The first time he took me to the vault, it made a strong impression. I was worthy of him, his mysteries. Smitty, the vault attendant, will be in the anteroom at the bottom of the flight of marble stairs. He always has a big



"What's the best way to send laundry to Canada?"

SANDS

I

Dry. The wind is parched by the wind.
The stars are machines whose needlepoints
Stab through the throat. Crazed by thirst,
That dog must be killed. Don't cry. Please don't.
It's a waste of water. Yes, I know
The sand is hotter than you can stand,
But, surely, since we have come this far . . .

II

You'd be surprised
How the body endures
Suffering. What else can it do?
Oh, the mind. That's different. Close your eyes,
And just keep going. Did I ever tell
You stories of Cortez, Genghis Khan,
And Hannibal—quite ordinary men?
If we stop now, it will be harder in
The morning. Think of the risk of sun.

III

I'm sorry I said that. Concentrate
On images or dreams, on wanted things
Like streams, springs, and rivulets. . . .
It makes it worse? Think of nothing, then,
But the blood that flows from head to foot
And back, of the brain's banked oxygen,
Of how footfall must follow tread,
If you will it to. You can stand the pain.
Do it for my sake. I ask again.

IV

I think the path has become obscure.
The map's inaccurate. I cannot read
The compass because the flashlight's failed,
And we're out of matches. Besides, I think
It was off last time. It's hard to be sure.
Have faith in me. Have faith in me.
Think of all those who have gone before.

V

There must be a country somewhere right now
Of rain, of snow, of golden wind
Where, in the rushes, all that play
Of watery hazards takes the mind.
And that must be the country of joy,
That country that we will never find.
Or perhaps we will. Now we must rest,
Before the sand makes us blind.

VI

Only so many miles to go,
And ages in which to do it. So
I like to think. The dog is dead.
I swear
There should be water soon.
We must wait. And wait. The sun's too high.
We'll begin again at the end of day.

VII

My darling,
Not to have made it is
To kill, and kill,
And be killed again.
Now, only your body lies
In my bodiless arms,
So dead, so still,

And there is the oasis, up ahead.

—Howard Moss

• •

hello for my father, and a word for me, too.

A strange man is seated at Smitty's desk before the vault.

"Smitty's out to lunch," my father says to me.

"Yes?" the man says to my father.

"We'll wait for Smitty," my father says.

"Who?" the man says.

"Mr. Smith," my father tells him.

"He retired last week," the man says.

"But he never said anything to me," my father says.

"He was sixty-five," the man says.

"I've been a depositor for forty-five years," my father says.

The man is mute.

"Smitty was delightful as a human being," my father says. "He never failed to have a cheery greeting."

"One of nature's noblemen, so I've heard," the man says.

My father takes out his key case, and we accompany the new attendant into the vault.

"If you'll just sign here," he says, indicating the register.

"Jesus Christ," my father says, "I haven't signed in forty-odd years."

In the coupon room, my father and I sit across the table from each other. The lighting makes him look older and more tired, and I avert my eyes.

"I guess Smitty must have been getting up there," he says, slowly opening his tin.

"Dig the hunting prints on the walls," I say.

"They're tarting the place up," my father says. "Did you say you got a haircut?"

"You betcha."

"What about this?" he says, flicking the hair about one of my ears.

"It's styled," I say.

"And this?" he says. "And this?"

"You wouldn't yell at Harold Macmillan," I say. "He wears his hair full at the sides."

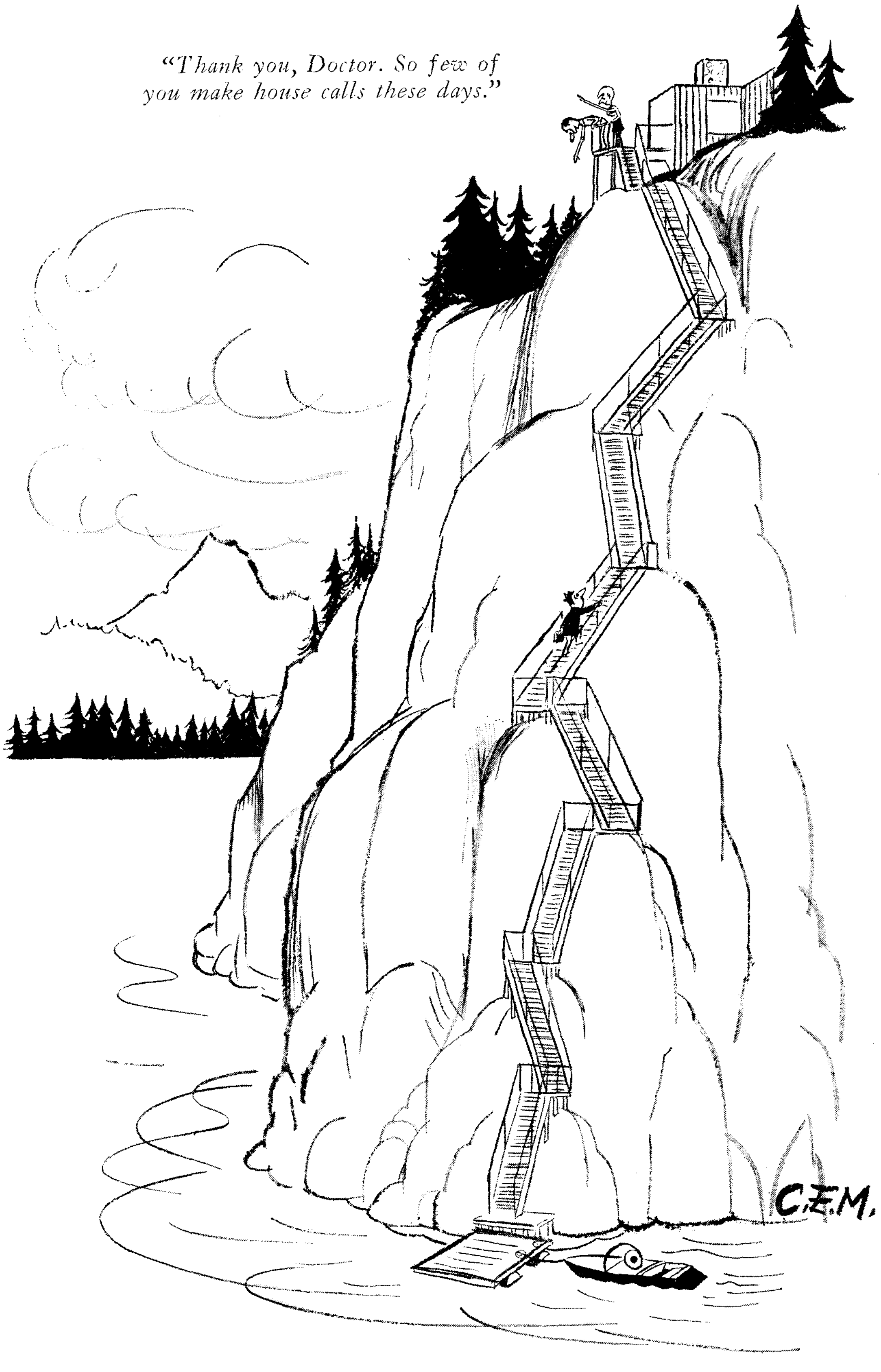
"I'm not yelling at you," my father says.

When he has sorted out my little pile of valuables, we leave the coupon room and he explains to the attendant that I wish to rent a box. I fill out some forms and we reënter the vault. The attendant climbs a ladder to reach my box.

"Ah, ah," my father says, "you're almost to Heaven."

While the attendant is screwing on the lock, my father and I sit by his desk in our overcoats.

"Smitty was pretty much all surface," my father says, revolving his hat by the brim in his lap.



"Thank you, Doctor. So few of you make house calls these days."

"Hey," I say, noticing his trouser bottoms for the first time. "No cuffs! You going Mod?"

"Mother turned them," he says. "They were somewhat frayed."

The hat picks up speed.

"There's no need to wait," I say.

My father gets up. "The likelihood is he never read a book in his life," he says, and goes off.

I AM in the shower, presumably humming, when the glass door slides open. I am terrified. A little white demon is standing there. It is my naked wife, who hops in.

"I am in a lofty studio by the sea," I say. "In the summertime. I can tell by the typically fine, serene light."

"More froufrou," says my wife.

"In the studio is an immense block of pale marble, with a scaffold erected about it."

"More cold water," says my wife.

"On the scaffold stands my father, wearing a groovy suit, with his shirt cuffs turned back over those of his jacket. A hammer is poised in his right hand, a chisel in his left. He is about to begin a statue."

"Of what?" says my wife.

"He hasn't begun," I say.

"You're typically obstructing the flow," she says. "Did he say bye-bye to you?"

"There was no opportunity one way or the other."

"My facecloth."

"Nothing happened."

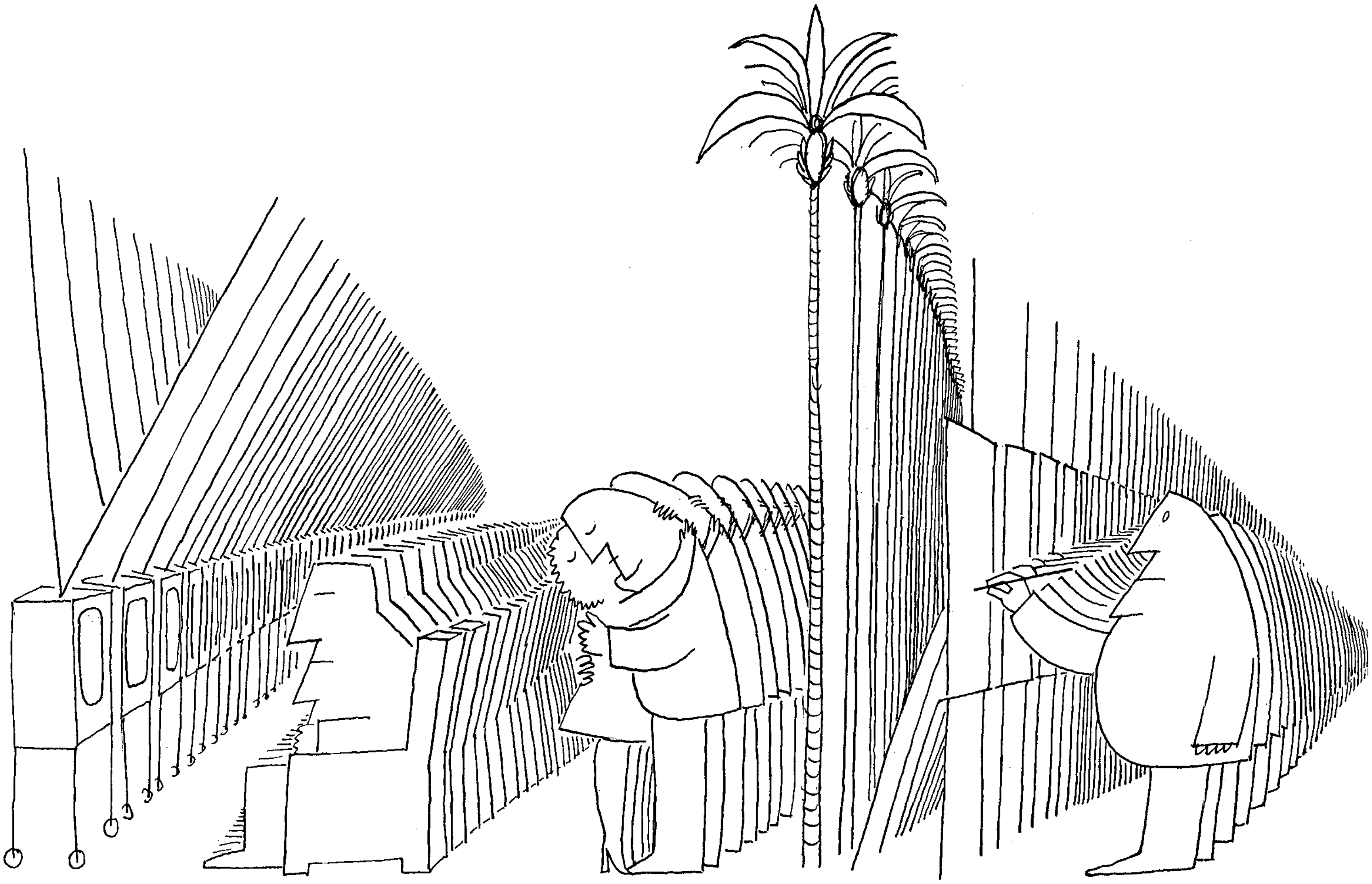
"My eyes are closed. I can't see."

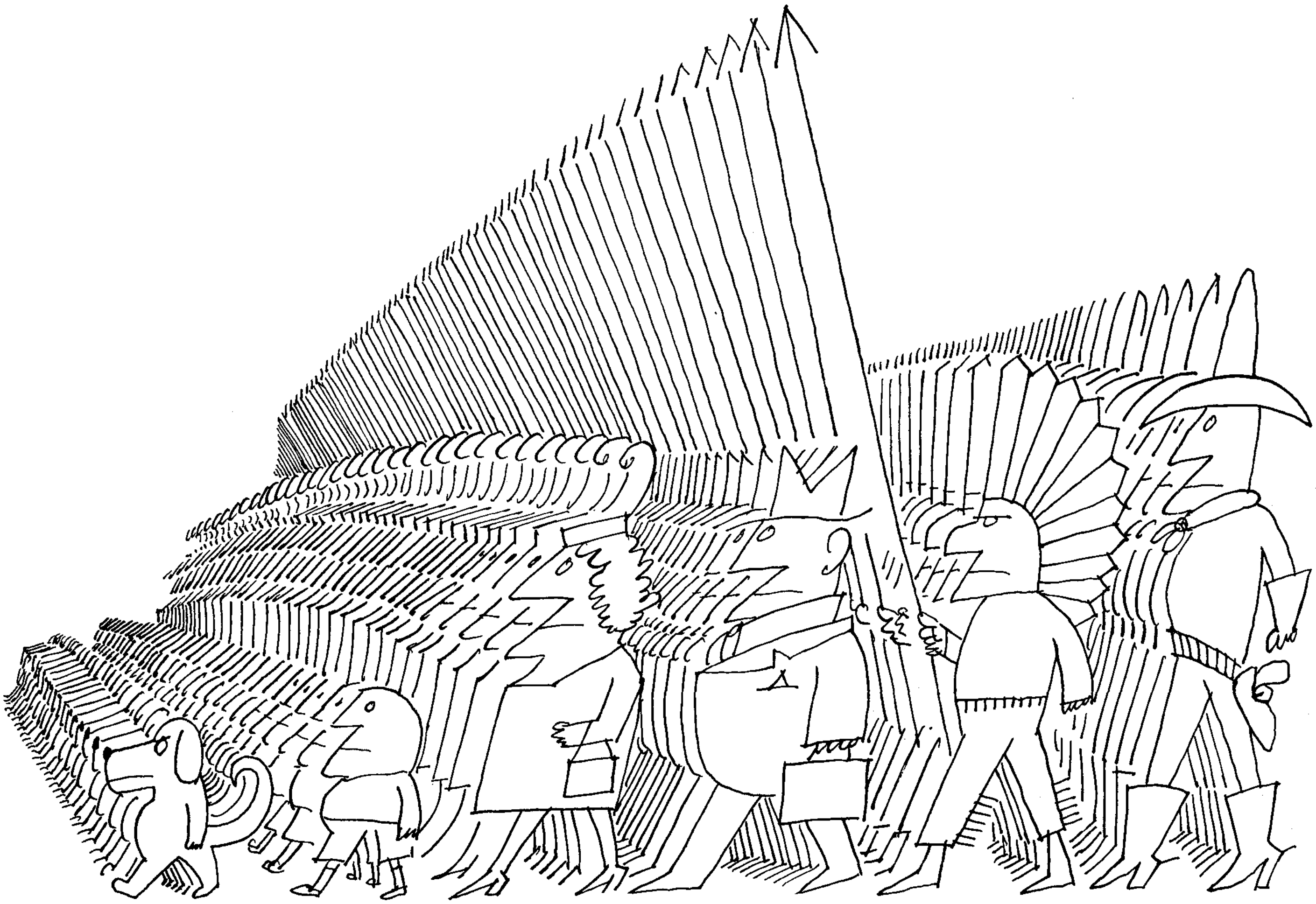
"There was little or no action or passage of time."

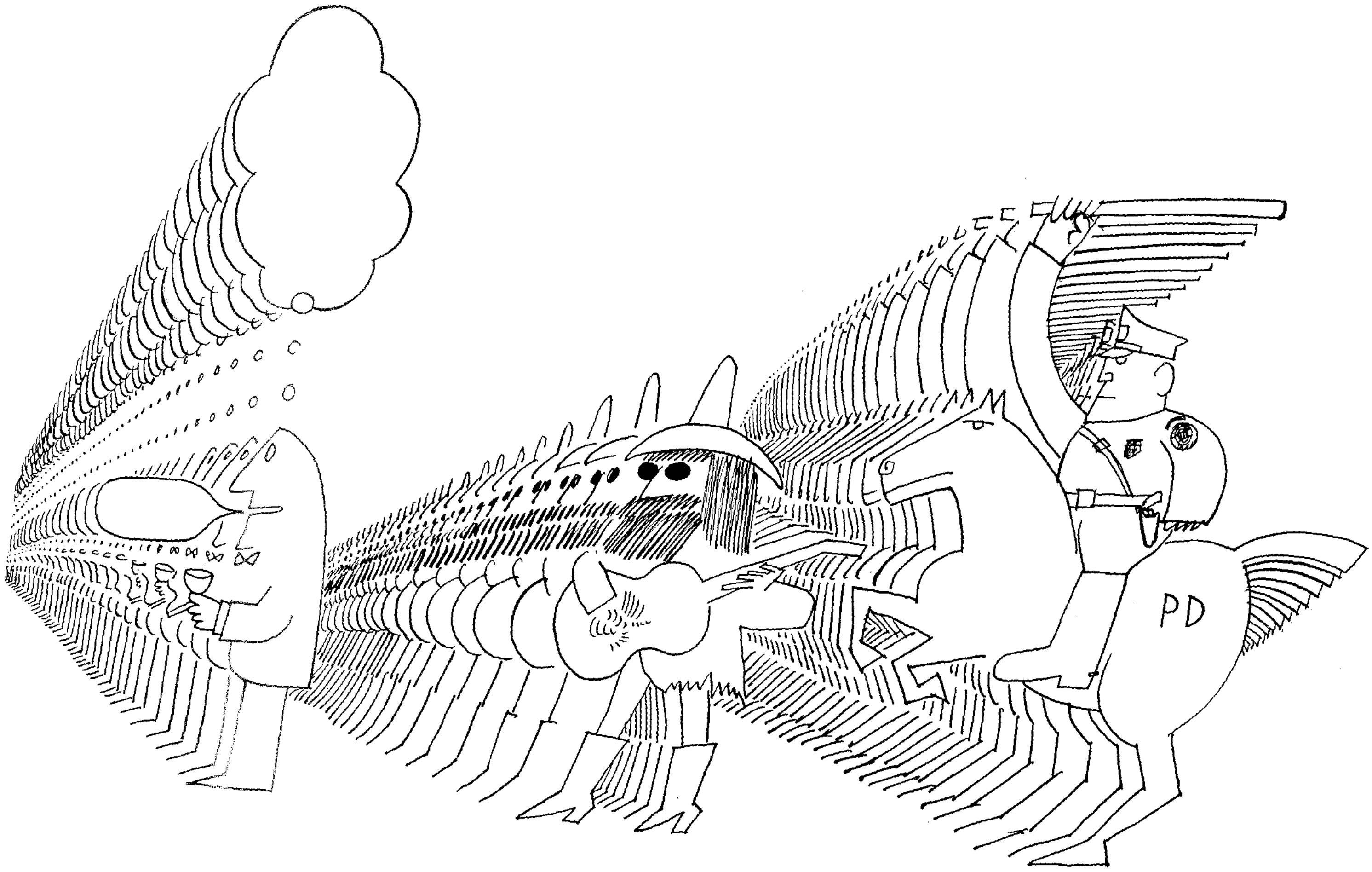
"Blah, blah, blah. Blah, blah, blah. Every moment we expect that our fathers will reveal their secrets to us, but they never do. Why? Because we are unworthy of them."

MY mother and I speak on the phone. "I've found out why your father's been in a state," she says. "He was telling me about the outing to the vault, and it slipped out. They've started all over from the beginning with his checks. Your father! A depositor for forty-five years! He was up to check number fifteen thousand and something, but when his next batch came they had put him all the way back to one hundred and one. Imagine, after being loyal to them all these years! I told him I would certainly have brought it to their attention. He said he thought of mentioning it the next time he happened to be in the neighborhood, but he didn't want them to get the impression he suffered from false pride."

Why am I watching my father so intently? Why do I pay attention to my mother when she's yakking? Do things change? —GILBERT ROGIN



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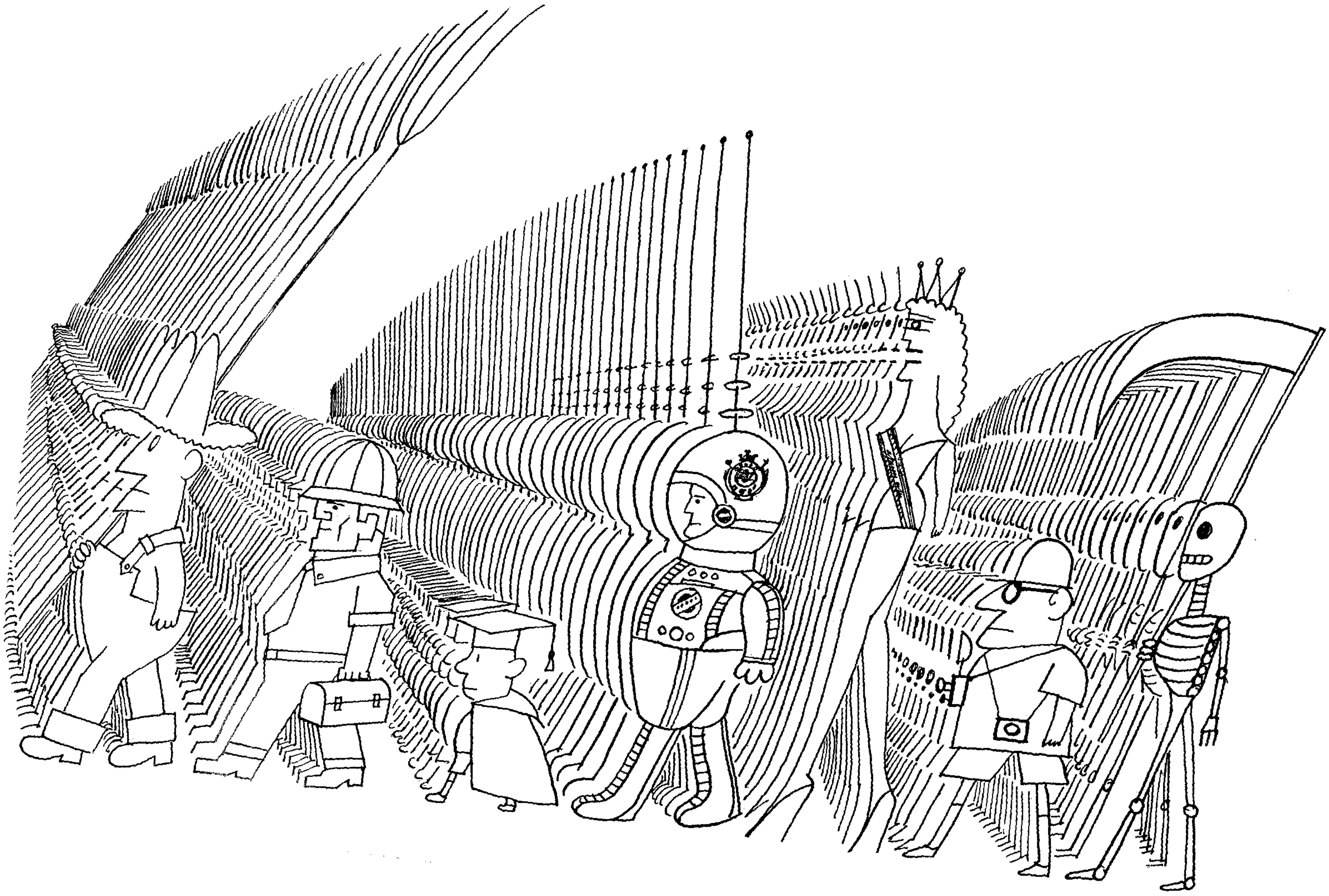

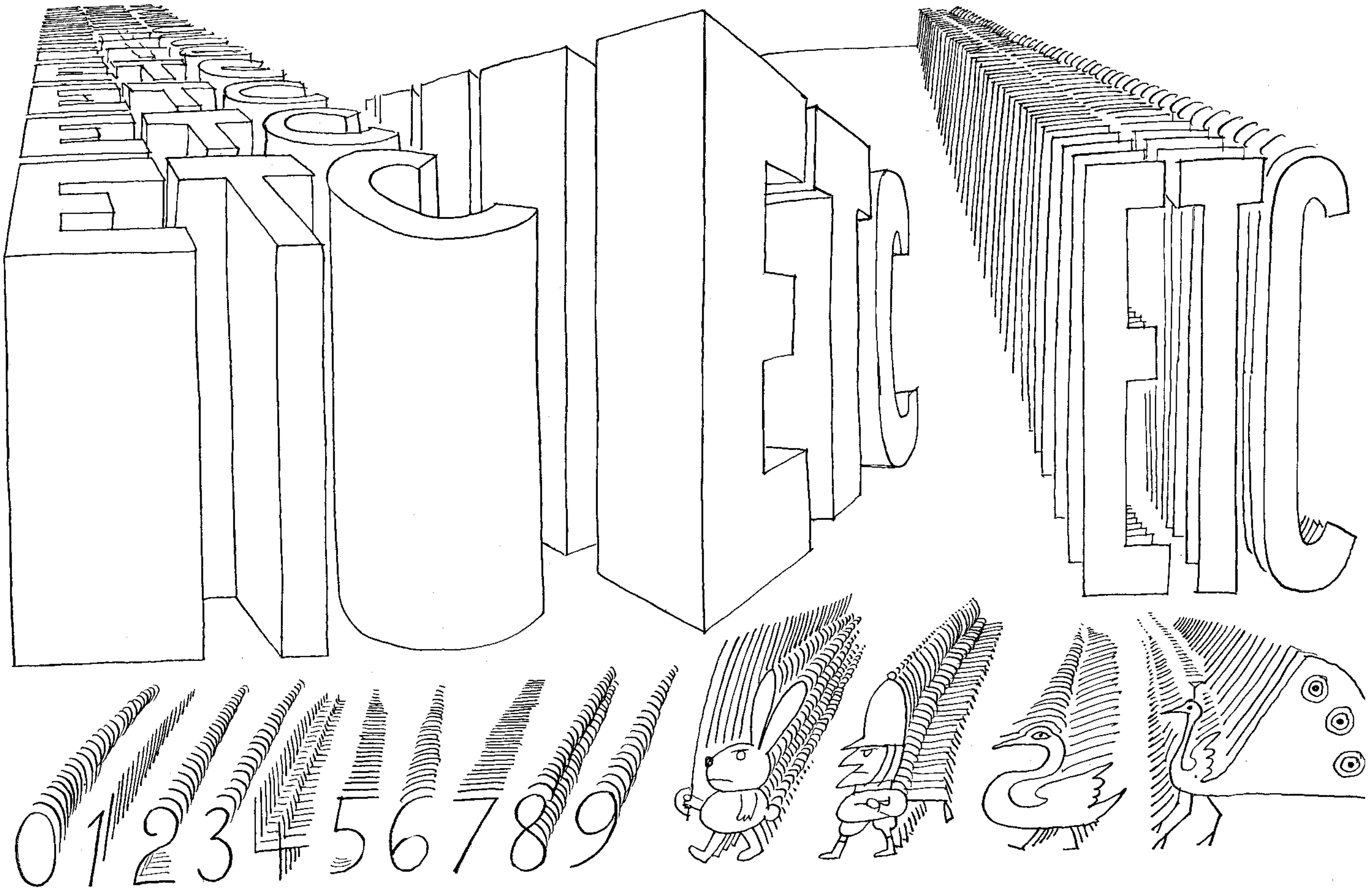
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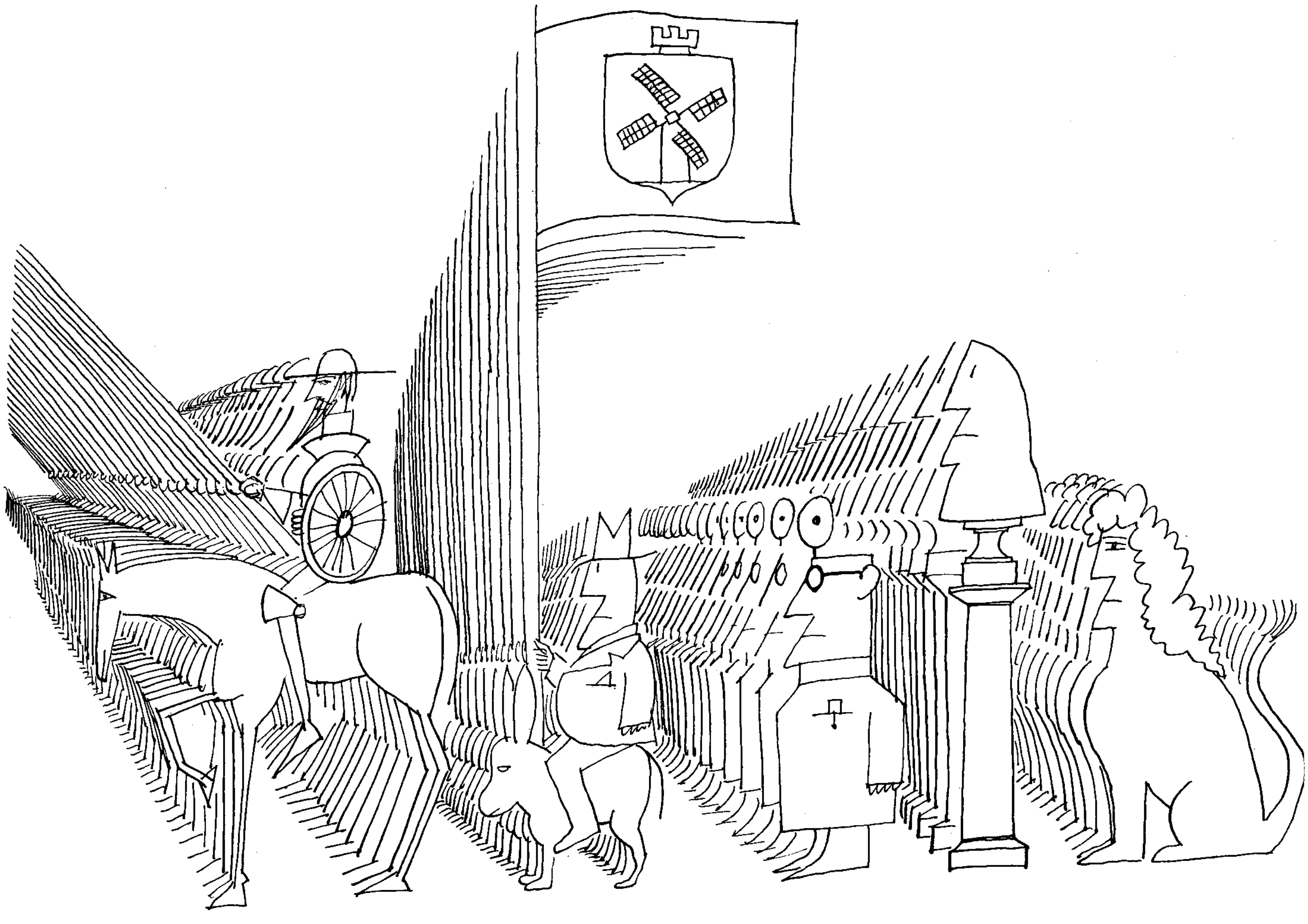

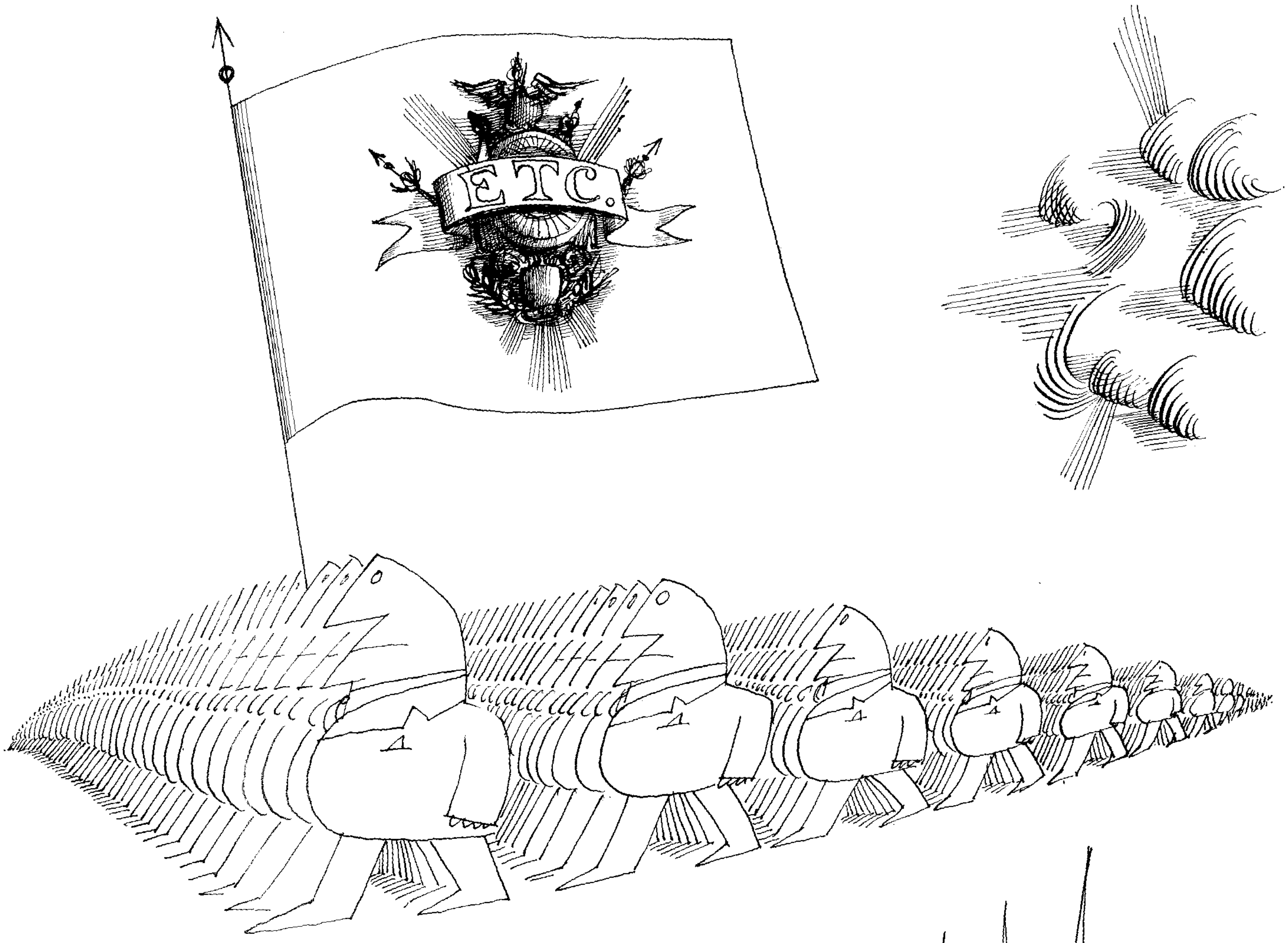
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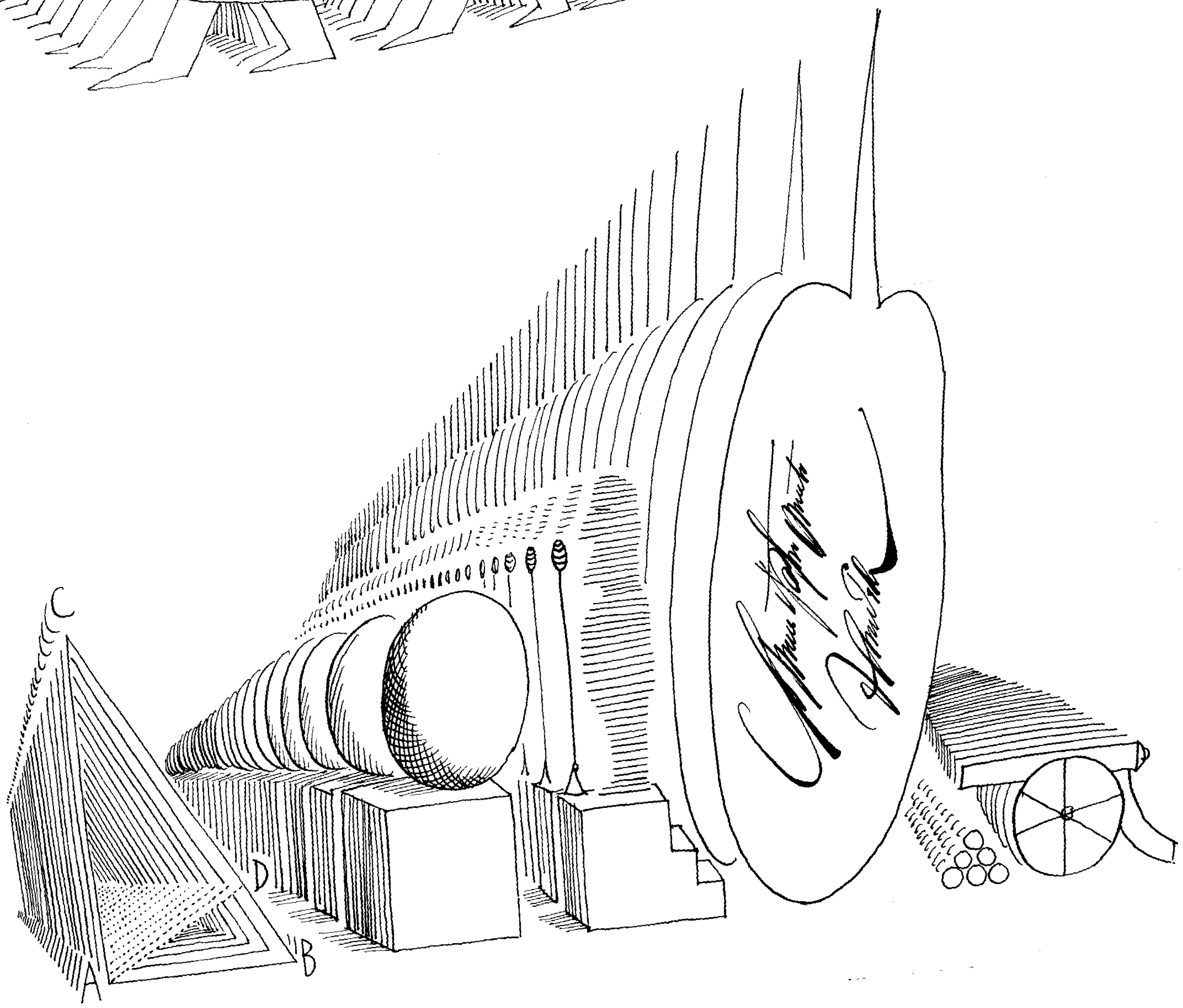
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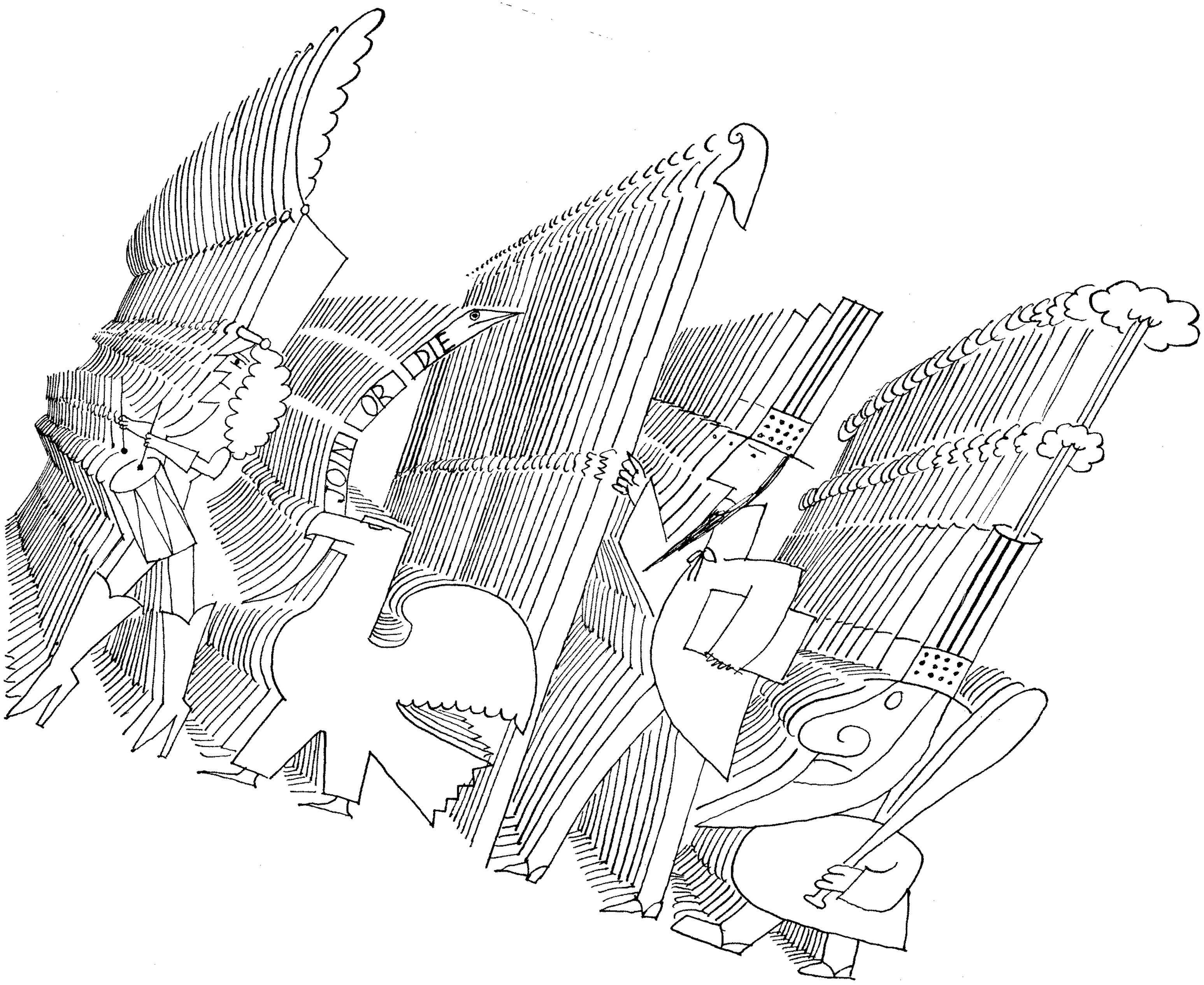
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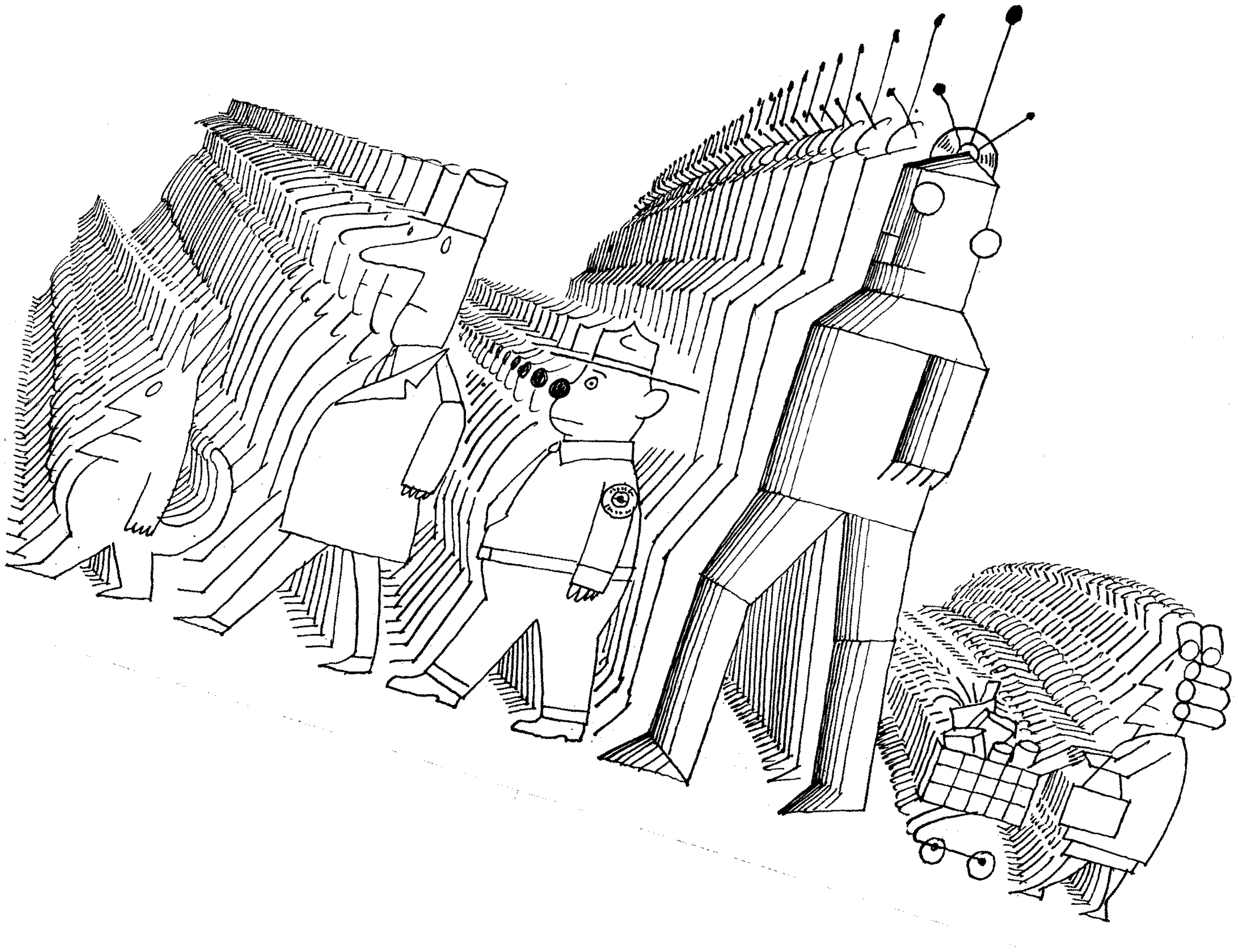
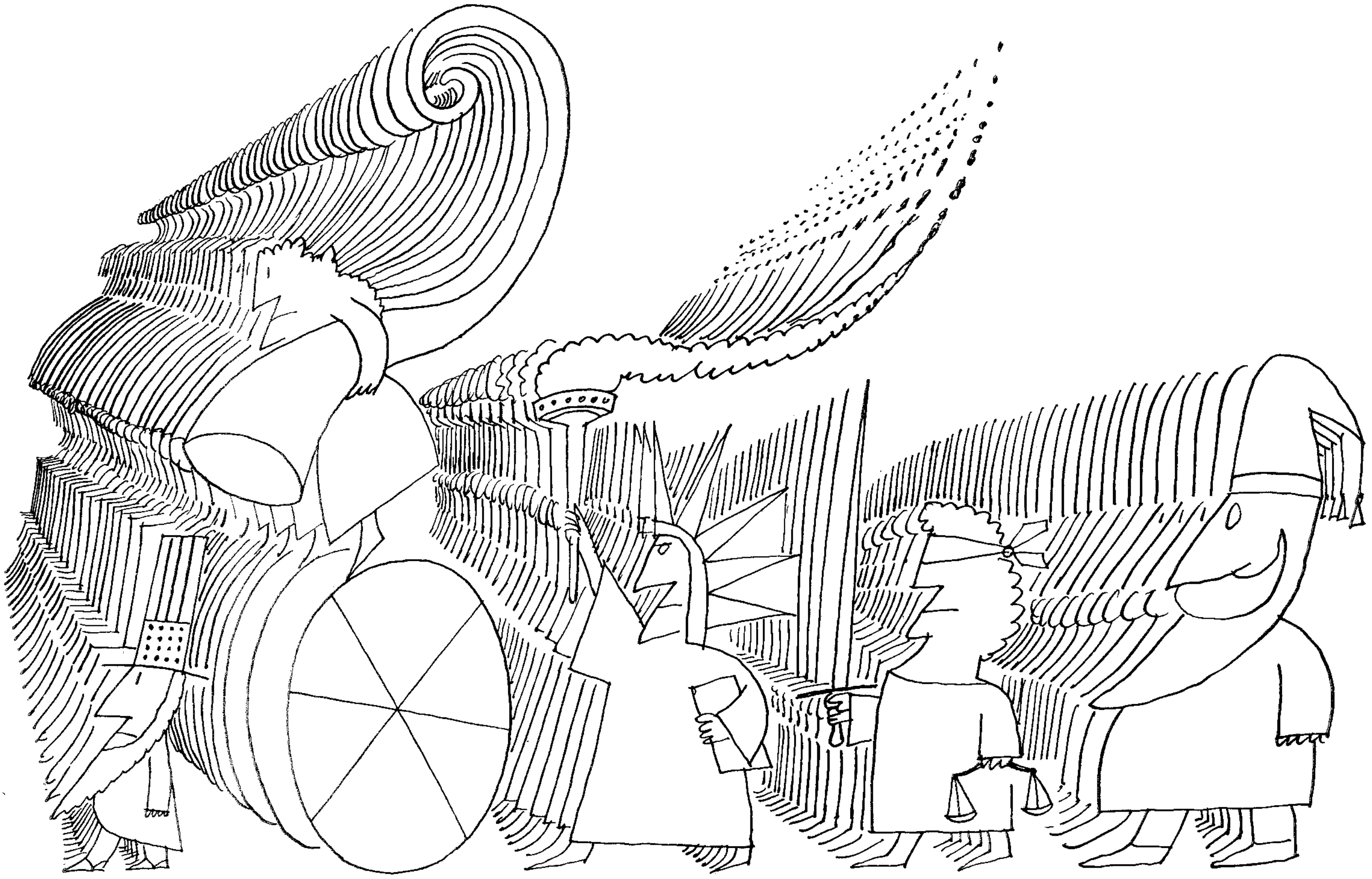
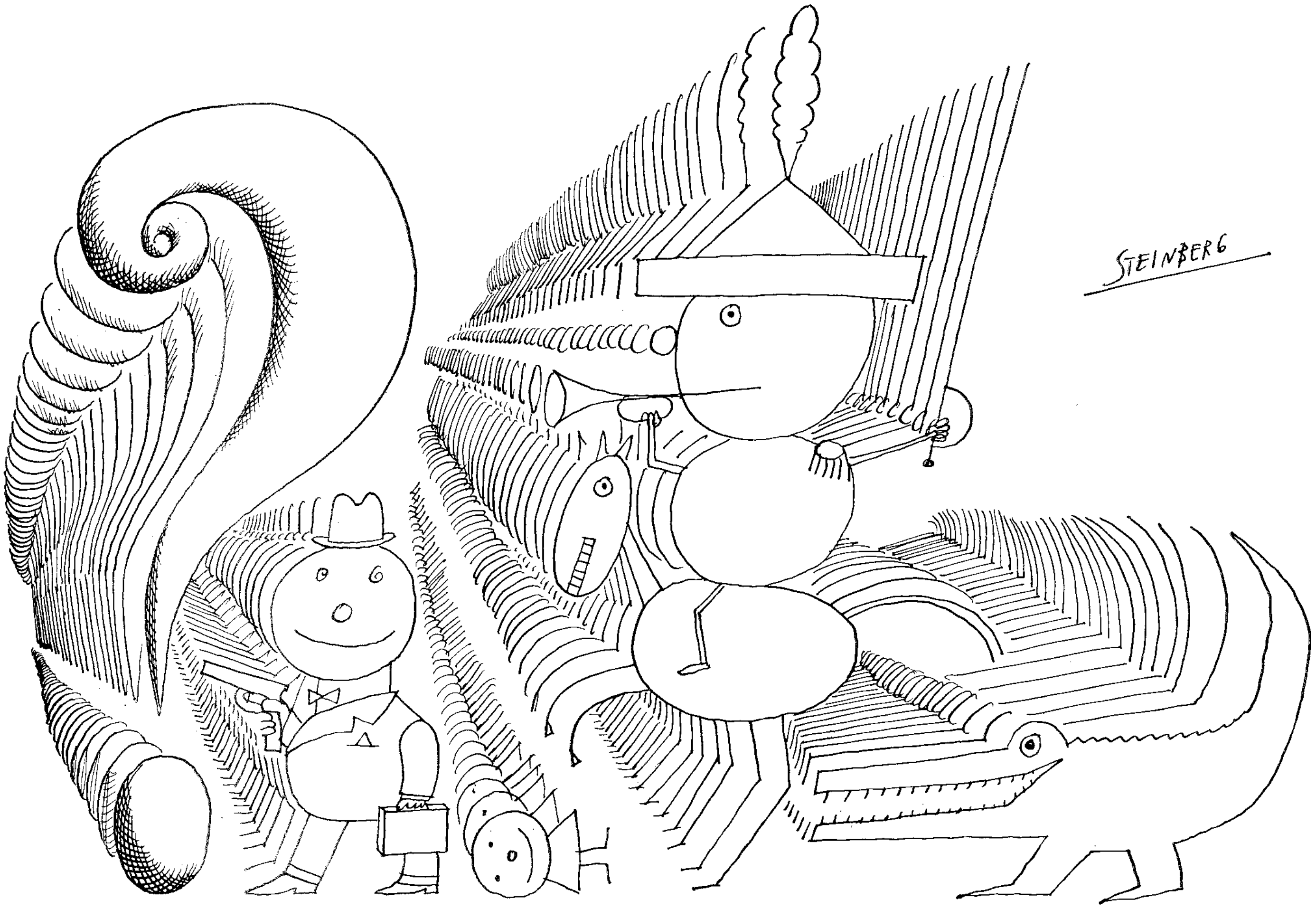





STEINBERG

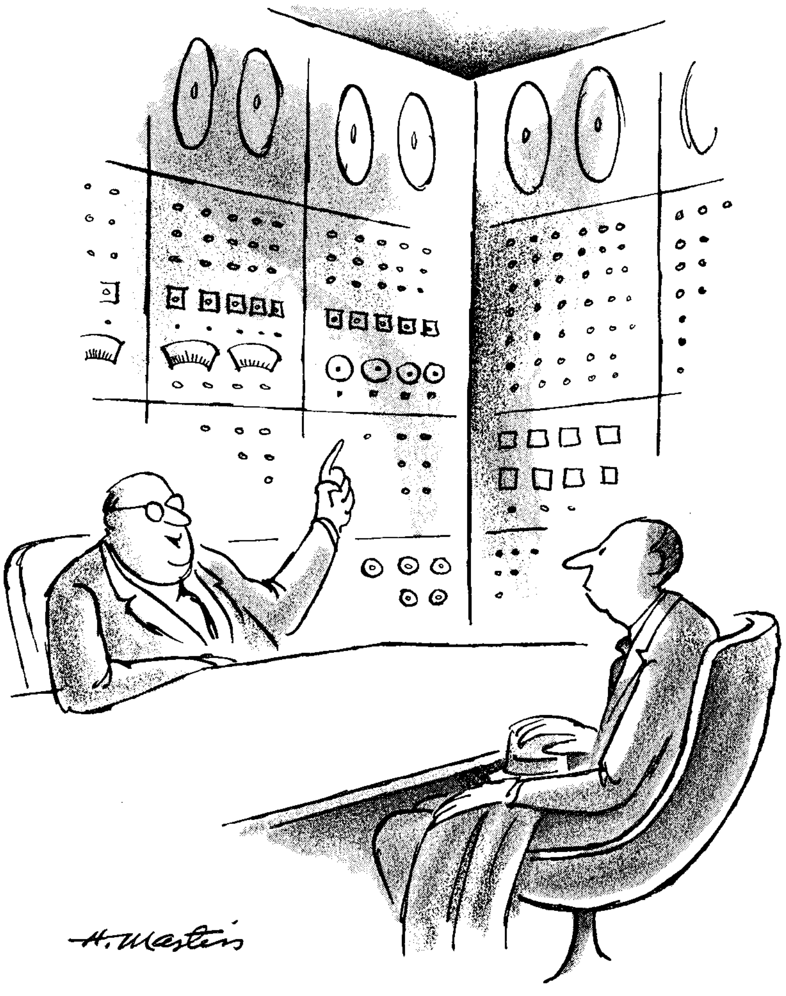
THE DEAD FIDDLER

IN the town of Shidlovtse, which lies between Radom and Kielce, not far from the Mountains of the Holy Cross, there lived a man by the name of Reb Sheftl Vengrover. This Reb Sheftl was supposedly a grain merchant, but all the buying and selling was done by his wife, Zise Feige. She bought wheat, corn, barley, and buckwheat from the landowners and the peasants, and sent it to Warsaw. She also had some of the grain milled, and sold the flour to stores and bakeries. Zise Feige owned a granary and had an assistant, Zalkind, who helped her in the business and did all the work that required a man's hand; he carried sacks, looked after the horses, and served as a coachman whenever Zise Feige drove out to a fair or went to visit a landowner.

Reb Sheftl held to the belief that the Torah is the worthiest merchandise of all. He rose at dawn and went to the study house to pore over the Gemara, the Annotations and Commentaries, the Midrash, and the Zohar. In the evenings, he would read a lesson from the Mishnah with the Mishnah Society. Reb Sheftl also devoted himself to community affairs and was an ardent Radzymin Hasid.

Reb Sheftl was a tiny man, not much taller than a midget, but he had the longest beard in Shidlovtse and the surrounding district. His beard reached down to his knees, and seemed to contain every color: red, yellow, even the color of hay. At Tishah b'Av, when the mischief-makers pelted everyone with burrs, Reb Sheftl's beard would be full of them. At first, Zise Feige had tried to pull them out, but Reb Sheftl would not allow it, for she pulled out the hairs of the beard, too, and a man's beard is a mark of his Jewishness and a reminder that he was created in the image of God. The burrs remained in his beard until they dropped out by themselves. Reb Sheftl did not curl his sidelocks, considering this a frivolous custom. They hung down to his shoulders. A tuft of hair grew on his nose. As he studied, he smoked a long pipe.

When Reb Sheftl stood at the lectern in the synagogue in his prayer shawl and phylacteries, he looked like one of the ancients. He had a high forehead, and under shaggy eyebrows large eyes that combined the sharp glance of a scholar with the humility of a God-fearing man. Reb Sheftl prayed with three sets of phylacteries: those of Rashi, those of Rabeinu Tam, and those of Sherira Gaon. He imposed a variety of penances upon himself. He drank no milk unless he had been present at the milking. He ate no meat except on the Sabbath and on holidays and only after he had examined the slaughtering knife in advance. It was told of him that on the eve of Passover he ordered that the cat wear socklets on its feet, lest it bring into the house the smallest crumb of unleavened bread. Every night, he faithfully performed the midnight prayers.



"Here at Compudata, Inc., Mr. Waycross, our motto is: Analyze, systemize, computerize, synthesize, finalize, and make a bundle."

People said that although he had inherited his grain business from his father and grandfather he still could not distinguish between rye and wheat.

Zise Feige was a head taller than her husband, and in her younger days she had been famous for her good looks. The squires who sold her grain showered her with compliments, but a good Jewish woman pays no attention to idle talk. Zise Feige loved her husband and considered it an honor to help him serve the Almighty. She had borne nine children, but only three remained: a married son, Jedidiah, who took board with his father-in-law in Wlodawa; a boy, Tsadock Meyer, who was still in heder; and a grown daughter, Liebe Yentl. Liebe Yentl had been engaged and was about to be married, but her fiancé, Ozer, caught a cold and died. This Ozer had a reputation as a prodigy and a scholar. His father was the president of the community in Opole. Although Liebe Yentl had seen Ozer only during the signing of the betrothal papers, she wept bitterly when she heard the bad news. Almost at once, she was besieged with marriage offers, for she was already a ripe girl of seventeen, but Zise Feige felt that it was best to wait until she got over her misfortune.

Liebe Yentl's betrothed, Ozer, departed this world just after Passover. Now it was already the month of Chesvan. Succoth is usually followed by rains and snow, but this fall was a mild one. The sun shone. The sky was blue, as after Pentecost. The peasants in the villages complained that the winter crops were beginning to sprout in the fields, which could lead to crop failure. People feared that the warm weather might bring epidemics. In the meantime, grain prices rose by three groschen on the *pud*, and Zise Feige had higher profits. As was the custom between man and wife, she gave Reb Sheftl an accounting of the week's earnings every Sabbath evening, and he immediately deducted a share—for the study house, the prayer house, the mending of sacred books, for the inmates of the poorhouse, and for itinerant beggars. There was no lack of need for charity.

Since Zise Feige had a servant girl, Dunya, and was herself a fine housekeeper, Liebe Yentl paid little attention to household matters. She had her own room, where she would often sit, reading storybooks. She copied letters from the letter book. When she had read through all the storybooks, she secretly took to borrowing from her father's bookcase. She was also good at sewing and embroidery. She was fond of fine clothes. Liebe Yentl inherited her mother's beauty, but her red hair came from her father's side. Like her father's beard, her hair was uncommonly long—down to her loins. Since the mishap with Ozer, her face, always pale, had grown still paler and more delicate. Her eyes were green.

"Well, it's not a household word around this household, young man."

• •

Reb Sheftl paid little attention to his daughter. He merely prayed to the Lord to send her the right husband. But Zise Feige saw that the girl was growing up as wild as a weed. Her head was full of whims and fancies. She did not allow herring or radishes to be mentioned in her presence. She averted her eyes from slaughtered fowl and from meat on the salting board or in the soaking dish. If she found a fly in her groats, she would eat nothing for the rest of the day. She had no friends in Shidlovtse. She complained that the girls of the town were common and backward; as soon as they were married they became careless and slovenly. Whenever she had to go among people, she fasted the day before, for fear that she might vomit. Although she was beautiful, clever, and learned, it always seemed to her that people were laughing and pointing at her.

Zise Feige wanted many times to talk to her husband about the troubles she was having with their daughter, but she was reluctant to divert him from his studies. Besides, he might not understand a woman's problems. He had a rule for everything. On the few occasions when Zise Feige had tried to tell him of her fears, his only reply was "When, God willing, she gets married, she will forget all this foolishness."

After the calamity with Ozer, Liebe Yentl fell ill from grieving. She did not sleep nights. Her mother heard her sobbing in the dark. She was constantly going for a drink of water. She drank whole dippers full, and Zise Feige could not imagine how her stomach could hold so much water. As though, God forbid, a fire were raging inside her, consuming everything.

Sometimes Liebe Yentl spoke to her mother like one who was altogether unsettled. Zise Feige thought to herself that it was fortunate the girl avoided people. But how long can anything remain a secret? It was already whispered in town that Liebe Yentl was not all there. She played with the cat. She took solitary walks down the Gentile street that led to the cemetery. When anyone addressed her, she turned pale and her answers were quite beside the point. Some people thought that she was deaf. Others hinted that Liebe Yentl might be dabbling in magic. She had been seen on a moonlit night walking in the pasture across the bridge and bending down every now and then to pick flowers or herbs. Women spat to ward off evil when they spoke of her. "Poor thing, unlucky and sick besides."

LIEBE YENTL was about to become betrothed again, this time to a young man, Shmelke Motl, from Zawiercie. Reb Sheftl had sent an examiner to the prospective bridegroom, and he came back with the report that Shmelke Motl was a scholar. The betrothal contract was drawn up, ready to be signed. The examiner's wife, Traine, who had visited Zawiercie with her husband (they had a daughter there), told Zise Feige that Shmelke Motl was small and dark. He did not look like much, but he had the head of a genius. Because he was an orphan, the householders provided his meals; he ate at a different home every day of the week. Liebe Yentl listened without a word.

When Traine had gone, Zise Feige brought in her daughter's supper—buckwheat and pot roast with gravy. But Liebe Yentl did not touch the food. She rocked over the plate as though it were a prayer book. Soon afterward, she retired to her room. Zise Feige sighed and also went to bed. Reb Sheftl had gone to sleep early, for he had to rise for midnight prayers. The house was quiet. Only the cricket sang its night song behind the oven.

Suddenly Zise Feige was wide awake. From Liebe Yentl's room came a muffled gasping, as though someone were choking there. Zise Feige ran into her daughter's room. In the bright moonlight she saw the girl sitting on her bed, her hair dishevelled, her face chalk white, struggling to keep down her sobs. Zise Feige cried out, "My daughter, what is wrong? Woe is me!" She ran to the kitchen, lit a candle, and returned to Liebe Yentl, bringing a cup of water to splash at her if, God forbid, the girl should faint. But at this moment a man's voice broke from Liebe Yentl's lips. "No need to revive me, Zise Feige," the voice called out. "I'm not in the habit of fainting. You'd better fetch me a drop of vodka."

Zise Feige stood petrified with horror. The water spilled over from the cup.

Reb Sheftl had also wakened. He washed his hands hastily, put on his bathrobe and slippers, and came into his daughter's room.

The man's voice greeted him. "A good awakening to you, Reb Sheftl. Let me have a schnapps—my throat's parched. Or slivovitz—anything will do so long as I wet my whistle."

Man and wife knew at once what had happened: a Dybbuk had entered Liebe Yentl. Reb Sheftl asked, with a shudder, "Who are you? What do you want?"

"Who I am you wouldn't know," the Dybbuk answered. "You're a scholar in Shidlovtse, and I'm a fiddler from Pinchev. You like to squeeze the bench, and I the wench. You're still around in the Imaginary World, and I'm past everything. I've kicked the bucket and have already had my taste of what comes after. I've had it cold and hot, and now I'm back on the sinful earth—there's no place for me either in Heaven or in Hell. Tonight I started out flying to Pinchev, but I lost my way and got to Shidlovtse instead—I'm a musician, not a coachman. One thing I do know, though—my throat's itchy."

Zise Feige was seized by a fit of trembling. The candle in her hand shook so badly it singed Reb Sheftl's beard. She wanted to scream, to call for help, but her voice stuck in her throat. Her knees buckled, and she had to lean against the wall to keep from falling.

Reb Sheftl pulled at his sidelock as he addressed the Dybbuk. "What is your name?"

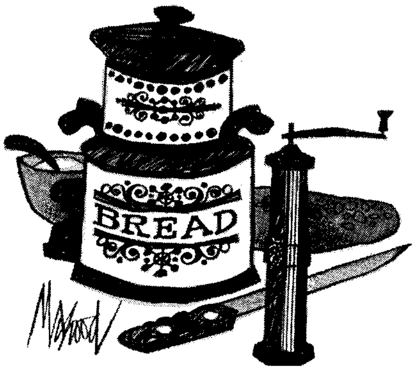
"Getsl."

"Why did you choose to enter my daughter?" he asked in desperation.

"Why not? She's a good-looking girl. I hate the ugly ones—always have, always will." With that, the Dybbuk began to shout ribaldries and obscenities, both in ordinary Yiddish and in musicians' slang. "Don't make me wait, Feige dear," he called out finally. "Bring me a cup of cheer. I'm dry as a bone. I'd give a gulden for a shot, damn your whole lot."

"Good people, help!" Zise Feige wailed. She dropped the candle, and Reb Sheftl picked it up, for it could easily have set the wooden house on fire.

Though it was late, the townsfolk came running. There are people everywhere with something bothering them; they cannot sleep nights. Tevye the Night Watchman thought a fire had broken out and ran through the street, knocking at the shutters with his stick. It did not take long before Reb Sheftl's house was packed.



Liebe Yentl's eyes goggled, her mouth twisted like an epileptic's, and a voice boomed out of her that could not have come from a woman's throat. "Will you fetch me a glass of liquor or won't you? What the devil are you waiting for!"

"And what if we don't?" asked Zeinvl the Butcher, who was on his way home from the slaughterhouse.

"If you don't, I'll lay you all wide open, you pious hypocrites. And the secrets of your wives—may they burn up with hives."

"Get him liquor! Give him a drink!" voices cried on every side.

Reb Sheftl's son, Tsadock Meyer, a boy of eleven, had also been awakened by the commotion. He knew where his father kept the brandy that he drank on the Sabbath, after the fish. He opened the cupboard, poured out a glass, and brought it to his sister. Reb Sheftl leaned against the chest of drawers, for his legs were giving way. Zise Feige fell into a chair. Neighbors sprinkled her with vinegar against fainting.

Liebe Yentl stretched out her hand, took the glass, and tossed it down. Those who stood nearby could not believe their eyes. The girl didn't even twitch a muscle.

The Dybbuk said, "You call that

NIGHT OF SOULS

I saw each soul as light, each single body
With his life's breath kindled and set like flame
Before his nostrils. All creatures visible—
Small beings moving in the midnight grasses,

Light in the thoroughfares underfoot,
The mole's house hung with the mole's breath
As with candles, and the busy air
Clouded with light.

It is no longer midnight, for the sea
Rustles translucent waters, windows letting out
The glow of all its denizens, colored as through
Cathedral glass, the night sky dark
Save where a lost gull drops like a meteor
Into the phosphorous waves.

The linnets chirp as in daylight. The owl dazzles himself.
Silent and still, wondering by the glare of his mother
The new colt shines.
Light betrays the young deer in the thicket

On this night of the lighting of spirits
All quiet, all visible
Till the lantern of man comes up over the hill,
Shades out those other beams like a bare sun rising.

—Ann Stanford

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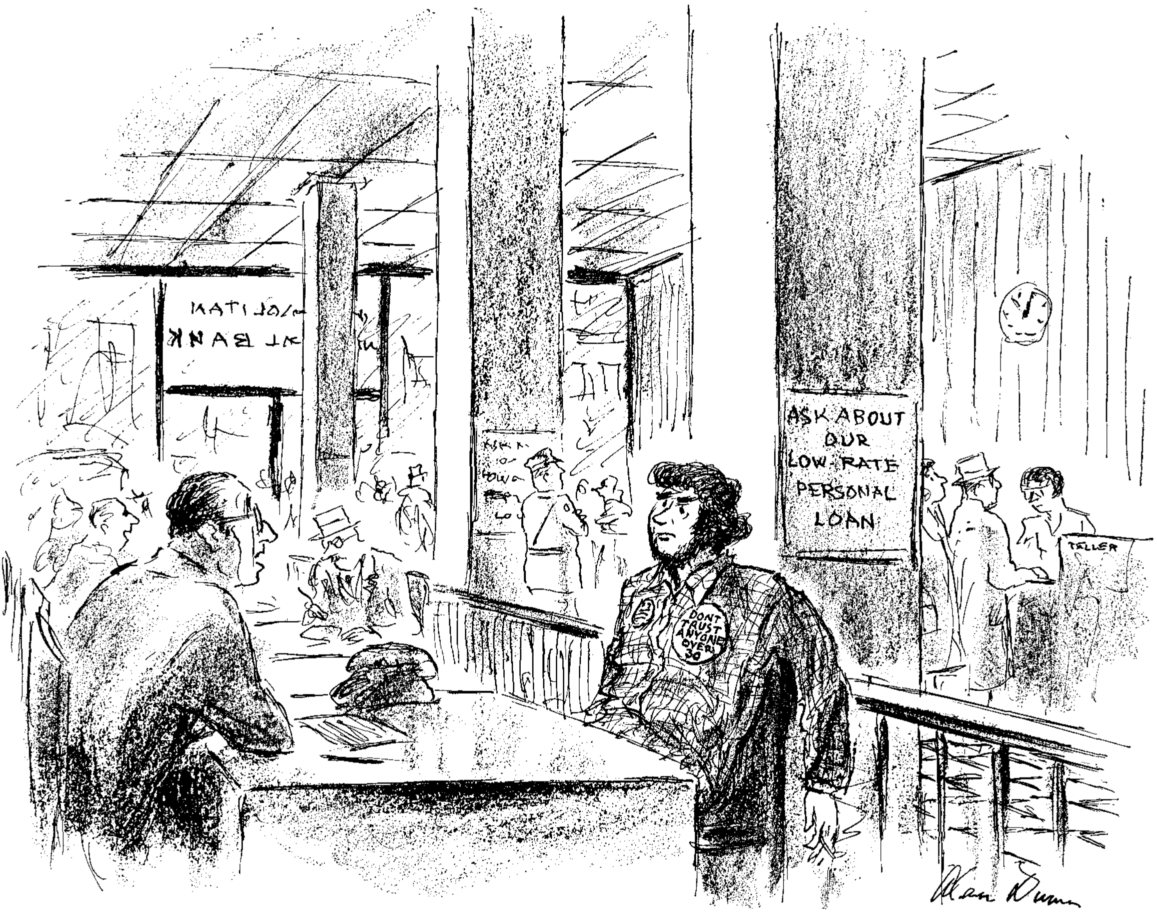
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Alan Dunn

"Frankly, it's people under thirty we're worried about."

• •

liquor? Water, that's what it is—hey, fellow, bring me the bottle!"

"Don't let her have it! Don't let her have it!" Zise Feige cried. "She'll poison herself, God help us!"

The Dybbuk gave a laugh and a snort. "Don't worry, Zise Feige, nothing can kill me again. So far as I'm concerned, your brandy is weaker than candy."

"You won't get a drink until you tell us who you are and how you got in here," Zeinvl the Butcher said. Since no one else dared to address the spirit, Zeinvl took it upon himself to be the spokesman.

"What does the meatman want here?" the Dybbuk asked. "Go on back to your gizzards and guts!"

"Tell us who you are!"

"Do I have to repeat it? I am Getsl the Fiddler from Pinchev. I was fond of things nobody else hates, and when I cashed in, the imps went to work on me. I couldn't get into Paradise, and Hell was too hot for my taste. The devils were the death of me. So at night when the watchman dropped off, I made myself scarce. I meant to go to my wife, may she rot alive, but thanks to your damned Polish swamps I got to Shidlovtse instead. I looked through the wall, and saw this girl. My heart jumped in my chest, and I crawled into her breast."

"How long do you intend to stay?"

"Forever and a day."

Reb Sheftl was almost speechless with terror, but he remembered God and recovered. He called out, "Evil spirit, I command you to leave the body of my innocent daughter and go where men do not walk and beasts do not tread. If you don't, you shall be driven out by Holy Names, by excommunication, by the blowing of the Ram's Horn."

"In another minute you'll have me scared!" the Dybbuk taunted. "You think you're so strong because your beard's long?"

"Impudent wretch, betrayer of Israel!" Reb Sheftl cried in anger.

"Better an open rake than a sanctimonious fake," the Dybbuk answered. "You may have the Shidlovtse schlemiels fooled, but Getsl the Fiddler of Pinchev has been around. I'm telling you. Bring me the bottle or I'll make you crawl."

There was an uproar at the door. Someone had wakened the rabbi, and he came with Bendit the Beadle. Bendit carried a stick, a Ram's Horn, and the Book of the Angel Raziel.

Once in the bedroom, the rabbi, Reb Yeruchim, ordered the Ram's Horn to be blown. He had the beadle pile hot coals into a brazier, then he poured incense on the coals. As the smoke of the herbs filled the room, he commanded the evil one with Holy Oaths from the Zohar, the Book of Creation, and other books of the Cabala to leave the body of the woman Liebe Yentl, daughter of Zise Feige. But the unholy spirit defied everyone. Instead of leaving, he played out a succession of dances, marches, hops—just with the lips. He boomed like a bass viol, he jingled like a cymbal, he whistled like a flute, and drummed like a drum.

The page is too short for a recital of all that the Dybbuk did and said that night and the nights that followed—his brazen tricks, his blasphemies against the Lord, the insults he hurled at the townsfolk, the boasts of all the lecheries he had committed, the mockery, the outbursts of laughing and of crying, the stream of quotations from the Torah and wedding jester's jokes, and all of it in singsong and in rhyme.

THE Dybbuk made himself heard only after dark. During the day, Liebe Yentl lay exhausted in bed and evidently did not remember what went on at night. She thought that she was sick and occasionally begged her mother to call the doctor or to give her some medicine. Most of the time she dozed, with her eyes and her lips shut tight.

Since the incantations and the amulets of the Shidlovtse rabbi were of no avail, Reb Sheftl went to seek the advice of the Radzymin rabbi. On the very morning he left, the mild weather gave way to wind and snow. The roads were snowed in and it was difficult to reach Radzymin, even in a sleigh. Weeks went by, and no news came from Reb Sheftl. Zise Feige was so hard hit by the calamity that she fell ill, and her assistant, Zalkind, had to take over the whole business.

Winter nights are long, and idlers

look for ways to while away the time. Soon after twilight, they would gather at Zise Feige's house to hear the Dybbuk's talk and to marvel at his antics. Zise Feige forbade them to annoy her daughter, but the curiosity of the townspeople was so great that they would break the door open and enter.

The Dybbuk knew everyone and had words for each man according to his position and conduct. Most of the time, he heaped mud and ashes upon the respected leaders of the community and their wives. He told each one exactly what he was: a miser or a swindler, a sycophant or a beggar, a slattern or a snob, an idler or a grabber. With the horse traders he talked about horses, and with the butchers about oxen. He reminded Chaim the Miller that he had hung a weight under the scale on which he weighed the flour milled for the peasants. He questioned Yukele the Thief about his latest theft. His jests and his jibes provoked both astonishment and laughter. Even the older folk could not keep from smiling. The Dybbuk knew things that no stranger could have known, and it became clear to the visitors that they were dealing with a soul from which nothing could be hidden, for it saw through all their secrets. Although the evil spirit put everyone to shame, each man was willing to suffer his own humiliation for the sake of seeing others humbled.

When the Dybbuk tired of exposing the sins of the townsfolk, he would turn to recitals of his own misdeeds. Not an evening passed without revelations of new vices. The Dybbuk called everything by its name, denying nothing. When he was asked whether he regretted his abominations, he said with a laugh, "And if I did, could anything be changed? Everything is recorded up above. For eating a single wormy plum, you get six hundred and eighty-nine lashes. For a single moment of lust, you're rolled for a week on a bed of nails." Between one jest and another, he would sing and bleat and play out tunes so skillfully that no one living could vie with him.

One evening, the teacher's wife came running to the rabbi and reported that people were dancing to the Dybbuk's music. The rabbi put on his robe and his hat and hurried to the house. Yes, the men and women danced together in Zise Feige's kitchen. The rabbi berated them and warned that they were committing a sacrilege. He sternly forbade Zise Feige to allow the rabble into her house. But Zise Feige lay sick in bed, and her boy, Tsadock Meyer, was staying with relatives. As soon as the rabbi left, the idlers resumed their dancing—a Scissors Dance, a Quarrel Dance, a Cossack Dance, a Water Dance. It went on till midnight, when the Dybbuk gave out a snore, and Liebe Yentl fell asleep.

A few days later, there was a new rumor in town: a second Dybbuk had entered Liebe Yentl, this time a female one. Once more an avid crowd packed the house. And, indeed, a woman's voice now came from Liebe Yentl—not her own gentle voice but the hoarse croaking of a shrew. People asked the new Dybbuk who she was, and she told them that her name was Beyle Tslove and that she came from the town of Plock, where she had been a barmaid in a tavern and had later become a whore.

Beyle Tslove spoke differently from Getsl the Fiddler, with the flat accents of her region and a mixture of Germanized words unknown in Shidlovtse. Beyle Tslove's language made even the butchers and the combers of pigs' bristles blush. She sang ribald songs and soldiers' ditties. She said she had wandered for eighty years in waste places. She had been reincarnated as

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a cat, a turkey, a snake, and a locust. For a long time her soul resided in a turtle. When someone mentioned Getsl the Fiddler and asked whether she knew him and whether she knew that he was also lodged in the same woman, she answered, "I neither know him nor want to know him."

"Why not? Have you turned virtuous all of a sudden?" Zeinvl the Butcher asked her.

"Who wants a dead fiddler?"

The people began to call to Getsl the Fiddler, urging him to speak up. They wanted to hear the two Dybbuks talk to each other. But Getsl the Fiddler was silent.

Beyle Tslove said, "I see no Getsl here."

"Maybe he's hiding?" Zeinvl the Butcher said.

"Where? I can smell a man a mile away."

In the midst of this excitement, Reb Sheftl returned. He looked older and even smaller than before. His beard was streaked with gray. He had brought talismans and amulets from Radzymin, to hang in the corners of the room and around his daughter's neck.

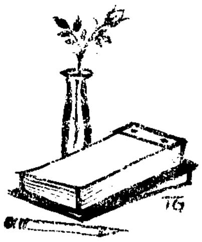
People expected the Dybbuk to resist and fight the amulets, as evil spirits do when touched by a sacred object. But Beyle Tslove was silent while the amulets were hung around Liebe Yentl's neck. Then she asked, "What's this? Sacred toilet paper?"

"These are Holy Names from the Radzymin rabbi!" Reb Sheftl cried out. "If you do not leave my daughter at once, not a spur shall be left of you!"

"Tell the Radzymin rabbi that I spit at his amulets," the woman said brazenly.

"Harlot! Fiend! Harridan!" Reb Sheftl screamed.

"What's he bellowing for, that Short Friday? Some man—a length of bone and beard!"



Reb Sheftl had brought with him blessed six-groschen coins, a piece of charmed amber, and several other magical objects that the Evil Host is known to shun. But Beyle Tslove, it seemed, was afraid of nothing. She mocked Reb Sheftl and told him she would come at night and tie an elflock in his beard.

That night Reb Sheftl recited the Shema of the Holy Isaac Luria. He slept in his fringed garment with the Book of Creation and a knife under his pillow—like a woman in childbirth. But in the middle of the night he woke and felt invisible fingers on his face. An unseen hand was burrowing in his beard. Reb Sheftl wanted to scream, but the hand covered his mouth. In the morning, Reb Sheftl got up with his whole beard full of tangled braids, gummy as if stuck together with glue.

Although this case of possession was a fearful matter, the Warka Hasidim, who were stark opponents of the Radzymin rabbi, celebrated that day with honey cake and brandy in their study house. Now they had proof that the Radzymin rabbi did not know the Cabala. The followers of the Warka rabbi had advised Reb Sheftl to make a journey to Warka, but he ignored them, and now they had their revenge.

ONE evening, as Beyle Tslove was boasting of her former beauty and of all the men who had run after her, the fiddler of Pinchev suddenly raised his voice. "What were they so steamed up about?" he asked her mockingly. "Were you the only female in Plock?"

For a while all was quiet. It looked as though Beyle Tslove had lost her tongue. Then she gave a hoarse laugh. "So he's here—the scraper! Where were you hiding? In the gall?"

"If you're blind, I can be dumb. Go on, Grandma, keep jabbering. Your story had a gray beard when I was still in my diapers. In your place, I'd take such tall tales to the fools of Chelm. In Shidlovtse there are two or three clever men, too."

"A wise guy, eh?" Beyle Tslove said. "Let me tell you something. A live fiddle-scraper's no prize—and when it comes to a dead one! Go back, if you forgive me, to your resting place. They miss you in the Pinchev cemetery. The corpses who pray at night need another skeleton to make up their quorum."

The people who heard the two Dybbuks quarrel were so stunned that they forgot to laugh. Now a man's voice came from Liebe Yentl, now a woman's. The Pinchev fiddler's "r"s were soft, the Plock harlot's hard.

Liebe Yentl herself rested against two pillows, her face pale, her hair down, her eyes closed. No one rightly saw her move her lips, though the room was full of people watching. Zise Feige was unable to keep them out, and there was no one to help her. Reb Sheftl no longer came home at night; he slept in the study house. Dunya, the servant girl, had left her job in the middle of the year. Zalkind, Zise Feige's assistant, went home in the evenings to his wife

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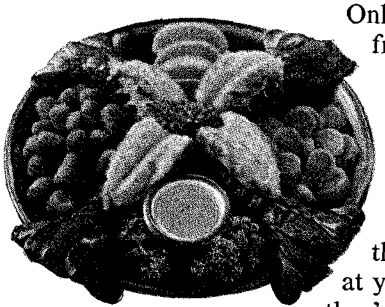

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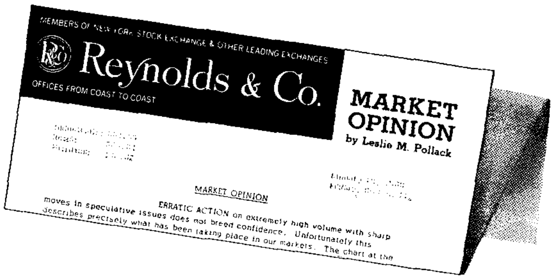
and children. People wandered in and out of the house as if it did not belong to anyone. Whenever one of the respectable members of the community came to upbraid the merry gang for ridiculing a stricken girl, the two Dybbuks hurled curses and insults at him. The Dybbuks gave the townspeople new nicknames: Reitse the Busybody, Mindl Glutton, Yekl Tough, Dvoshe the Strumpet. On several occasions, Gentiles and members of the local gentry came to see the wonder, and the Dybbuks bantered with them in Polish. A landowner said in a tavern afterward that the best theatre in Warsaw could not compete with the scenes played out by the two dead rascals in Shidlovtse.

After a while, Reb Sheftl, who had been unbending in his loyalty to the Radzymin rabbi, gave in and went to see the rabbi of Warka; perhaps he might help.

The two Dybbuks were meanwhile carrying on their word duel. It is generally thought that women will get the better of men where the tongue is concerned, but the Pinchev fiddler was a match for the Plock whore. The fiddler cried repeatedly that it was beneath his dignity to wrangle with a harlot—a maid with a certificate of rape—but the hoodlums egged him on. "Answer her! Don't let her have the last word!" They whistled, hooted, clapped their hands, stamped their feet.

The battle of wits gradually turned into storytelling. Beyle Tslove related that her mother, a pious and virtuous woman, had borne her husband, a Hasid and a loafer, eight children, all of them girls. When Beyle Tslove made her appearance in the world, her father was so chagrined that he left home. By trickery, he collected the signatures of a hundred rabbis, permitting him to remarry, and her mother became an abandoned wife. To support the family, she went to market every morning to sell hot beans to the yeshivah students. A wicked tutor, with a goat's beard and sidelocks down to his shoulders, came to teach Beyle Tslove to pray, but he violated her. She was not yet eight years old. When Beyle Tslove went on to tell how she had become a barmaid, how the peasants had pinched and cursed her and pulled her hair, and how a bawd, pretending to be a pious woman, had lured her to a distant city and brought her into a brothel, the girls who were listening burst into tears. The young men, too, dabbed their eyes.

Getsl the Fiddler questioned her. Who were the guests? How much did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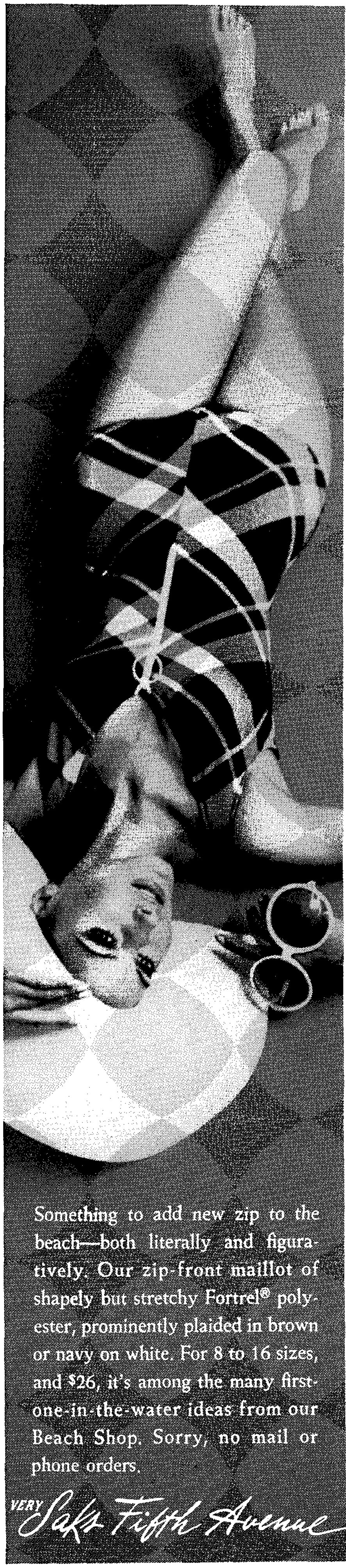

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they pay? How much did she have to give the procurers and what was left for her to live on? Had she ever gone to bed with a Turk or a blackamoor?

Beyle Tslove answered all the questions. The young rakes had tormented her in their ways, and the old lechers had wearied her with their demands. The bawd took away her last groschen and locked the bread in the cupboard. The pimp whipped her with a wet strap and stuck needles into her buttocks. From fasting and homesickness, she contracted consumption, and ended by spitting out her lungs at the poorhouse. And because she had been buried behind the fence, without Kaddish, she was immediately seized by multitudes of demons, imps, mockers, and Babuks. The Angel Dumah asked her the verse that went with her name, and when she could not answer he split her grave with a fiery rod. She begged to be allowed into Hell, for there the punishment lasts only twelve months, but the Unholy Ones dragged her off to waste places and deserts. She said that in the desert she had come upon a pit that was the door to Gehenna. Day and night, the screams of sinners who were being punished there came from the pit. She was carried to the Congealed Sea, where sailing ships, wrecked by storms, were held immobile, with dead crews and captains turned to stone. Beyle Tslove had also flown to a land inhabited by giants with two heads and single eyes in their foreheads. Few females were born there, and every woman had six husbands.

Getsl the Fiddler also began to talk about the events of his life. He told of incidents at the weddings and balls of the gentry where he had played, and of what happened later, in the hereafter. He said that evildoers did not repent, even in the Nether Regions. Although they had already learned the truth of things, their souls still pursued their lusts. Gamblers played with invisible cards, thieves stole, swindlers swindled, and fornicators indulged in their abominations.

The townsfolk who heard the two were amazed, and Zeinvl the Butcher asked, "How can anyone sin when he is rotting in the earth?"

Getsl explained that it was, anyway, the soul and not the body that enjoyed sin. This was why the soul was punished. Besides, there were bodies of all kinds—of smoke, of spiderwebs, of shadow—and they could be used for a while, until the Angels of Destruction tore them to pieces. There were castles, inns, and ruins in the deserts and abysses, which provided hiding places from Judgment, and also Avenging Angels who could be bribed with promises or even with the kind of money that has no substance but is used in the taverns and brothels of the Nether World.

When one of the idlers cried out that this was unbelievable, Getsl called on Beyle Tslove to attest to the truth of his words. "Tell us, Beyle Tslove, what did you really do all these years? Did you recite psalms, or did you wander through swamps and wastes, consorting with demons, Zmoras, and Malachis?"

Instead of replying, Beyle Tslove giggled and coughed. "I can't speak—my mouth's dry."

"Yes, let's have a drop," Getsl chimed in, and when somebody brought over a tumbler of brandy Liebe Yentl downed it like water. She did not open her eyes or even wince. It was clear to everybody that she was entirely in the sway of the Dybbuks within her.

When Zeinvl the Butcher realized that the two Dybbuks had made peace, he asked, "Why don't you two get married? You're both dead. You're both lodged in the same woman. You'd make a good pair."

"And what are we to do after the wedding?" Beyle Tslove answered. "Pray from the same prayer book? Anyway, there's no time—we won't be staying here much longer."

"Why not? Liebe Yentl is still young."

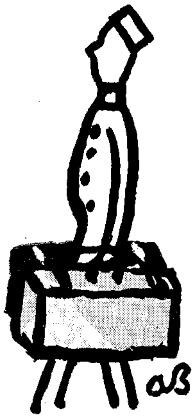
"The Warka rabbi is not the Radzymin schlemiel," Beyle Tslove said. "Asmodeus himself is afraid of his talismans."

"The Warka rabbi doesn't scare me," Getsl boasted. "I'm not about to become a bridegroom."

"The match isn't good enough for you?" Beyle Tslove cried. "If you knew who wanted to marry me, you'd croak a second time."

"If she's giving me the edge of her tongue now, what can I expect later?" Getsl joked. "Besides, she's old enough to be my great-grandmother—seventy years older than I am, any way you figure it."

"Numbskull. I was twenty-seven years old when I kicked in, and I can't get any older. And how old are you,



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bottle bum? Close to sixty, if you're a day."

"May you get as many carbuncles on your bloated flesh as the years I was short of fifty."

"Just give me the flesh, I won't argue over the carbuncles."

The two kept up their wrangling, and the crowd kept up its urging until finally the Dybbuks acquiesced. Those who have not heard the dead bride and groom haggle about the dowry, the trousseau, the presents will never know what unholy spirits are capable of.

Beyle Tslove said that she had long since paid for all her transgressions, and was therefore as pure as a virgin. "Is there such a thing as a virgin, anyway?" she argued. "Every soul has lodged countless times both in men and in women. There are no more new souls in Heaven. A soul is cleansed in a cauldron, like dishes before Passover. It is purified and sent back to earth. Yesterday's beggar is today's magnate. A rabbi's wife becomes a coachman. A horse thief returns as a Community Elder. A slaughterer comes back as an ox. So what's all the fuss about? Everything is kneaded of the same dough—cat and mouse, bear hunter and bear, old man and infant." Beyle Tslove herself had in previous incarnations been a grain merchant, a dairymaid, a rabbi's wife, a teacher of the Talmud.

"Do you remember any Talmud?" Getsl asked.

"If the Angel of Forgetfulness had not tweaked me on the nose, I would surely remember."

"What do you say to my bride?" Getsl bantered. "A whittled tongue. She could convince a stone. If my wife in Pinchev knew what I was exchanging her for, she'd drown herself in a bucket of slops."

"Your wife filled her bed before you were cold. . . ."

The strange news spread throughout the town: tomorrow there would be a wedding at Reb Sheftl's house; Getsl the Fiddler and Beyle Tslove would become man and wife.

WHEN the rabbi heard of the goings on, he issued a proscription forbidding anyone to attend the black wedding. He sent Bendit the Beadle to stand guard at the door of Reb Sheftl's house and allow no one to enter. That night, however, there was a heavy snowfall, and by morning it turned bitterly cold. The wind had blown up great drifts and whistled in all the chimneys. Bendit was shrouded in white from head to foot and looked

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like a snowman made by children. His wife came after him and took him home, half frozen. As soon as dusk began to fall, the rabble gathered at Reb Sheftl's house. Some brought bottles of vodka or brandy, others dried mutton and honey cake.

As usual, Liebe Yentl had slept all day and did not waken even when the ailing Zise Feige poured a few spoonfuls of broth into her mouth. But once darkness came, the girl sat up. There was such a crush in the house that people could not move.

Zeinvl the Butcher took charge. "Bride, did you fast on your wedding day?"

Beyle Tslove replied with a proverb: "The way the dead eat, that's how they look."

"And you, bridegroom, are you ready?"

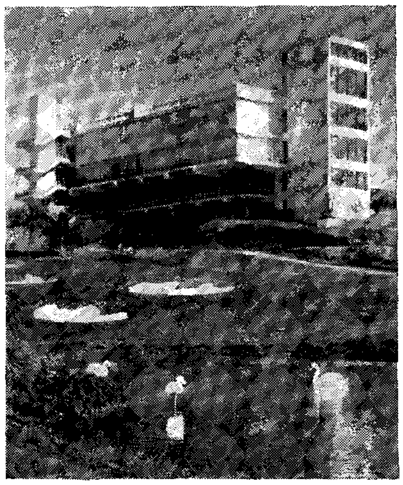
"Let her first deliver the dowry."

"You can take all I have—a pinch of dust, a moldy crust. . . ."

Getsl proved that evening that he was not only an expert musician but could also serve as rabbi, cantor, and wedding jester. First he played a sad tune and recited "God Is Full of Mercy" for the bride and groom. Then he played a merry tune, accompanying it with appropriate jests. He admonished the bride to be a faithful wife, to dress and adorn herself, and to take good care of her household. He warned the couple to be mindful of the day of death, and sang to them:

> "Weep, bride, weep and moan,
> Dead men fear to be alone.
> In the Sling, beneath the tide,
> A groom is waiting for his bride.
> Corpse and corpse, wraith and
>   wraith,
> Every demon seeks a mate.
> Angel Dumah, devil, Shed,
> Every coffin is a bed."

Although it was a mock wedding, many a tear fell from the women's eyes. The men sighed. Everything proceeded according to custom. Getsl preached, sang, played. The guests could actually hear the weeping of a fiddle, the piping of a clarinet, the bleating of a trumpet, the wailing of a bagpipe. Getsl pretended to cover the bride with the veil, and played a melody appropriate to the veiling ceremony. After the wedding march, he recited the words of "Thou Art Sanctified," which accompany the giving of the ring. He delivered the bridegroom's oration, and announced the wedding presents: a shrouded mirror, a little sack of earth from the Holy Land, a burial cleansing spoon, a stopped clock. When the spirits of the guests seemed



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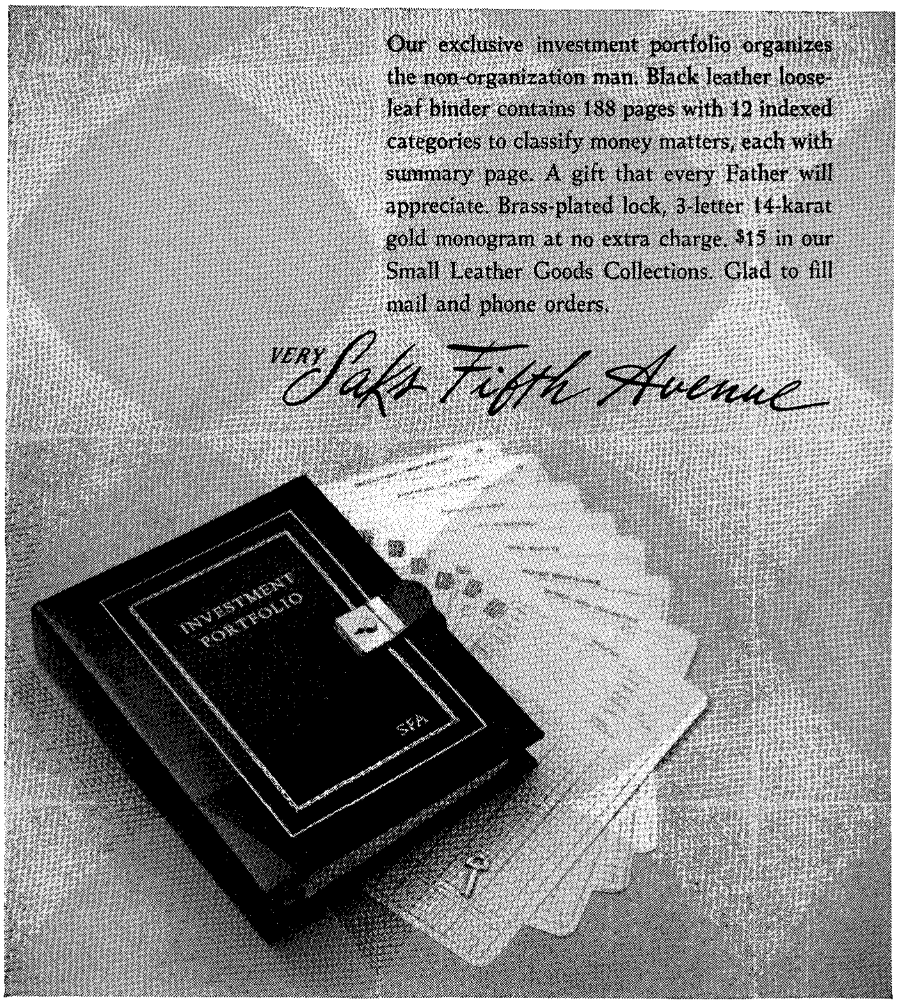

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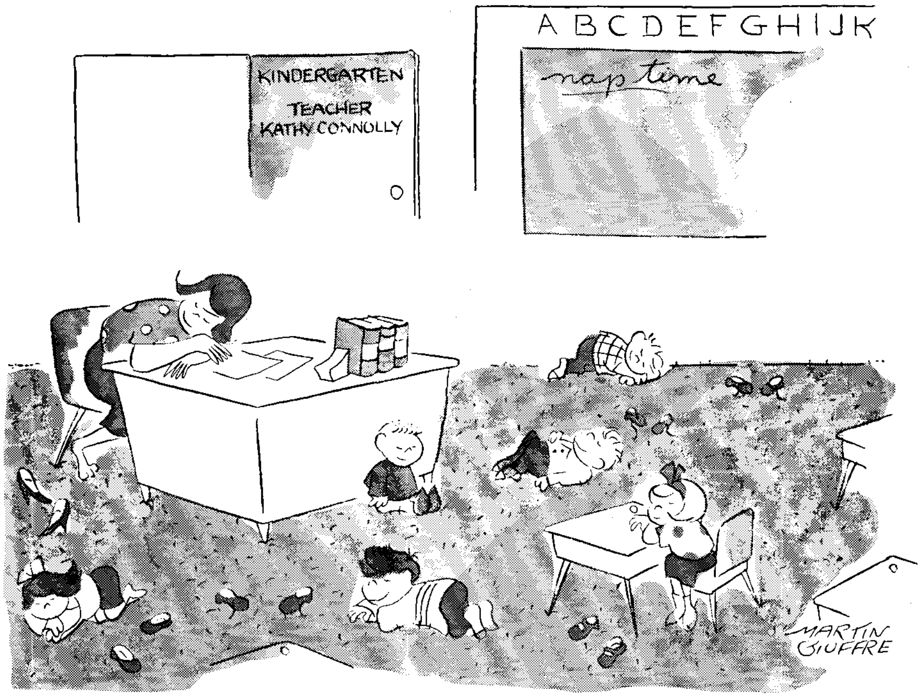

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to droop, Getsl struck up a *cosatske.* They tried to dance, but there was scarcely room to take a step. They swayed and gesticulated.

Beyle Tslove suddenly began to wail. "Oi, Getsl!"

"What, my dove?"

"Why couldn't this be real? We weren't born dead!"

"Pooh! Reality itself hangs by a thread."

"It's not a game to me, you fool."

"Whatever it is, let's drink and keep cool. May we rejoice and do well until all the fires are extinguished in Hell."

A glass of wine was brought, and Liebe Yentl emptied it to the last drop. Then she dashed it against the wall, and Getsl began to recite in the sing-song of the heder boys:

> "Such is Noah's way,
> Wash your tears away.
> Take a drink instead,
> The living and the dead.
> Wine will make you strong,
> Eternity is long."

Zise Feige could not endure any more. She rose from her sickbed, wrapped herself in a shawl, and shuffled into her daughter's room in her slippers. She tried to push through the crowd. "Beasts," she cried. "You are torturing my child!"

Beyle Tslove screamed at her, "Don't you worry, old sourpuss! Better a rotten fiddler than a boob from Zawiercie!"

IN the middle of the night, there were sounds of steps and shouts outside the door. Reb Sheftl had come home from Warka, bringing a bagful of new amulets, charms, and talismans. The Hasidim of the Warka rabbi entered with him, ready to drive out the rabble. They swung their sashes, crying, "Get out, you scum!"

Several young fellows tried to fight off the Warka Hasidim, but the Shidlovtse crowd was tired from standing so long, and they soon began to file out the door. Getsl called after them, "Brothers, don't let the holy schlemiels get you! Give them a taste of your fists! Hey, you, big shot!"

"Cowards! Bastards! Mice!" Beyle Tslove screeched.

A few of the Warka Hasidim got a punch or two, but after a while the riffraff slunk off. The Hasidim burst into the room, panting and threatening the Dybbuks with excommunication.

The warden of the Warka synagogue, Reb Avigdor Yavrover, ran up to Liebe Yentl's bed and tried to hang a charm around her neck, but the girl pulled off his hat and skullcap

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ANSWER: Smart wife. Take the time to get facts before making up your mind. Ask a member firm broker about the company's earnings, dividends, position in its industry. Generally speaking, there is more information available about stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Timing is important, as well. What you decide to buy and when should also be considered in the light of current prices and market conditions as well as your own circumstances.

QUESTION: "What difference does it make which broker I use?" you ask. Would you let it go at that and use the first one you come across?

ANSWER: Don't let it go "at that." One way to find a broker is to consider a member firm of the Exchange. Member firm brokers had to meet Exchange requirements when they became registered to serve the public. They work at it full time. Ask one to help you get facts, to discuss your choices with you, to give his opinion. Stocks make imaginative gifts for birthdays, weddings, graduations or any occasion. Ask your tax advisor about the possible tax advantages of such gifts.

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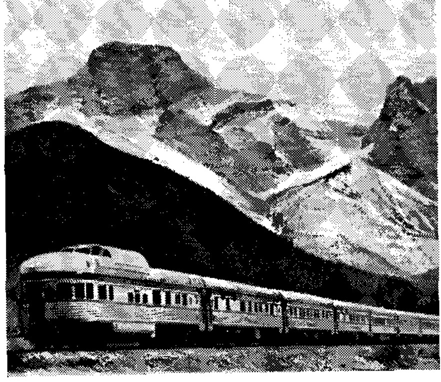
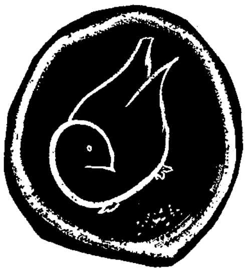


with her right hand, and with her left she seized him by the beard. The other Hasidim tried to pull him away, but Liebe Yentl thrashed out in all directions. She kicked, bit, and scratched. One man got a slap on the cheek, another had his sidelock pulled, a third got a mouthful of spittle on his face, a fourth a punch in the ribs. In order to frighten off the pious, she cried that she was in her unclean days. Then she tore off her shift and exhibited her shame. Those who did not avert their eyes remarked that her belly was distended like a drum. On the right and the left were two bumps as big as heads, and it was clear that the spirits were there.



Getsl roared like a lion, howled like a wolf, hissed like a snake. He called the Warka rabbi a eunuch, a clown, a baboon, insulted all the holy sages, and blasphemed against God.

Reb Sheftl sank to the floor and sat there like a mourner. He covered his eyes with both hands and rocked himself as over a corpse. Zise Feige snatched a broom and tried to drive away the men who swarmed around her daughter, but she was dragged aside and fell to the ground. Two neighboring women helped her to get up. Her bonnet fell off, exposing her shaven head with its gray stubble. She raised two fists and screamed, sobbing, "Torturers, you're killing my child! Lord in Heaven, send Pharaoh's curses upon them!"

Finally, several of the younger Hasidim caught Liebe Yentl's hands and feet and tied her to the bed with their sashes. Then they slipped the Warka rabbi's amulets around her neck.

Getsl, who had fallen silent during the struggle, spoke up. "Tell your miracle worker his charms are tripe."

"Wretch, you're in Hell, and you still deny?" Reb Avigdor Yavrover thundered.

"Hell's full of your kind."

"Dog, rascal, degenerate!"

"Why are you cursing, you louses?" Beyle Tslove yelled. "Is it our fault that your holy idiot hands out phony talismans? You'd better leave the girl alone. We aren't doing her any harm. Her good is our good. We're also Jews, remember—not Tartars. Our souls have stood on Mount Sinai, too. If we erred in life, we've paid our debt, with interest."

"Strumpet, hussy, slut, out with you!" one of the Hasidim cried.

"I'll go when I feel like it."

"Todrus, blow the Ram's Horn—a long blast!"

The Ram's Horn filled the night with its eerie wail.

Beyle Tslove laughed and jeered. "Blow hot, blow cold, who cares!"

"A broken trill now!"

"Don't you have enough breaks under your rupture bands?" Getsl jeered.

"Satan, Amalekite, apostate!"

Hours went by, but the Dybbuks remained obdurate. Some of the Warka Hasidim went home. Others leaned against the wall, ready to do battle until the end of their strength. The hoodlums who had run away returned with sticks and knives. The Hasidim of the Radzymin rabbi had heard the news that the Warka talismans had failed, and they came to gloat.

Reb Sheftl rose from the floor and in his anguish began to plead with the Dybbuks. "If you are Jews, you should have Jewish hearts. Look what has become of my innocent child, lying bound like a sheep prepared for slaughter. My wife is sick. I myself am ready to drop. My business is falling apart. How long will you torture us? Even a murderer has a spark of pity."

"Nobody pities us," Beyle Tslove answered.

"I'll see to it that you get forgiveness. It says in the Bible, 'His banished be not expelled from Him.' No Jewish soul is rejected forever."

"What will you do for us?" asked Getsl. "Help us moan?"

"I will recite psalms and read the Mishnah for you. I will give alms. I will say Kaddish for you for a full twelve months."

"I'm not one of your peasants. You can't fool me."

"I have never fooled anyone."

"Swear that you will keep your word!" Getsl commanded.

"What's the matter, Getsl? You anxious to leave me already?" Beyle Tslove asked with a laugh.

Getsl yawned. "I'm sorry for the old folks."

"You want to leave me a deserted wife the very first night?"

"Come along if you can."

"Where to? Behind the Mountains of Darkness?"

"Wherever our eyes take us."

"You mean sockets!"

"Swear, Reb Sheftl, that you will keep all your promises," Getsl the Fid-

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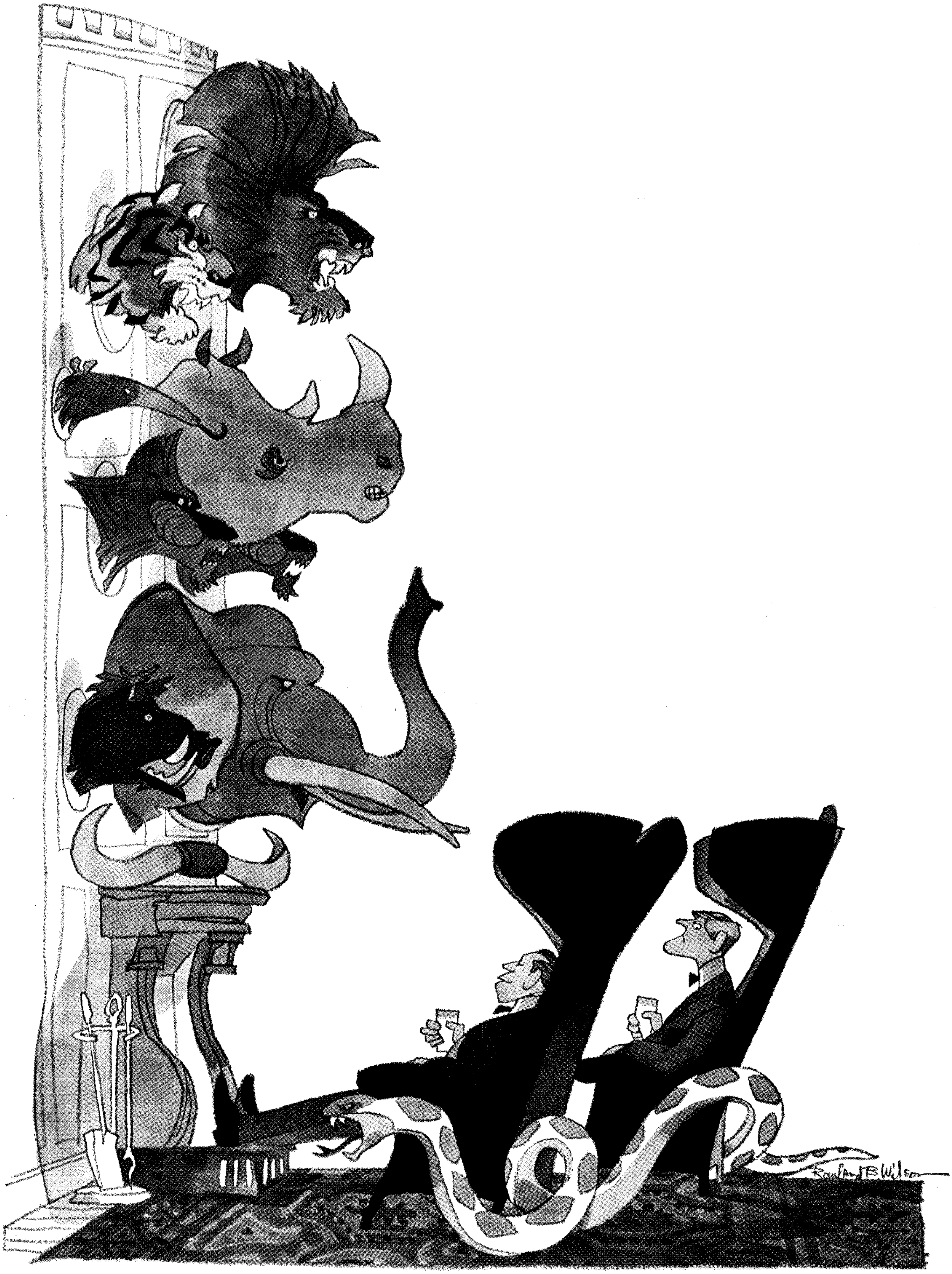

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dler repeated. "Make a holy vow. If you break your word, I'll be back with the whole Evil Host and scatter your bones to the four winds."

"Don't swear, Reb Sheftl, don't swear!" the Hasidim cried. "Such a vow is a desecration of the Name!"

"Swear, my husband, swear. If you don't, we shall all perish."

Reb Sheftl put his hand on his beard. "Dead souls, I swear that I will faithfully fulfill all that I take upon myself. I will study the Mishnah for you. I will say Kaddish for twelve months. Tell me when you died, and I will burn memorial candles for you. If there are no headstones on your graves, I will journey to the cemeteries and have them erected."

"Our graves have been levelled long since. Come, Beyle Tslove, let's go. Dawn is rising over Pinchev."

"Imp, you made a fool of a Jewish daughter all for nothing!" Beyle Tslove reproached him.

"Hey, men, move aside!" Getsl cried. "Or I shall enter one of you!"

There was such a crush that, though the door stood open, no one could get out. Hats and skullcaps fell off. Caftans caught on nails and ripped. A muffled cry rose from the crowd. Several Hasidim fell, and others trampled them. Liebe Yentl's mouth opened wide and there was a shot as from a pistol. Her eyes rolled and she fell back on the pillow, white as death. A stench swept across the room—a foul breath of the grave. Zise Feige stumbled on weak legs toward her daughter and untied her. The girl's belly was now flat and shrunken, like the belly of a woman after childbirth.

Reb Sheftl attested afterward that two balls of fire came out of Liebe Yentl's nostrils and flew to the window. A pane split open, and the two sinful souls returned through the crack to the World of Delusion.

FOR weeks after the two Dybbuks had left her, Liebe Yentl lay sick. The doctor applied cups and leeches; he bled her, but Liebe Yentl never opened her eyes. The woman from the Society of Tenders of the Sick who sat with the girl at night related that she heard sad melodies outside the window, and Getsl's voice begging her to remove the amulets from the girl's neck and let him in. The woman also heard Beyle Tslove's giggling.

Gradually, Liebe Yentl began to recover, but she had almost stopped speaking. She sat in bed and stared at the window. Winter was over. Swallows returned from the warm countries

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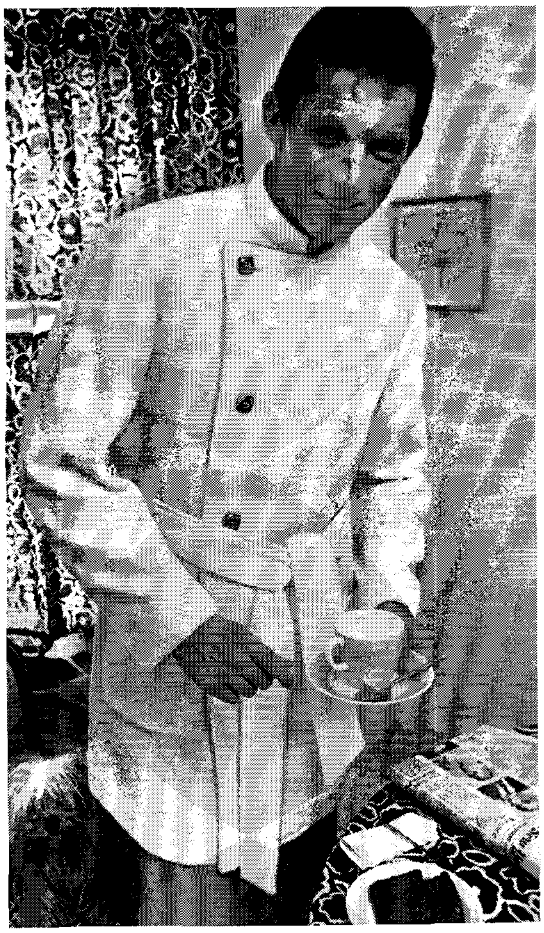


and were building a nest under the eaves. From her bed, Liebe Yentl could see the roof of the synagogue, where a pair of storks were repairing last year's nest.

Reb Sheftl and Zise Feige feared that Liebe Yentl would no longer be accepted in marriage, but Shmelke Motl wrote from Zawiercie that he would keep to his agreement if the dowry were raised by one-third. Reb Sheftl and Zise Feige consented at once. After Pentecost, Shmelke Motl made his appearance at the Shidlovtse prayer house—no taller than a heder boy but with a large head on a thin neck and tightly twisted sidelocks that stood up like a pair of horns. He had thick eyebrows, and dark eyes that looked down at the tip of his nose. As soon as he entered the study house, he took out a Gemara and sat down to study. He sat there, swaying and mumbling, until he was taken to the ceremony of betrothal.

Reb Sheftl invited only a selected few to the engagement meal, for during the time that his daughter had been possessed by the Dybbuks he had made many enemies, both among the Radzymin Hasidim and among those of Warka. According to custom, the men sat at one table, the women at another. The bridegroom delivered an impromptu sermon on the subject of the Stoned Ox. Such sermons usually last half an hour, but two hours went by and the groom still talked on in his high, grating voice, accompanying his words with wide gestures. He grimaced as though gripped with pain, pulled at a sidelock, scratched his chin, which was just beginning to sprout a beard, grasped the lobe of his ear. From time to time his lips stretched in a smile, revealing blackened teeth pointed as nails.

Liebe Yentl never once took her eyes from him. The women tried to talk to her; they urged her to taste the cookies, the jam, the mead. But Liebe Yentl bit her lips and stared.

The guests began to cough and fidget, hinting in various ways that it was time to bring the oration to an end, and finally the bridegroom broke off his sermon. The betrothal contract was brought to him, but he did not sign it at once. First he read the page from beginning to end. He was evidently nearsighted, for he brought the paper right up to his nose. Then he began to bargain. "The prayer shawl should have silver braid."

"It will have any braid you wish," Reb Sheftl agreed.

"Write it in."

It was written in on the margin.

The groom read on, and demanded, "I want a Talmud printed in Slavita."

"Very well, it will be from Slavita."

"Write it in."

After much haggling and writing in, the groom signed the contract: Shmelke Motl, son of the late Catriel Godl. The letters of the signature were as tiny as flyspecks.

When Reb Sheftl brought the contract over to Liebe Yentl and handed her the pen, she said in a clear voice, "I will not sign."

"Daughter, you shame me!"

"I will not live with him."

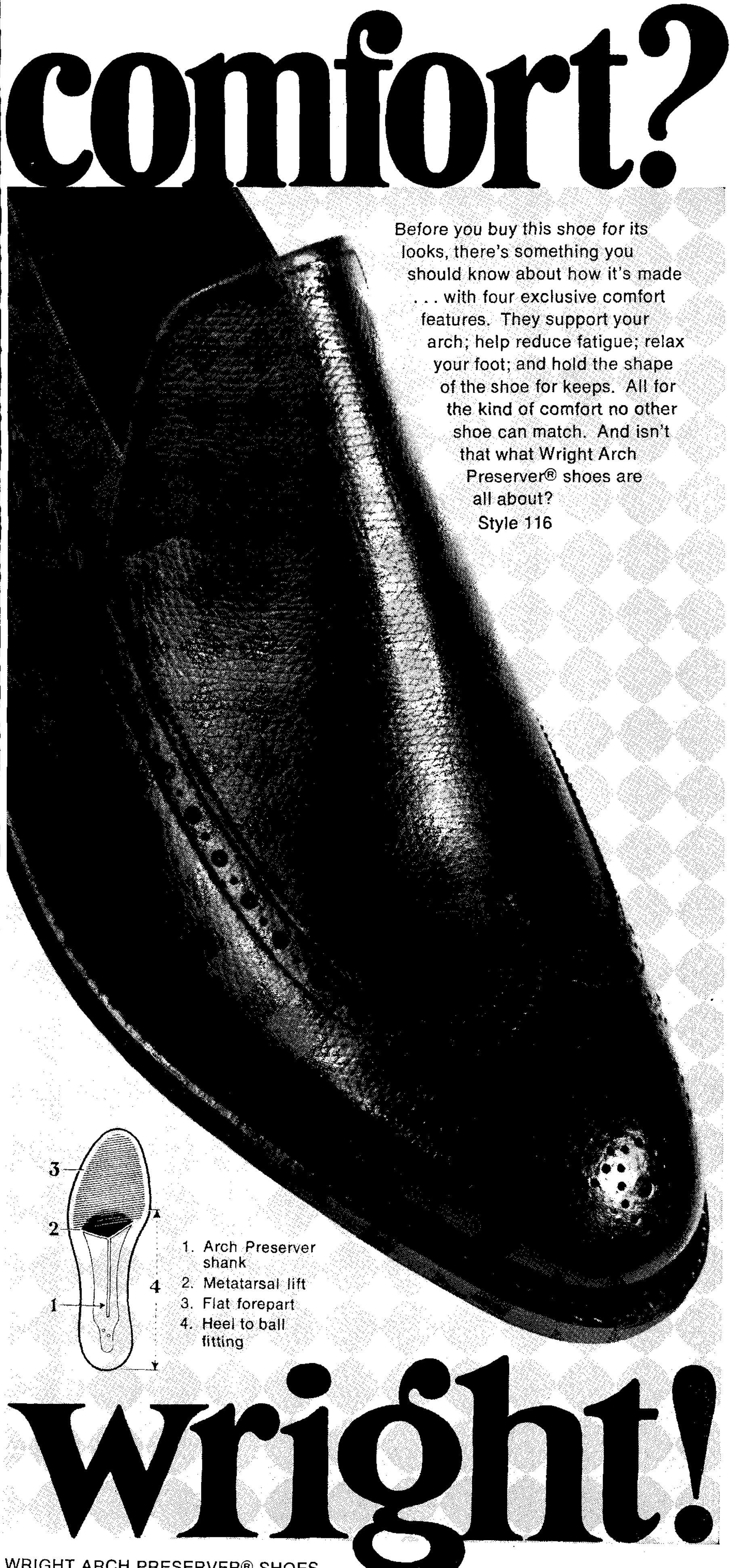
Zise Feige began to pinch her wrinkled cheeks. "People, go home!" she called out. She snuffed the candles in the candlesticks. Some of the women wept with the disgraced mother, others berated the bride. But the girl answered no one. Before long, the house was dark and empty. The servant went out to close the shutters.

Reb Sheftl usually prayed at the synagogue with the first quorum, but that morning he did not show himself at the holy place. Zise Feige did not go out to do her shopping. The door of Reb Sheftl's house stood locked, the windows were shuttered. Shmelke Motl returned at once to Zawiercie.

After a time, Reb Sheftl went back to praying at the synagogue, and Zise Feige went again to market with her basket. But Liebe Yentl no longer came out into the street. People thought that her parents had sent her away somewhere, but Liebe Yentl was at home. She kept to her room and refused to speak to anyone. When her mother brought her a plate of soup, she first knocked at the door, as though they were gentry. Liebe Yentl scarcely touched the food, and Zise Feige sent it to the poorhouse.

For some months the matchmakers still came with offers, but since a Dybbuk had spoken from her and she had shamed a bridegroom, Liebe Yentl could no longer make a proper match. Reb Sheftl tried to obtain a pardon from the young man in Zawiercie, but he had gone away to some yeshivah in Lithuania. There was a rumor that he had hanged himself with his sash. Then it became clear that Liebe Yentl would remain an old maid. Her younger brother, Tsadock Meyer, had in the meantime grown up and got married to a girl from Bendin.

Reb Sheftl was the first to die. This happened on a Thursday night in winter. Reb Sheftl had risen for midnight prayers. He stood at the reading desk, with ash on his head, reciting a lament on the Destruction of the Temple. A



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beggar was spending that night at the prayer house. About three o'clock in the morning, the man awakened and put some potatoes into the stove to bake. Suddenly he heard a thud. He stood up and saw Reb Sheftl on the floor. He sprinkled him with water from the pitcher, but the soul had already departed.

The townspeople mourned Reb Sheftl. The body was not taken home but lay in the prayer house with candles at its head until the time of burial. The rabbi and some of the town's scholars delivered eulogies. On Friday, Liebe Yentl escorted the coffin with her mother. Liebe Yentl was wrapped in a black shawl from head to toe; only a part of her face showed, white as the snow in the cemetery. The two sons lived far from Shidlovtse, and the funeral could not be postponed till after the Sabbath; it is a dishonor for a corpse to wait too long for burial. Reb Sheftl was put to rest near the grave of the old rabbi. It is known that those who are buried on Friday after noon do not suffer the pressure of the grave, for the Angel Dumah puts away his fiery rod on the eve of the Sabbath.

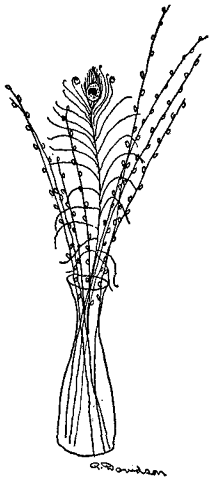
Zise Feige lingered a few years more, but she was fading day by day. Her body bent like a candle. In her last year she no longer attended to the business, relying entirely on her assistant, Zalkind. She began to rise at dawn to pray at the women's synagogue, and she often went to the cemetery and prostrated herself on Reb Sheftl's grave. She died as suddenly as her husband. It happened during evening prayer on Yom Kippur. Zise Feige had stood all day, weeping, at the railing that divided the women's section from the men's in the prayer house. Her neighbors, seeing her waxen-yellow face, urged her to break her fast, for human life takes precedence over all laws, but Zise Feige refused. When the cantor intoned, "The gates of Heaven are opened," Zise Feige took from her bosom a vial of aromatic drops, which are a remedy against faintness. But the vial slipped from her hand, and she fell forward onto the reading desk. There was an outcry and women ran for the doctor, but Zise Feige had already passed into the True World. Her last words were "My daughter . . ."

This time, the funeral was delayed until the arrival of the two sons. They sat in mourning with their sister. But Liebe Yentl avoided all strangers. Those who came to pray with the mourners and to comfort them found only Jedidiah and Tsadock Meyer. Liebe Yentl would lock herself away in her room.

Nothing was left of Reb Sheftl's wealth. People muttered that the assistant had pocketed the money, but it could not be proved. Reb Sheftl and Zise Feige had kept no books. All the accounting had been done with a piece of chalk on the wall of a wardrobe. After the seven days of mourning, the sons called Zalkind to the rabbi's court, but he offered to swear before the Holy Scrolls and black candles that he had not touched a groschen of his employers' money. The rabbi forbade such an oath. He said that a man who could break the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" could also violate the commandment "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

After the judgment, the two sons went home. Liebe Yentl remained with the servant. Zalkind took over the business and merely sent Liebe Yentl two or three gulden a week for food. Soon, he refused to give even that and sent only a few groschen. The servant woman left and went to work elsewhere.

Now that Liebe Yentl no longer had a servant, she was compelled to show herself in the street, but she never came out during the day. She would leave the house only after dark, waiting until the streets were empty and the stores without other customers. She would appear suddenly, as though from nowhere. The storekeepers were afraid of her. Dogs barked at her from Christian yards.



Summer and winter she was wrapped from head to toe in a long shawl. She would enter the store and forget what she wanted to buy. She often gave more money than was asked, as though she no longer remembered how to count. A few times she was seen entering the Gentile tavern to buy vodka. Tevye the Night Watchman had heard Liebe Yentl pacing the house at night, talking to herself, laughing.

Zise Feige's good friends tried repeatedly to see the girl, but the door was always bolted. Liebe Yentl never came to the synagogue on holidays to pray for the souls of the deceased. During the months of Nisan and Elul, she

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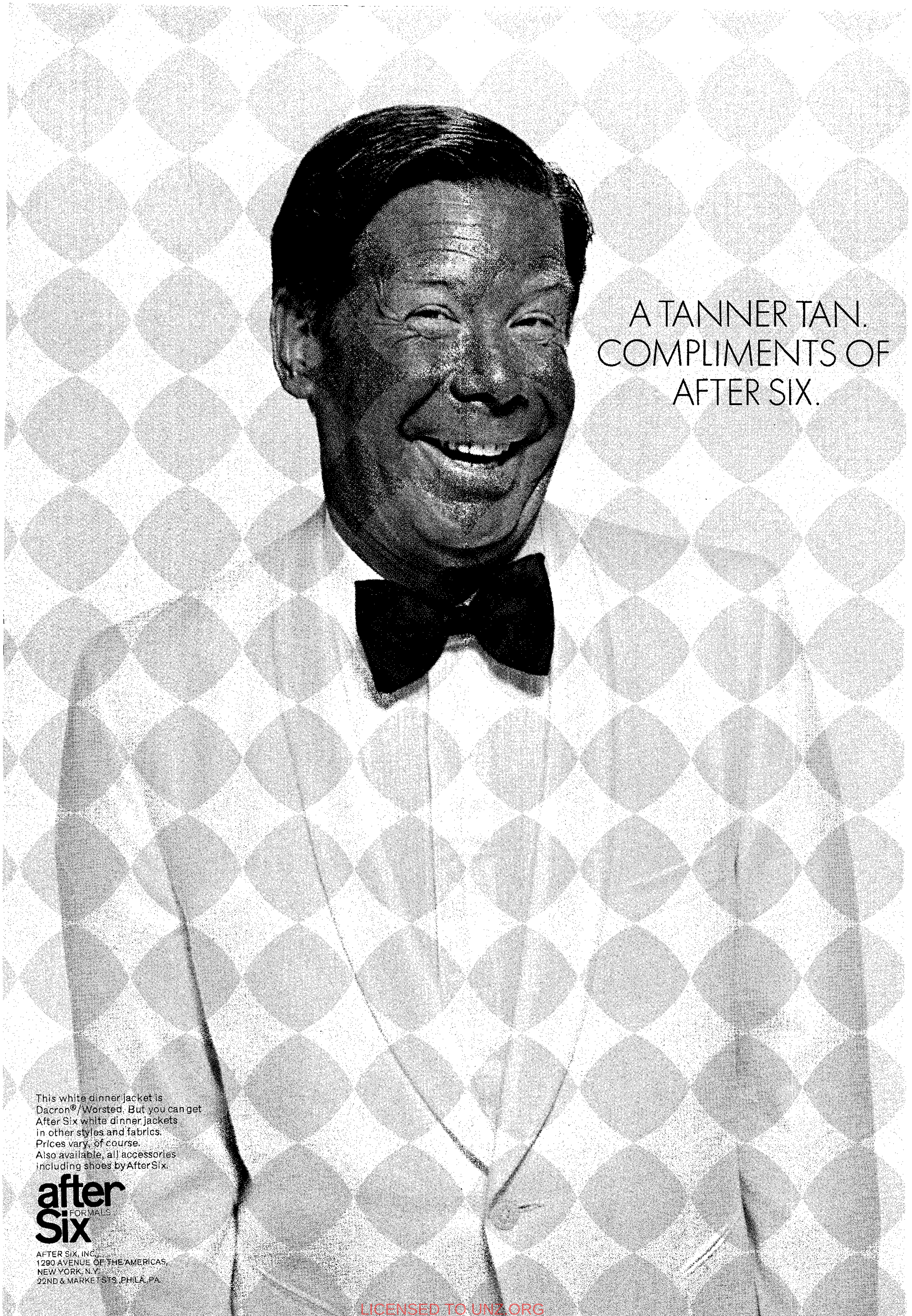
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never went to visit the graves of her parents. She did not bake Sabbath bread on Fridays, did not set roasts overnight in the oven, and probably did not bless the candles. She did not come to the women's synagogue even on the High Holy Days.

People began to forget Liebe Yentl—as if she were dead—but she lived on. At times, smoke rose from her chimney. Late at night, she was sometimes seen going to the well for a pail of water. Those who caught sight of her swore that she did not look a day older. Her face was becoming ever more pale, her hair ever redder and longer. It was said that Liebe Yentl played with cats. Some whispered that she had dealings with a demon. Others thought that the Dybbuk had returned to her. Zalkind still delivered a measure of flour to the house every Thursday, leaving it in the larder in the entrance hall. He also provided Liebe Yentl with firewood.

There had formerly been several other Jewish households on the street, but gradually the owners had sold to Gentiles. A hog butcher had moved into one house, and built a high fence around it. Another house was occupied by a deaf old widow who spent her whole days spinning flax, guarded by a blind dog at her feet.

Years went by. One early morning in Elul, when the rabbi was sitting in his study writing commentary and drinking tea from a samovar, Tevye the Night Watchman knocked at his door. He told the rabbi that he had seen Liebe Yentl on the road leading to Radom. The girl wore a long white dress; she had no kerchief on her head and walked barefoot. She was accompanied by a man with long hair, carrying a violin case. The full moon shone brightly. Tevye wanted to call out, but since the figures cast no shadow, he was seized with fear. When he looked again, the pair had vanished.

The rabbi ordered Tevye to wait until the worshippers assembled for morning prayer in the synagogue. Then Tevye told the people of the apparition, and two men—a driver and a butcher—went to Reb Sheftl's house. They knocked, but no one answered. They broke open the door and found Liebe Yentl dead. She lay in the middle of the room among piles of garbage, in a long shift, barefoot, her red hair loose. It was obvious that she had not been among the living for many days—perhaps a week or even more. The women of the burial society hastily carried off the corpse to the hut for the cleansing of the dead. When the

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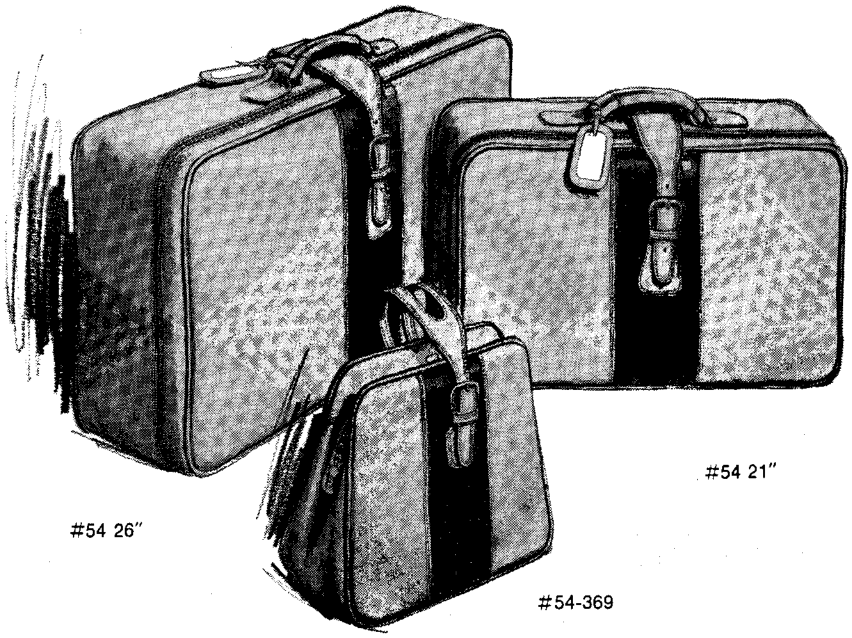

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shroudmakers opened the wardrobe, a cloud of moths flew out, filling the house like a swarm of locusts. All the clothes were eaten, all the linens moldy and decayed.

Since Liebe Yentl had not taken her own life and since she had exhibited all the signs of madness, the rabbi permitted her to be buried next to her parents. Half the town followed the body to the cemetery. The brothers were notified, and came later to sell the house and order a stone for their sister's grave.

It was clear to everyone that the man who had appeared with Liebe Yentl on the road to Radom was the dead fiddler of Pinchev. Dunya, Zise Feige's former servant, told the women that Liebe Yentl had not been able to forget her dead bridegroom Ozer, and that Ozer had become a Dybbuk in order to prevent the marriage to Shmelke Motl. But where would Ozer, a scholar and the son of a rich man, have learned to play music and to perform like a wedding jester? And why would he appear on the Radom road in the guise of a fiddler? And where was he going with the dead Liebe Yentl that night? And what had become of Beyle Tslove? Heaven and earth have sworn that the truth shall remain forever hidden.

MORE years went by, but the dead fiddler was not forgotten. He was heard playing at night in the cold synagogue. His fiddle sang faintly in the bathhouse, the poorhouse, the cemetery. It was said in town that he came to weddings. Sometimes, at the end of a wedding, after the Shidlovtse band had stopped playing, people still heard a few lingering notes, and they knew that it was the dead fiddler.

In autumn, when leaves fell and winds blew from the Mountains of the Holy Cross, a low melody was often heard in the chimneys, thin as a hair and mournful as the world. Even children would hear it, and they would ask, "Mamma, who is that playing?" And the mother would answer, "Sleep, child. It's the dead fiddler."

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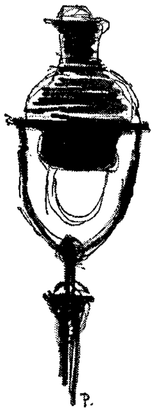
LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 16



MAY 13TH is the date of the military coup d'état of the French colony in Algiers which ten years ago brought down France's Fourth Republic, brought General de Gaulle back from his country retreat into power again, and soon into his own present Fifth Republic. In Paris, that May 13th is still called, in irony, "*le 18 Brumaire du Général de Gaulle*," after the famous illicit military seizure of power by Napoleon on that date during the French Revolution. De Gaulle's Brumaire will certainly never be forgiven by the powerful political French left for its "violent and conspiratorial origins"—the blasting phrase used by the London *Times*' severe editorial on France's recent week of student riots and shaken governmental balance. As a followup on the anti-de-Gaulle-toned student manifestations—in which for the first time on the sidewalks was heard the cry "*De Gaulle assassin!*"—the French left and labor unions, in special celebration of this May 13th, suddenly and cruelly called a national general strike. There was something tragic and comic, mixed, in the ruin that this helped make of the previous chauvinist French image of satisfaction built up by Gaullist official France: that France had been finally chosen as the proper site for the peace talks between our Ambassador-at-Large, Mr. Averell Harriman, and Mr. Xuan Thuy, Paris being the natural choice as the intellectual capital of Europe—Paris, by this time with its Sorbonne already closed for a week, with its students battered by fighting in the streets against the Compagnie Républicaine de Sécurité, the government's brutal shock troops, and with the Latin Quarter still filled with the stench of tear gas and smoke from the dozens of charred automobiles burned on the students' barricades near the famous Boul' Mich'. Certainly all these accumulated unexpected disasters were far from the halcyon picture earlier drawn by the secretary of the Gaullist party, who had said, with patriot satisfaction, "That men of good will should turn to France to find the road to peace is a great reward to those of us who have wished to give our country a certain image before the world." If the Champs-Élysées represented the road to peace last Monday morning, it was almost devoid of transportation for the vast company of journalists and radio broadcasters, come from all over the Western Hemisphere and also from the East, for whom, owing to the general strike, there were few taxis, half the normal number of buses, and only a fourth of the usual Métro trains to serve as a means of reaching the Hôtel Majestic, up near the Arc de Triomphe, where the opening Harriman-Thuy meeting was being held.

There was at least one outspoken dissatisfaction with what Paris offered, immediately made known by the North Vietnamese delegation, who discovered themselves housed in the comfortable, bourgeois Left Bank Hôtel Lutetia. They said that for more privacy they wanted at their disposal a large, remote, out-of-town residence, such as a historic château. The Château de Champs, east of Paris, was mentioned by the French as a possibility, it having been used last year as a temporary residence for President Soglo of Dahomey, but the difficult problem of providing security so far away for all the North Vietnamese delegation apparently made it impractical. One château that was certainly not mentioned as feasible was Fontainebleau. It was there that talks were held between Ho Chi Minh and the French government in 1946, and the breakdown of those talks led directly to the Indo-China war, which, one way or another, has never stopped since, and whose ending in Vietnam is the meaning of the Hôtel Majestic conversations right now.

These official conversations so far, of course, are only in the tentative, cordial earliest opening phase, and consist of statements made by one side and courteous disbelief expressed in response by the other side. Basically and eventually, the talks here will represent a hard, fighting struggle between Eastern and Western points of view, but, as with all peace talks, the opening feinting consists of propaganda. Press veterans of previous peace conferences are candid in saying that the American mind is not as smart at propaganda as the European, let alone the Oriental—that our natural angle is that of a simple seller, a merchant, or, at best, a good trader, whereas the European's propaganda arguments rest on dialectic, or even Cartesian logic, and the Oriental's on subtlety, at which we Americans are known not to shine. It is also said that the American position in prop-

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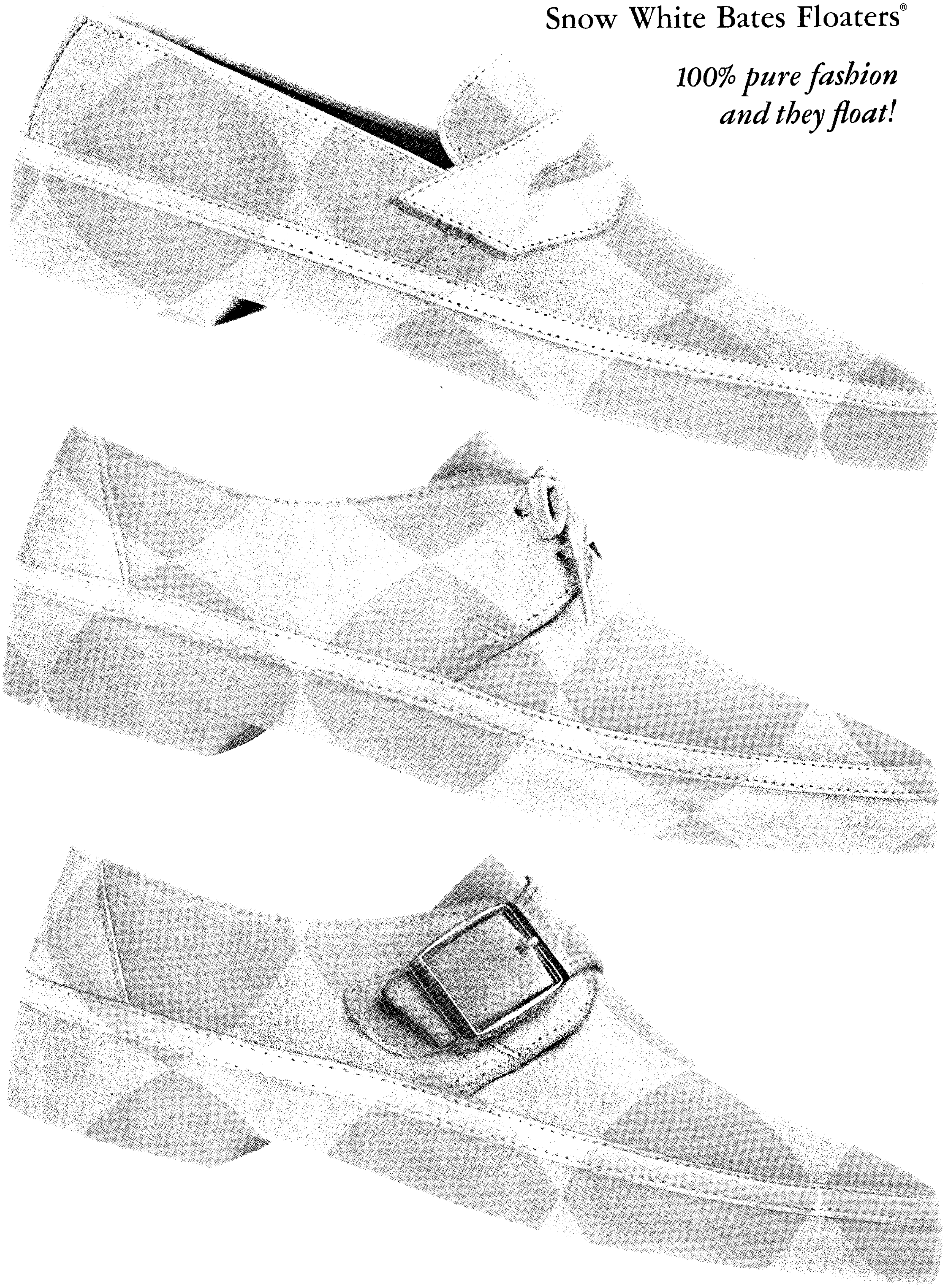

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aganda here is very difficult, because our situation in Vietnam has been that of the aggressor, with no matter what noble, democratic intentions, and the position and propaganda of the North Vietnamese here are those of outraged victims, who will not cede an inch, like mourners refusing to give up their dead. South Vietnam's representatives are newly present in Paris, established, at our expense, in the Hôtel Claridge, on the Champs-Élysées. But nearly no members of the American press seem to have called on them. However, the French—or so it appears—have granted radio time to them for a South Vietnamese show of some sort. After the propaganda front on both sides has been established here, and has been contested for several weeks, or even longer, it is hoped that behind-the-scenes contacts, which are the most important developments of these diplomatic struggles, can be gradually arrived at between Mr. Harriman and Mr. Thuy (who is, it seems, a well-known poet at home). It is apparently by these contacts that, little by little, fraction by fraction, phrase by phrase, word by word, agreements of some sort may be balanced and advanced, and—with luck, progress, and patience—peace may be achieved.

OBVIOUSLY, the peace talks, following as they did on ten days of student riots and manifestations, have been of far less interest to the French than the riots themselves, which in their bloody, dangerous, and alarming violence were like a suddenly matured revolution of youth being fought out in the Latin Quarter. The student revolt began on the afternoon of Friday, May 3rd, in the Sorbonne itself, when Rector Jean Roche, who is its head, in an unpardonable academic error, called in the Paris police—an act that violated the sanctuary of the university, maintained over centuries. He requested that they clear the university courtyard of a small, disputatious student meeting, which Roche feared might lead to some incident of violence that could disturb the approaching spring examinations. This violence, indeed, immediately began when the other students and some of their professors saw the courtyard students being bundled off by the police into their *paniers à salade* and hauled to the police station. By Saturday night, the Sorbonne students, arms linked for strength, were streaming up and down the Latin Quarter sidewalks and streets. There had already been outbreaks at the new suburban university at Nanterre, where

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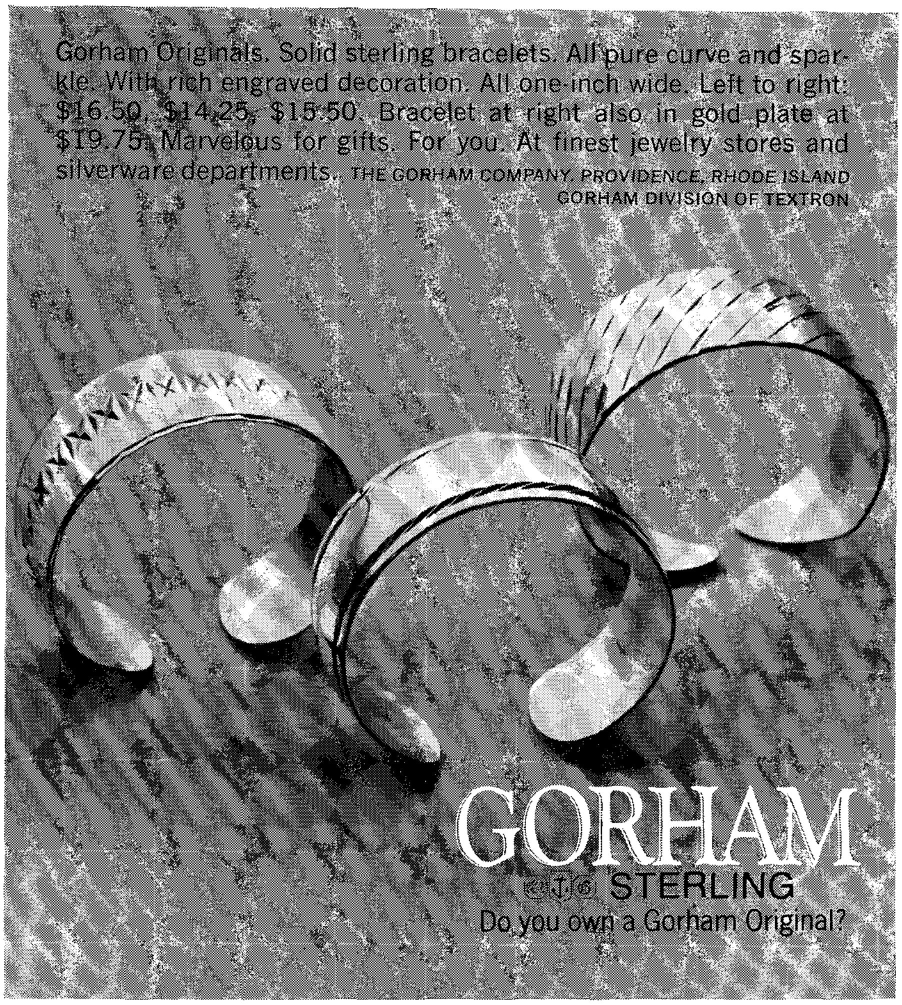
a German-born red-headed anarchist and sociology student named Daniel Cohn-Bendit had been organizing susceptible students as what he called "*les enragés*." By Sunday morning, in an unusual Sabbatical sitting of justice, several of the courtyard students had been sentenced to two years in prison, without appeal, at which news the Sorbonne as a whole rose in a sentiment of fury, and the week of riots began, agitating all of Paris and taking over power from the city's adults, and from the nation's government, in a way. With the Sorbonne locked against them, students began roaming the streets, insulting the C.R.S. guards, who were armed, wore steel helmets, and carried long nightsticks. (They had been sent posthaste from the Belgian and Rhineland frontier garrisons to keep order with their clubs.) Violence became the pattern. Street fighting animated the Rue Soufflot, broke out around the Panthéon and the Place Edmond-Rostand, at the corner of the Luxembourg Gardens, and in all the smaller medieval alleyways leading off the lower Boulevard Saint-Michel. Everywhere, the students at first advanced with insults as their only weapon, before fleeing to save their scalps from the attacking police clubs. Wednesday night, as if their energy were uncontrollable, the students embarked by the thousand on a long parading march up and down Paris, mounting the Champs-Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe, where they extinguished the flames over the Unknown Soldier's Tomb, had a sit-in around it, and sang the "Internationale."

By Thursday, the physical tension between the C.R.S. and the students had approached a crisis, which broke late on Friday night and lasted horribly and without interruption until early Saturday morning. Early in the evening, with their indomitable anger and energy, the students had started building barricades throughout the Latin Quarter, because barricades are a historic instinctive accompaniment of French rebellions. They dug up the cube-shaped paving blocks from the streets, piled them as ammunition and protection to a height of five or six feet, and in the Rue Gay-Lussac, just off the Luxembourg Gardens, added all the cars that had been parked there. By this time, the students were in a state of crazed exaltation and wild euphoria, according to the alarmed neighborhood adults who talked with them. "*Nous sommes chez nous*," the students kept saying, as if that medieval section of old academic Paris were their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property to despoil or to defend. The fighting was bitter. The students, who were like young Davids, were armed, if at all, only with lids of garbage pails, while the mature, burly C.R.S. men facing them were equipped with enormous shields of medieval size and were wearing modern anti-tear-gas goggles. Whether from the students' amateur Molotov cocktails or from the C.R.S. variety of chemical gas bombs (oddly enough, Gay-Lussac himself was a nineteenth-century French chemist who studied the action of gases), all the captive automobiles in the Rue Gay-Lussac, which became the Chemin des Dames of that Latin Quarter battle, were set aflame. As the police closed in, the students began running up apartment-house staircases to continue fighting from the roofs, tipping parapet stones onto the enemy below, and finally knocking on apartment doors to beg shelter. Their first protection was to scrub their hands, for if the police came prowling up and found a boy with tar on his dirty fingers, it was proof that he had been using paving blocks as ammunition or in a barricade, and he was hauled off to the police vans below. One mother who lived on the street with her three children was absent on business in the provinces but flew back in terror at radio reports of the riot. On rushing into her flat, she found three unknown exhausted students asleep on the hall floor but the flat and the younger children in perfect order, all under the excellent direction of her nineteen-year-old eldest daughter, although there was not so much as a grain of coffee or a heel of bread left in the kitchen to eat. Red Cross stations had been set up on the Boul' Mich', and after midnight women taxi-drivers banded together to take out the wounded students, mostly with bashed heads. The fire department was on the scene, putting down fires, and there were screams and shouts that could be heard as far off as the Boulevard Saint-Germain. The students fought with unflagging courage until they were knocked down and out by the police. The pugnacity of the French in a riot has to be seen to be recognized as a native strain in their character. Had the young French soldiers fought like rioters against the Germans in June, 1940, Paris might not have fallen.

Until five o'clock Saturday morning, the Latin Quarter lived an epic of destruction, danger, and bravery. Before Saturday noon, it was like a historic battleground, visited by tourists with cameras to take snapshots of the

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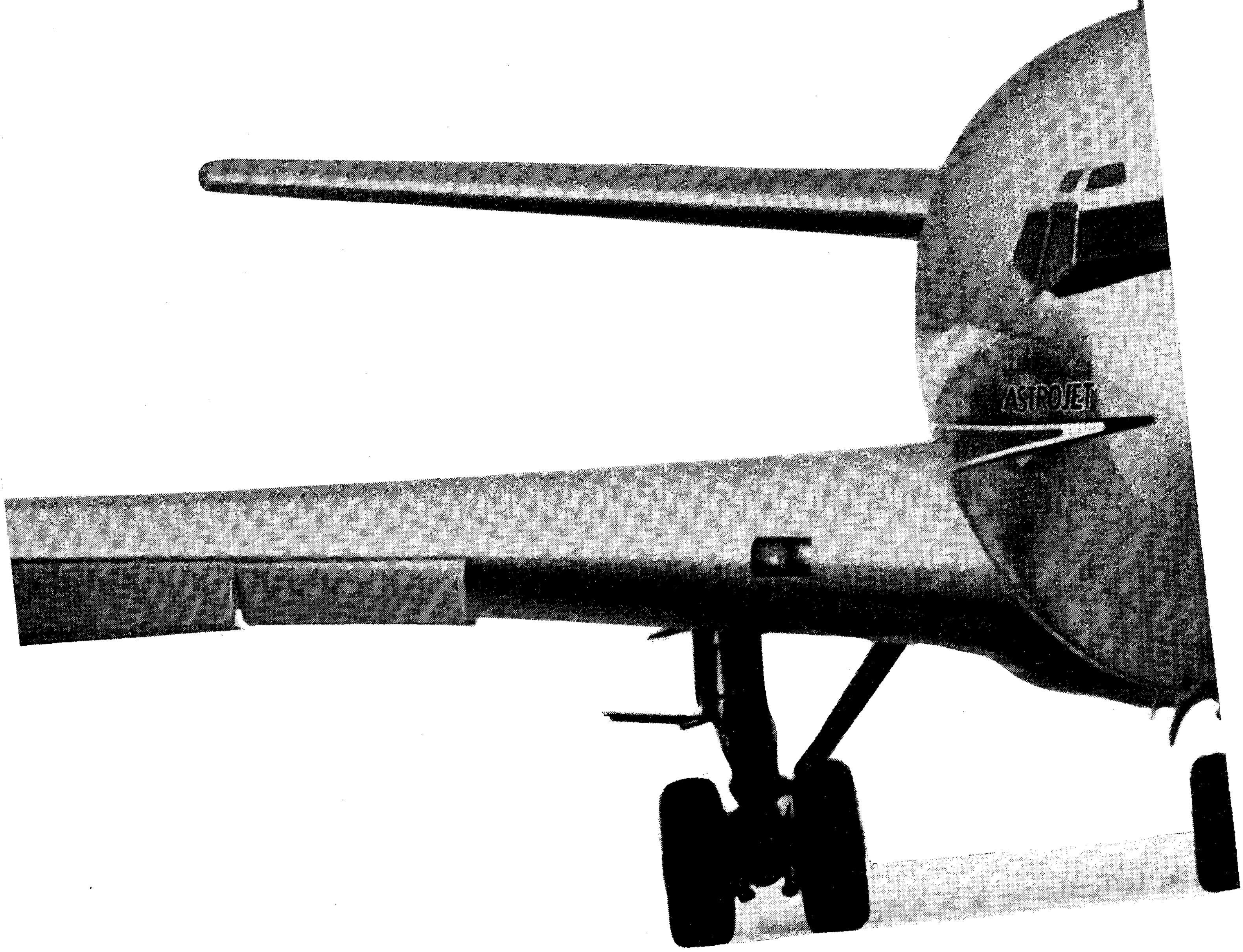

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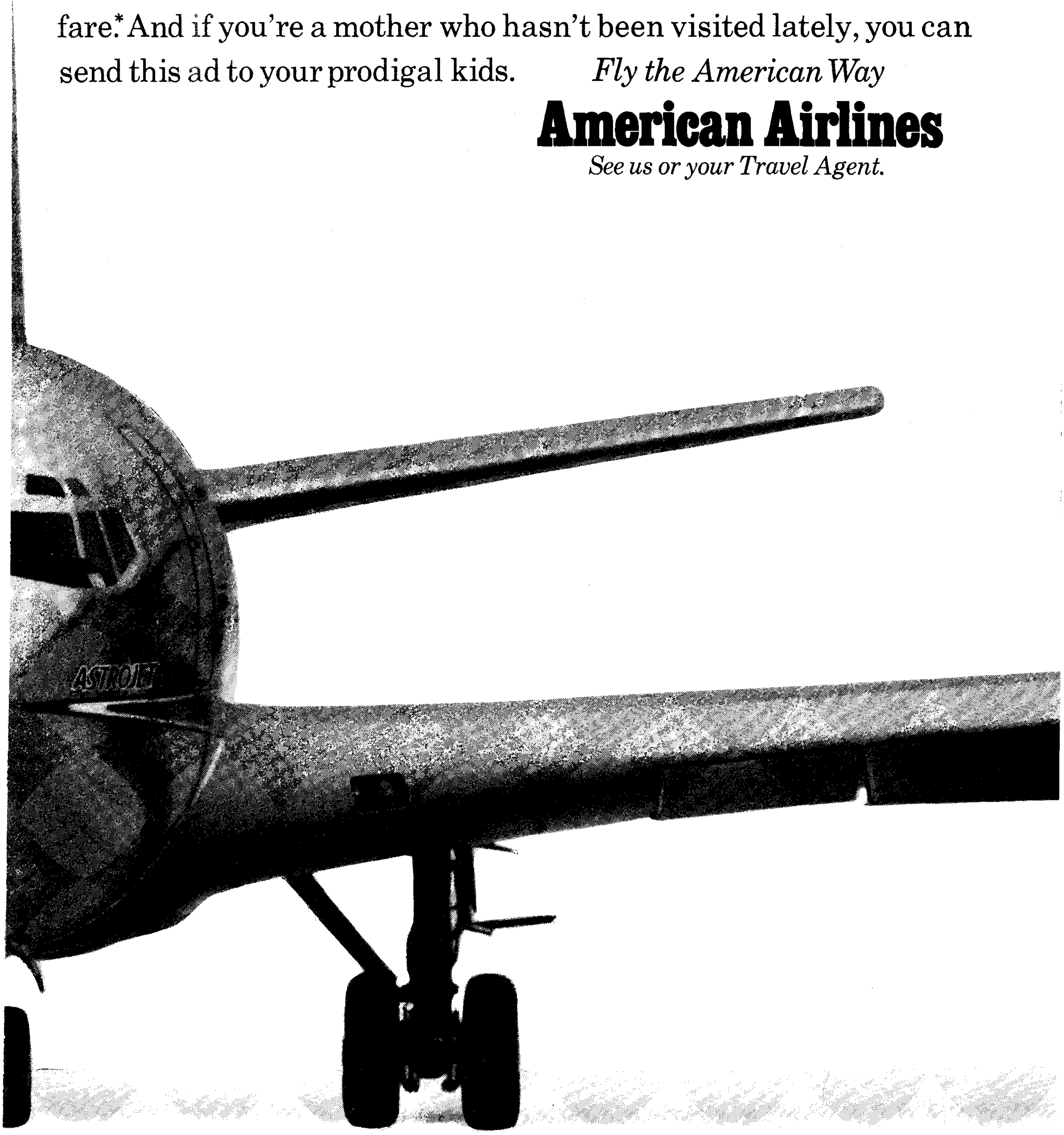

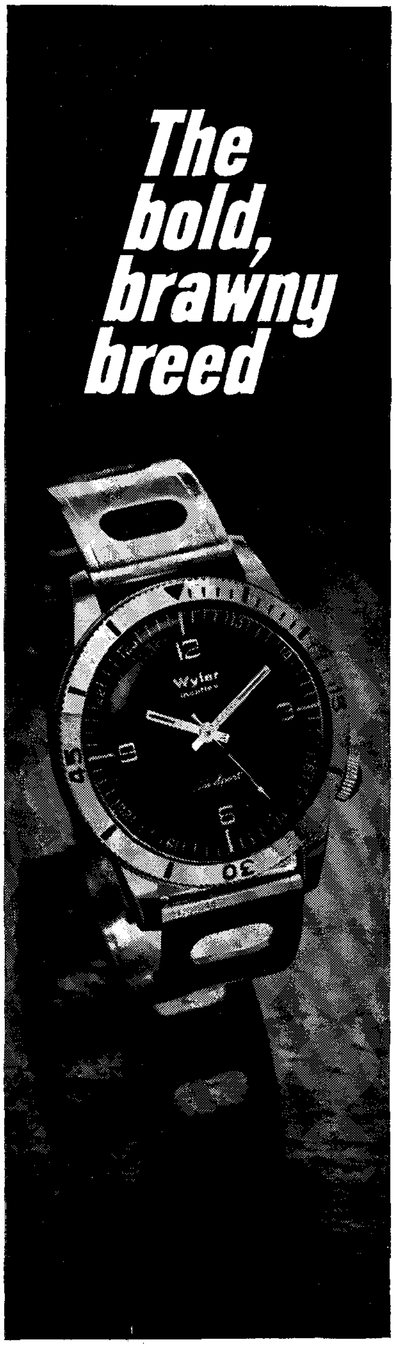

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remnants of the night's history. A cordon of C.R.S., in their black helmets, with the silver trim gleaming in the murky smoke, blocked the entry to the Rue Gay-Lussac, which was a shambles, filled with wrecks of cars, fragments of clothing, an occasional shoe, and the generally strange trash that follows city struggles and accumulates in heaps. Not a paving block was left on its sandy street bed, broken glass shimmered on the sidewalks, curtains blew disconsolately out of smashed windows in the morning breeze. On the Place Edmond-Rostand and leading down onto the Boul' Mich', whole sections of the paving had been ripped up, over which taxis jolted. Half a dozen of the ancient streets had become impassable and were closed to traffic of any sort, and by the iron fence of the Luxembourg Gardens still stood two Red Cross ambulances and their attendants, just in case. But the fight was over. Incredibly, no one had been killed, though hundreds had been injured, with more police than students reported hospitalized.

Late Monday afternoon, the biggest parade of marchers that Paris had ever seen started moving from the Place de la République toward the Place Denfert-Rochereau and the Lion de Belfort statue, which had become the new student meeting place. The marching crowd was a mixture of university students, of teen-age *lycée* students who had prematurely joined the academic revolt, of teachers, and of workers, mostly from the striking C.G.T. union. The social mixture of workers and intellectuals represented the new fraternization. The line of march probably included three-quarters of a million people, but word went round that there were a million of them, and that will remain the legendary figure. At any rate, the throng was so dense that the head of the line had reached its destination, with the first few marchers sitting on the lion's back, before the end of the line, three miles distant on the other side of Paris, had managed to leave the Place de la République. The City of Paris had learned its lesson from the riots, and the streets were empty of police. The parade marched behind a huge banner proclaiming "Solidarity of Teachers, Students, and Workers," with a forest of small black flags for anarchy and red flags for revolution waving along the line. The students, especially, were jubilant, and derisively chanted "*Bon anniversaire, mon Général!*" in recognition of the tenth anniversary of de Gaulle's Algiers putsch. This they alternated with the slogan "*Dix ans, c'est assez!*" The new cry of "*De Gaulle assassin!*" was also heard, and so was "*De Gaulle, résignation!*"

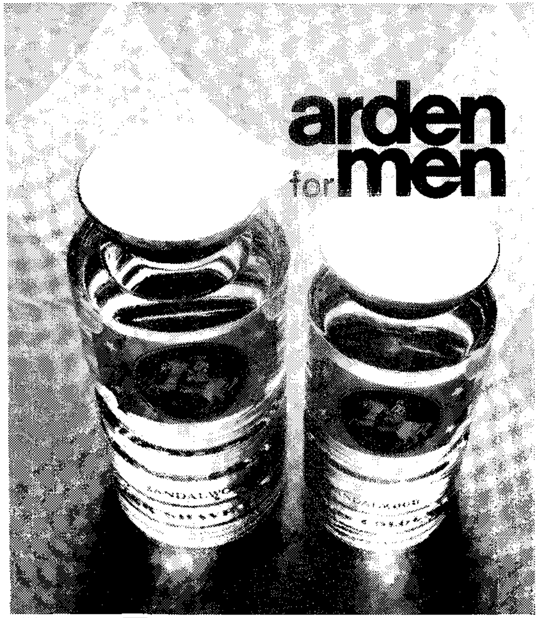
The students, by their riots, won conclusively, and the government of France, through Premier Pompidou's common sense and tact, backed down in defeat. The students' three demands for peace were the reopening of the Sorbonne, the release of the students from prison, and the withdrawal of the C.R.S. (Another of their Monday marching slogans had been "*C-R-S—S-S!*," the last two "S"s referring to Hitler's storm troopers.) All these demands were rather hurriedly granted. On the opening of the Sorbonne, students immediately took possession of the courtyard, brought in a piano, and played and sang and spent the night, sleeping in classrooms. At the present writing, Thursday afternoon, students have been occupying the Odéon-Théâtre de France—the theatre home of Jean-Louis Barrault and Mme. Madeleine Renaud, the most gifted avant-garde couple in the theatrical profession here—since last night. The students have stated that they do not want to see any more classic plays, suited to a démodé bourgeois education. They have also stated that they do not believe in university examinations, since they are repressive. Last week, the students fought like young heroes. This week, they are acting like clowns at a *kermesse*. The government is saying nothing. All during the dramatic, riotous week, General de Gaulle kept silent, giving no message or advice or comment to his nation and its troubled capital city. Only when Premier Pompidou returned from Afghanistan did the government, within three hours, make a statement of decision, promise, and principle about the sclerotic educational system in France, which over the years has become the trigger for the students' outbursts. Today, de Gaulle is being applauded in Rumania. After his return, he is slated to speak to his own nation on May 24th. The quantity of applause he will receive from the French is at this moment unpredictable. But it will surely be less than he has been accustomed to. And May 24th seems a long way off, what with things in the turmoil they are still in. His speech will not come a moment too soon.

—GENÊT

•

Gathered around him were Mayor Daley and his two sons, Rep. Dan Rostenkowski (D. Ill.) and Dr. Frank Stanton of CBS.—*Chicago Sun-Times*.

Nice kids, both of them.



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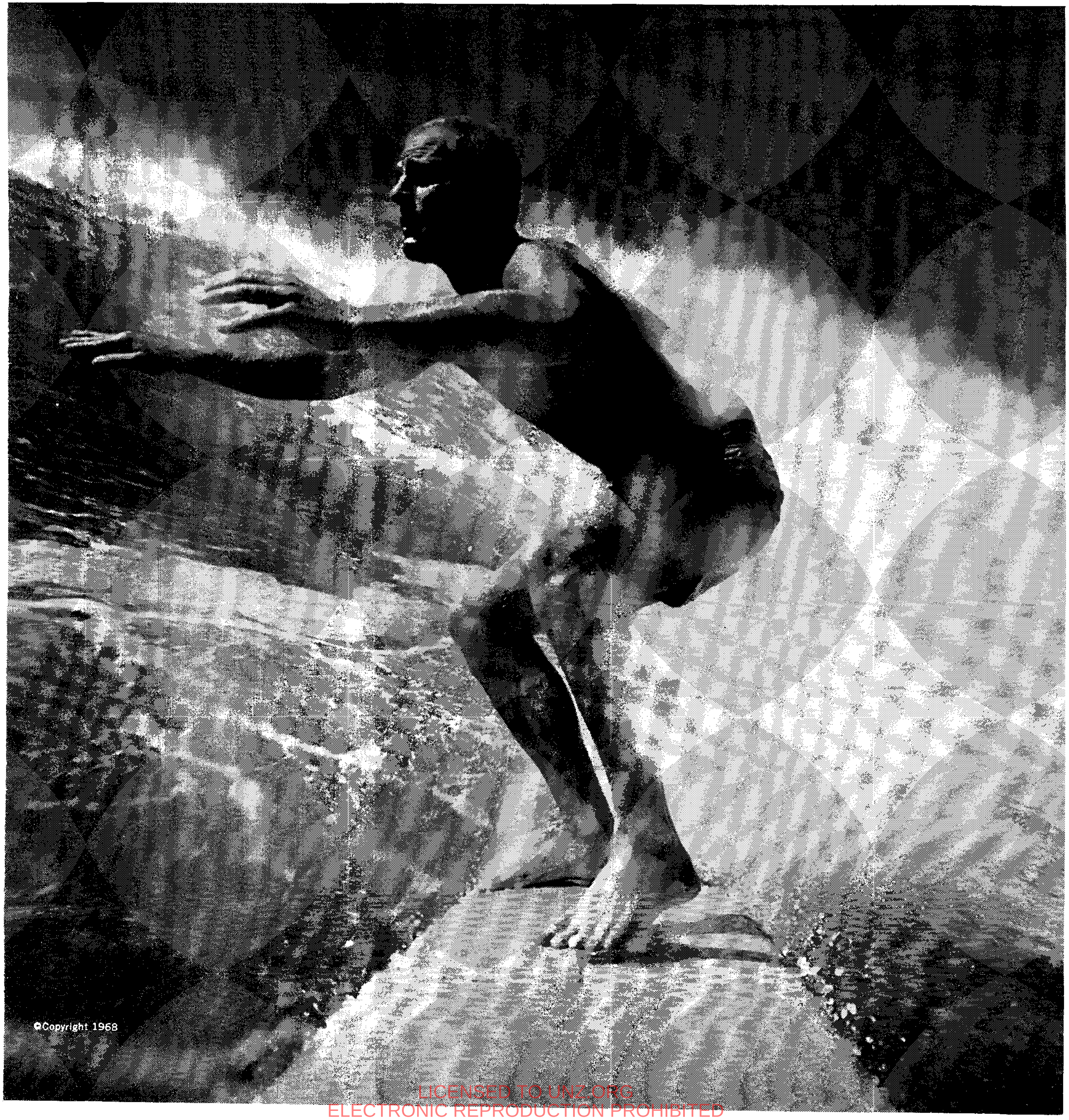

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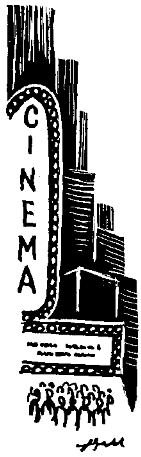
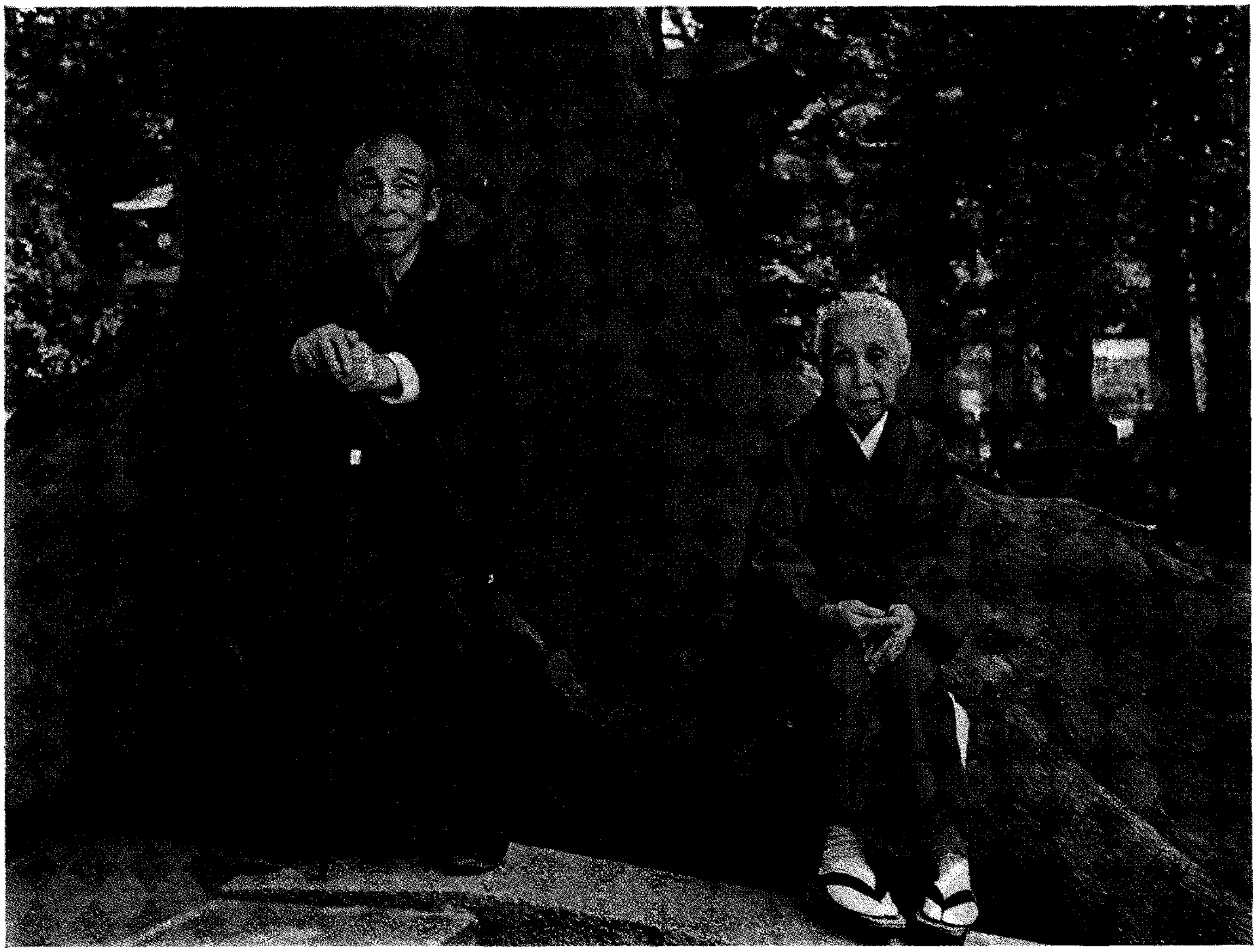
THE CURRENT CINEMA

How to Mangle an Idea and Stay Radiant

THE hurdles in the way of turning John Cheever's "The Swimmer" into a film must have been huge. Frank and Eleanor Perry have somehow managed the course without clearing a single one of them. Respectively directing and scriptwriting, they seem to have negotiated the hazards mainly by not taking any notice of them and by galumphing to the winning post on the turf verge. To see the picture is like watching some nice, thick cow padding alongside the jumps of the Grand National in a coma of delusion that this is what it is to be a race horse. The old, old difficulty for films of getting inside a character's head; the danger that movies' native literalness may take away Cheever's overtones, which are delicate and barbaric; the problem of casting a central character who is an intensely literary mixture of commuter-belt and myth, and who hurtles within a day from the ordinary misery of life among backslappers to an extreme of isolation—the obstacles stare you in the face, and the purblind film cheerfully surmounts none of them. It makes a peculiar spectacle, half comic and half not. It would probably have taken an American Jean Vigo to make the film purely, but I can think of quite a few people who might have approached Vigo's level of imagination by seeing the problems as beyond them.



The story transmuted everything in it. That was its nature, and that was why it seemed a metaphor for something hidden and desperate in all dullards. The film transmutes nothing. Cheever's small, well-kept-up swimmer, a sportsman whose size has shrivelled a little in domestication, like the household cat's, decides to swim home across the county along a string of chlorinated pools because he is in search of his life; but in the film, as played by Burt Lancaster, he makes you feel only that he is a masochistic health nut looking for something to moan about. In the story, the scraps of hangover banter and weekend repartee have a context. They pursue the hero like Muzak in Hell. In the film, Eleanor Perry has made them sound more like lines from some awkwardly knowing Broadway comedy. For where the story makes everything slightly unrepresentational, the movie is dully realistic. The color photography doesn't help. Like everyone else who makes films in color now, under the pressure to sell to color television, the producers of "The Swimmer" probably swore to themselves that they were going to stylize it, use color control, not be beaten by the labs. But ninety-nine per cent of the time these turn out to be pieties, and in "The Swimmer" the dogged verisimilitude of color photography wins hands down. I know the pressures that there are on filmmakers now against black-and-white, but I should have thought there was a very strong case for using it in this picture, given the insane handicaps of filming the allegory at all. It certainly doesn't contribute anything allegorical to have so many apocalyptic closeups of the blueness of Burt Lancaster's eyes when large thoughts occur to the character. There is no knowing what the thoughts are—it would take a more expressive and intellectually more obdurate actor to suggest them, as Tom Courtenay did in "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner," where he had parallel technical problems—so the closeups amount to nothing more than a cosmic way of emphasizing that Burt Lancaster is about to do a lot of swimming. The added explanatory lines about his quest are really terrible. ("When I was a kid, I used to believe in things. . . . People used to love each other. What happened?") Two passages may actually make you whimper. One of them shows the hero with an ex-babysitter in a bikini, leaping for joy over fences in slow motion. Another is a scene with a small boy: "You're the captain of your soul," says the hero. "That's what counts. Do you know what I mean?" We nod our heads. Yuh. He's captaining his soul across the county. We do know what he means. The dreadful pair also discuss make-believe, and it is like listening to Peter Pan and Tinker Bell. They pretend to swim in an empty pool: "You see, if you make believe hard enough that something's true, then it's true for you." When the film has a point to make about what a *fable* it is, which happens every few minutes, it drops the hint on your toes with the weight of a sack of cement. The hero ends up a very ludicrous creature, spattering exclamation marks everywhere, and whining to his ex-mistress



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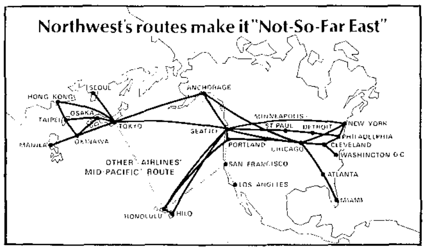

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*DUPONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POROMERIC like a schoolgirl. "I kissed that safety pin," he says to her, remembering an erstwhile shoulder strap with tears in his eyes. She says something catty about not having enjoyed the affair anyway, and he gets furious. He practically stamps his foot: "You loved it! We both loved it!" Cheever wrote a story that was a true and dark image of being a middle-class American, but the Perrys' mawkish film seems to be about a sporting kook with a dewy turn of mind who gets overemotional during an all-day swim.

THE Bleecker Street Cinema is showing a surreally funny hour of film called "No More Excuses," which is goonish, rude, and altogether relieving. It was directed by Robert Downey and Robert Soukis, written by Downey, and edited by Soukis. In the credits, Mr. Downey refers to himself in parentheses as "a prince," for his own good reasons. He also plays a Civil War soldier. In what seems to be 1968, roughly, the soldier is still alive, thanks to refraining from courage on the battlefield, or maybe to the film's own shambling absentmindedness, which extends a warm welcome to anachronisms as to all other deviations. Further characters include President Garfield ("1881-1881") and his nervous assassin, who has mad hidden ambitions to be a public servant; a number of real-life people who are interviewed about sex in the current crop of singles bars on the East Side; an ape that bounces up and down with an air of scholarship on a very big naked woman to the accompaniment of the Hallelujah Chorus; and a proselytizer who intermittently holds the screen to speak to us all about clothing our nude animals. The editing is very fast, with a slapping rhythm to it like the timing of a skilled sandwich-maker laminating bread and innards and mayonnaise in a drugstore at lunchtime. You have to understand that there is no narrative whatever, and certainly nothing like dramatic conflict, apart from the deadly combat of the three component subjects as they struggle to keep their ends up: (1) the newsreel of the assassination of President Garfield, with the killer glumly bungling it every time; (2) the questioning of real-life people in 1968 about stark questions of lust and smut; (3) lust and smut themselves, which keep getting elbowed out of the film by the preachings of the inflamed animal-nudity protester. He envisions a mass march down Fifth Avenue to an anthem called "Wings of Decency," and sometimes swings into dire

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warnings about the possibility of fifty thousand naked combat dogs' infiltrating Manhattan during some long, hot summer because we have never allowed them to share our sense of propriety and shoved them into clothes.

One could say, if pressed, that the film was in praise of cowardice, pleasure, fatness, ineptitude, and apes, and against drive, dying for one's country, and boxer shorts for dogs. Apart from the Civil War soldier, who survives a light graze and a noisy battle by feigning dead until the enemy has safely disappeared, the most affectionately seen character is probably the unemployable assassin. But the film even has a weakness for the animal-decency prophet, with his wild dreams of giving a summons to a policeman for riding a nude horse, and his one-man crusade against the army of lewd pets around him. He approaches his colossal task armed only with eloquence and a handkerchief, which he flourishes suddenly at the camera and refers to as "this little garment": it has a hole in the middle, and his point is that such a thing can easily be devised by anyone as an emergency measure to throw over a dog's tail until proper clothes can be fitted. When his ranting allows the interview subjects to get a word in edgewise, the thing that strikes you—as with "Candid Camera"—is people's astonishing patience and goodness of heart toward intruders asking favors of them. Who would guess that so many citizens of ratty Manhattan would be indulgent to larky filmmakers catechizing them about sexual license. An older man—a Negro—says carefully about young lubricity, "It's a lot better than smoking LSD." A very old lady indeed chuckles and brings up Adam and Eve.

Downey and Soukis have a long way to go to throw off the clutches of a time when the random is modish, but for the moment they have produced a benign piece of cheek. There are a few pushed minutes, but not many. Most of the film works with easy and genial idiocy. And when the shambles is over, the makers possibly turn out to have been rather serious about a world that finds a whole body naked in bed more indecent than a smashed one in a military uniform.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

Bourne is quiet now . . . its election throes uncoiled and rolled out and lying limp along the banks of the Cape Cod Canal.—*Boston Herald Traveler.*

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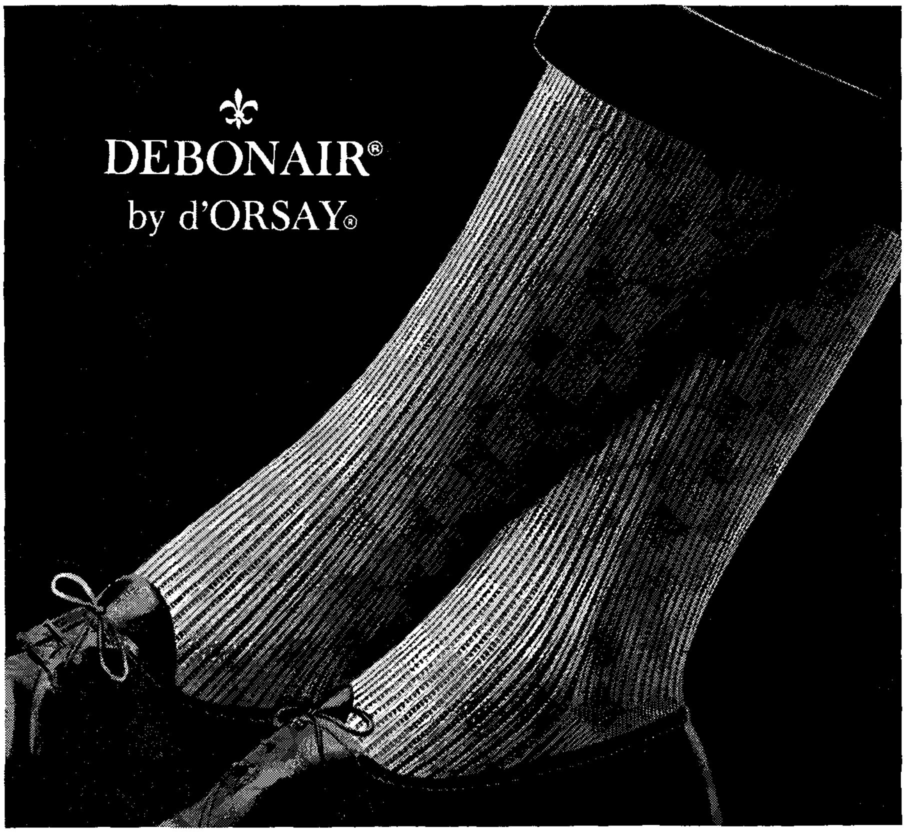

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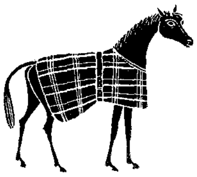
THE RACE TRACK

Touchdown



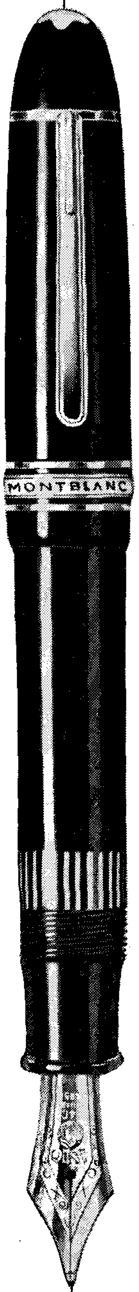
PREDICTABLY, and impressively, Forward Pass ran away with the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico in Baltimore last Saturday. Six lengths behind him, Out of the Way took second place by a head from Dancer's Image, who was subsequently disqualified for crowding and bumping. Nodouble, who finished fourth, was moved up into third place. It was the first time since Tim Tam's year, 1958, and the seventh since Whirlaway's year, 1941, that a horse from Calumet Farm carried the stable's silks first past the winning post in Maryland's classic for three-year-olds. Forward Pass may not be another Whirlaway, and certainly he isn't another Citation, who captured the Preakness for Calumet twenty years ago, but he won in a way that left no question of his ability. In twenty strides, as he went round the turn into the stretch, he cut the pacemakers down to size. No horse could do more.

Because I popped a small splint in my off leg the other day, I was obliged to watch the Preakness on TV, and it was not hard to take. Jack Drees, who called the positions of the runners, is still this department's favorite broadcaster, and I've never heard more interesting comment over the air from and about jockeys, thanks to Arcaro, who was in great form, and to Shoemaker, who is also articulate. What I liked most was that the whole race was replayed (if that's the word) several times, and the bumping incident for which Dancer's Image was disqualified was shown at least a dozen times. You can't beat that. There was also a special camera that followed the progress of Dancer's Image round the course. This camera's shots worked out well, too—better than a similar arrangement did for Silky Sullivan, that come-from-behind California thriller, in Tim Tam's year.

In the infield paddock before the race, Forward Pass, a picture of eagerness, good health, and conditioning, stood out in a far from handsome lot. Dancer's Image also appeared to be as fit as a race horse can be made, and Out of the Way, a nice, powerful colt, was more full of beans than the others. The ten runners were in the gate less than a minute before Eddie Blind, dressed to the nines for the occasion, sent them away to a good start. From it, Martin's Jig, Ringmaster, and Nodouble led for most of the way. The pace was not fast; in fact, the first six furlongs was run in 1:11—nearly two seconds slower than the time for the same distance in the Derby. Forward Pass was never far behind the leaders, and when he made his move, with about four furlongs to go, he looked the winner all over. So Forward Pass, placed first in the Derby after the disqualification of Dancer's Image, will be the favorite for the Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park a week from Saturday, with the opportunity to be the first horse since Citation to win what has come to be called the Triple Crown.

Though I'm no more superstitious than any other race-tracker, I can't help thinking that Dancer's Image has come under an unlucky star. For him to have his number taken down in the Preakness a fortnight after being disqualified in the Kentucky Derby is almost beyond belief. In the race last Saturday, he was closer to the early pace than I've ever seen him, and he was smoothly galloping sixth or so when he began his run. But this time there was no opening on the rail, as there had been in the Derby, and there was a wall of horses in front of him as he turned into the stretch. (Arcaro remarked later that Dancer's Image couldn't have jumped over them.) Oddly, Ussery, who rode him, had said before the race that Dancer's Image made his opening if none was there. And he certainly did this time, slamming horses right and left as he came through the traffic jam. Of course, he, too, suffered from the bumping—the offender invariably does—and I feel sure that if he'd had clear sailing he would have been very close to Forward Pass at the finish. No doubt Ussery was overeager to win, and you really couldn't blame him. The stewards didn't. He was not set down, though his mount was placed eighth.

Frankly, I hardly expected to see Dancer's Image in the Preakness. Peter Fuller, who owns him, had been so positive that the gray runner would not start in any race till Lou Cavalaris, his trainer, was permitted to saddle him for it. Early last week, Mr. Fuller changed his mind. Later, as you've undoubtedly heard, after a closed hearing lasting three days—probably the longest on record—the stewards of the Churchill Downs meet-



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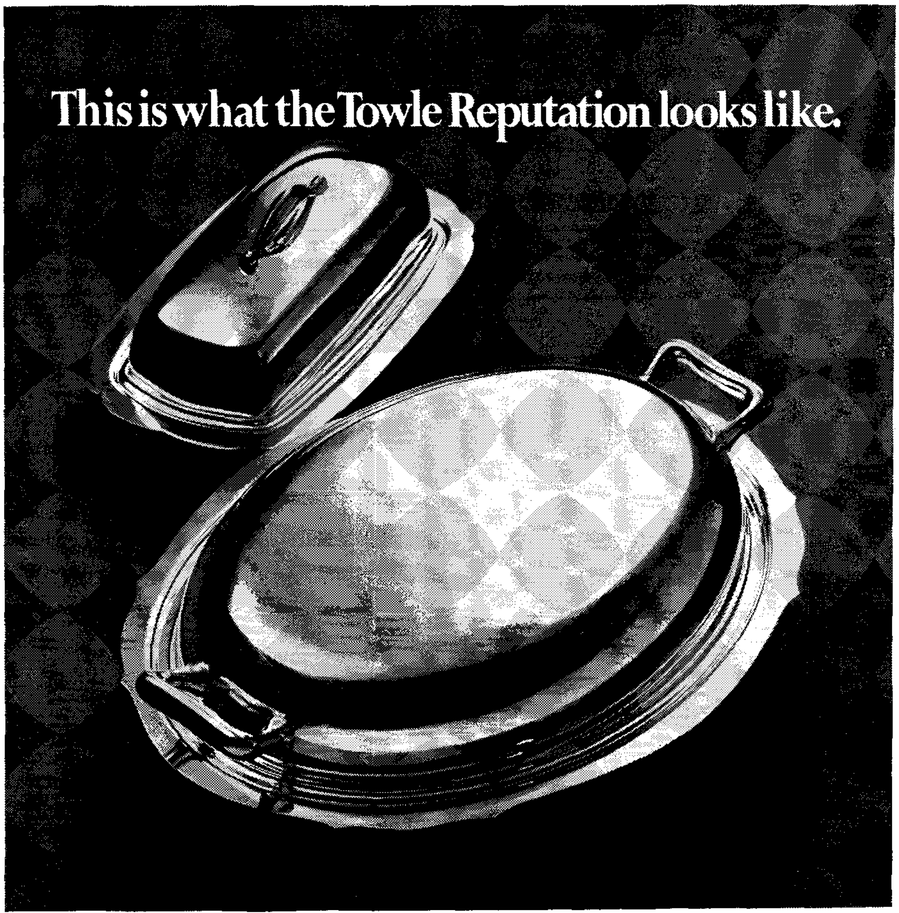

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ing confirmed their disqualification of Dancer's Image in the Derby, redistributed the prize money, and suspended both Cavalaris and Robert Barnard, his stable foreman, for thirty days for violating the rule on pre-race medication. (It had been found that traces of a drug known as Butazolidin were in the colt's system when he ran in the Derby, and according to the Rules of Racing a trainer is responsible at all times for the condition of his horses.) But that is not the end of this unhappy affair. Already an appeal to set aside the suspension of Cavalaris and Barnard has been taken by Mr. Fuller's lawyers to the Kentucky State Racing Commission, and an appeal from the disqualification of Dancer's Image and the redistribution of the purse will follow this week. And if the commission upholds its stewards the case will go to the law courts—to the Circuit Court, the Appellate Court, and higher. By the way, the Appellate Court in Ohio ruled last autumn that Butazolidin was not an illegal drug for a race horse; it is an anti-inflammatory agent, and does not stimulate.

RACING at Aqueduct can be dealt with briefly. The Fashion Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, was won by Alfred Vanderbilt's Show Off (her dam is Look Ma), with Juliet second, and Prefer, the favorite, third. On Saturday, Paul Mellon's Amerigo Lady came from far back in the last quarter to win the Top Flight Handicap by a neck from Politely, with Serene Queen third. Politely, however, didn't live up to her name; she was disqualified for bumping. Too Bald, winner of her last three starts, tired badly, finishing eighth.

ALSO last weekend, although he carried 130 pounds and gave weight in chunks to the thirteen other starters, Dr. Fager won the Californian Stakes at Hollywood Park. At the end of the mile and a sixteenth, he was three lengths ahead of Gamely. Rising Market was third. The good Doctor may return to the Coast for the Hollywood Gold Cup, at a mile and a quarter, on July 13th, which should be worth seeing. —AUDAX MINOR

•

John Lloyd Stephens, lawyer, politician and world traveler, sailed for Central America in 1939, ostensibly on a diplomatic mission for President Van Buren, but actually with the aim of discovering ruined cities in the jungles.—*The Times Book Review.*

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A FOOTNOTE

AT the end of the film "Viva Zapata!" Emiliano Zapata, the populist hero of the Mexican Revolution, is lured from the safety of the hills to a village square, where a government ambush shoots him down. His white horse, revolutionary Mexico's Bucephalus, races riderless from the village, eluding the frantic efforts of the military commander to kill him and thus destroy the last symbol of insurrection. From that moment on, as campesinos across the country are formally assembled to hear the news of Zapata's death, there will always be one to whisper, "His horse is in the hills. Zapata still lives." For half a century, the legend of Zapata, passionate leader of the landless, has endured, coloring the meaning of the great seminal event in modern Mexican history. Only a few months ago, the President of Mexico continued the fifty-year process of distributing land to campesinos in an elaborate ceremonial, demonstrating again how the cause championed by Zapata has been transformed into the indispensable devotional act of a revolution that has in fact spent most of its energies on industrial development and urban progress.

Comandante Ernesto (Che) Guevara may well become the Emiliano Zapata of radical revolution in Latin America. He is almost certainly dead. Fidel Castro has conceded that the report of his death in Bolivia is "painfully true." Our own intelligence agrees. A journalist who had met Che Guevara in Cuba saw the body and identified it. Still, there is enough mystery about his execution to leave an infinitesimal gap in certainty, through which future doubts may seep. Even as Che Guevara's brother was on the way to Bolivia, the body was suddenly burned. The despairing last lament attributed to Guevara by his captors—"I am Che and I have failed"—is almost certainly a propaganda fiction. Pictures can be faked. The conclusive fingerprints have been shown only to a select few. Castro might have his own motives for wishing us to accept the Bolivian story, and, in any event, he saw only the same pictures we did—though he presumably knew with certainty where Guevara was. It is entirely possible that, before long, stories will begin to drift down from the Andean plateau reporting that Che Guevara has been seen in the Peruvian altiplano, the sugar lands of northeastern Brazil, the mountain valleys of Colombia. His manner of dying yields, as nothing in his life ever did, possibilities of legendary immortality. He was a true believer, passionately convinced of the inevitability and justice of violent revolution along the course charted by Mao and Ho Chi Minh. He sympathized with the miserable, probably not out of personal love but out of that more abstract devotion which successful ideological movements demand. And he could hate: oligarchs, businessmen, landowners, and the United States of America. After a brief interlude of temptation, he rejected the corruptions of success, and left high position, comfort, and the satisfactions of being a world celebrity for the romantic, hopeless task of leading a revolution in the forsaken wretchedness of Bolivia. As a man, he had humor and courage, intellectual gifts, and a certain tenderness, all of which drew men toward him. Still, there was always a remoteness—a knowledge that no matter how close you came the man was withholding something. It is a quality useful to leadership and essential to heroic myth. Finally, he died young—brutally, and almost alone.

Of course, there was much more to Che Guevara: ruthlessness and cruelty, self-defeating stubbornness, and a hatred often too strong for practical action. He shared in the execution of hundreds of Cubans, and unhesitatingly betrayed some of his closest companions of the Cuban Revolution to help insure the dominance of his own ideology. He always stood in Castro's shadow, and his efforts to manage the Cuban economy were erratic, were scarred with frequent failure, and seriously antagonized the Soviet Union. In Cuba he was Castro's subordinate, but in Bolivia he was the leader, and that is certainly one of the reasons he went to Bolivia. Yet there is enough in Guevara's nature and story to create a mystical rallying point for the radical left, and especially for the young. To them, even the revolutionary past is a corrupt failure. The Communist parties in Latin America have almost become part of the ruling establishment, preaching patience and evolution. The Soviet Union seems to have accepted American hegemony in Latin America. I once had quite a long talk with a young Chilean Communist who bitter-

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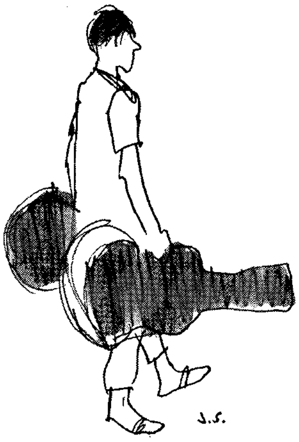
ly attacked the United States. In the course of defending our policies, I said that it was true we had made a few mistakes, and asked him if the Communists hadn't made some mistakes, too. He rose to his feet and replied, in anger, "Yes, not making a revolution." Growing numbers of men like this are looking for a hero of their own, and Che Guevara is now the leading candidate.

I first saw Che Guevara in August, 1961, a comfortably chill midwinter month, at the elaborate ocean resort of Punta del Este, in Uruguay. The Economic and Finance Ministers of all the American republics had assembled there in response to President Kennedy's proposal, made on March 13th, for a hemisphere conference to draft the basic charter of a new Alliance for Progress. Che Guevara led the Cuban delegation, and I was a member of the American group, which was headed by Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon. As Assistant Special Counsel to the President and one of the "New Frontiersmen" thought to be close to President Kennedy, I found myself being regarded by many of the Latin Americans as one of the more influential American delegates.

Much of the story of that conference, which culminated in the Charter of the Alliance for Progress and the Declaration of Punta del Este, has been told. Although Guevara and Secretary Dillon were symbolic adversaries, all the American countries except Cuba agreed to a document that incorporated President Kennedy's policies. Those policies were, in turn, a reflection of the most progressive Latin-American thought, and the United States often found itself in the unaccustomed position of urging Latin-American Ministers to take more liberal positions on such basic issues of social justice as tax and land reform. Guevara alone refused to sign the final Charter. To join with the United States would have been inconsistent with the Cuban claim to revolutionary leadership, which, four months after Cuba's great victory at the Bay of Pigs, was close to its highest point. Through our own policies we had helped make a small Caribbean island into the principal antagonist of the United States in the Western Hemisphere. From the beginning of the conference, a variety of Brazilian and Argentine intermediaries had made it known to the American delegation that Guevara wished to meet with its leaders. Although the possibility was kept open, we resisted the request while the conference was in process, for fear it might divert attention from the economic and social questions we had come to resolve. Besides, there was no chance of holding secret talks in a small town crowded with the interested and loquacious diplomats and journalists of twenty-one countries. For the last day, a party had been arranged in a private villa, where some of our Latin colleagues hoped that Guevara and the Americans might at least have an informal social encounter. However, the closing session had been marked by a direct clash between Dillon and Guevara, so we decided that a friendly party would not be appropriate.



Thus, the conference moved through the interminable speeches and drafting sessions without any direct contact between the Cuban and American delegations, except for a box of cigars. Guevara had noticed me smoking, and had remarked to a young member of the Argentine delegation that of course I would never dare smoke Cuban cigars. When the Argentine repeated this to me, I told him that I would love to smoke Cuban cigars but that Americans couldn't get them. (In fact, we did have a few, since the members of Guevara's revolutionary bodyguard were selling them to the hotel clerks for resale—principally to Americans—at a sizable markup.) The next day, a large polished-mahogany box hand-inlaid with the Cuban seal amid swirling patterns in the national colors, flying a tiny Cuban flag from a brass key, and crammed with the finest Havanas arrived at my room. With it was a typewritten, signed note from Guevara, reading, in Spanish, "Since I have no greeting card, I have to write. Since to write to an enemy is difficult, I limit myself to extending my hand." (I took the box, the cigars untouched, back to Washington and showed it to President Kennedy. He opened it and asked, "Are they good?" "They're the best," I said, whereupon he took one out of the box, lit it, and took a few puffs. Then he looked up at me suddenly and

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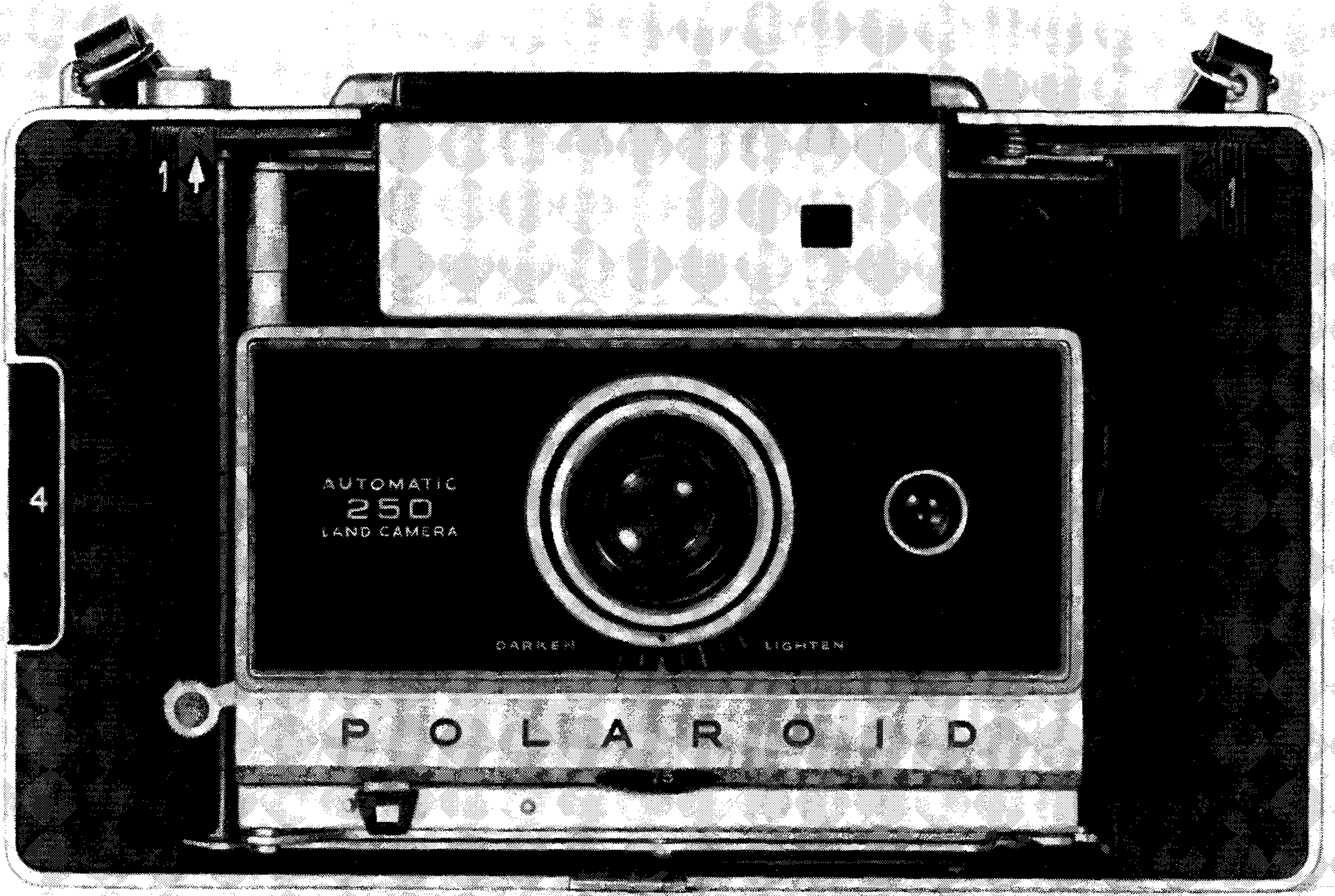

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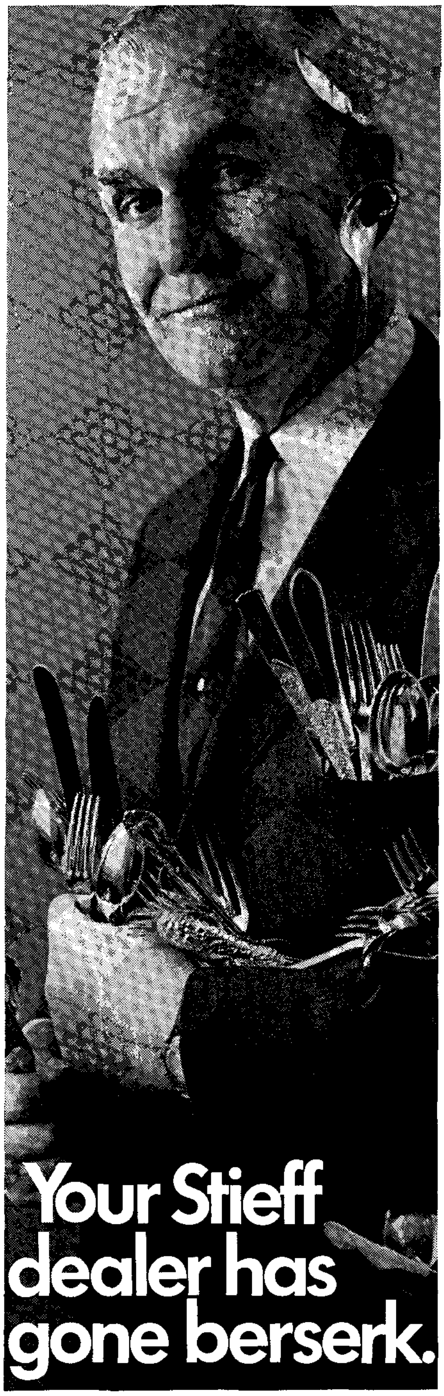
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said, "You should have smoked the first one.")

LATE on August 17th, the delegates filed to the center of the large, horseshoe-shaped conference table and signed the Charter of the Alliance for Progress. The next day, a few of us slept late before driving through the rich, green countryside to Montevideo, where we were to stay the night before boarding the Presidential jet for Washington. After we had arrived at Montevideo's crowded Hotel Victoria Plaza, and while we were eating in the dining room, a young Brazilian delegate, an Argentine friend of mine, and the correspondent for *Figaro* came by, and stopped to ask if I would like to go to a birthday party being given for the Brazilian delegate to the Latin American Free Trade Association—that still abortive effort at a common market, whose headquarters are in Montevideo. Having nothing else to do, I accompanied the three men to a small apartment in a quiet, dark residential neighborhood. The party was sedate as Latin-American parties go: men and women dancing to rather moderate samba and tango records while many of the guests who had been at the conference, including some journalists, stood around debating the week's events. What happened next was a mystery to me until a few months ago, when an account of the party by the French journalist was published in *Le Figaro Littéraire*. He and a Brazilian friend, both of whom had been involved in the unsuccessful effort to arrange a meeting between Guevara and the American delegates on the last day of the conference, decided that this was their opportunity. They called Guevara at his hotel, told him I was there, and invited him to come. He asked for someone to bring him. Meanwhile, the French correspondent joined me and, without mentioning the call, said he could introduce me to Che Guevara. To what seemed casual banter, I replied, "We don't need the French to mediate." Twenty minutes later, at the early Latin hour of 2 A.M., Guevara entered, accompanied by two bodyguards and dressed in the well-pressed olive-drab combat fatigues that he had worn throughout the conference and that had helped make him the romantic hero of the Punta del Este girls, who gathered around him admiringly every time he walked through the streets. Although I was surprised, I had no doubt he had come to talk with me. Had I been wiser and more experienced, I would probably have

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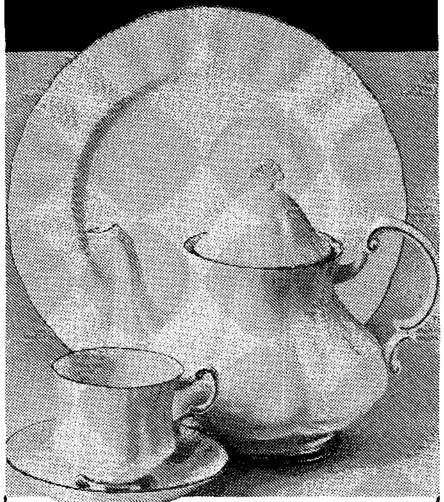

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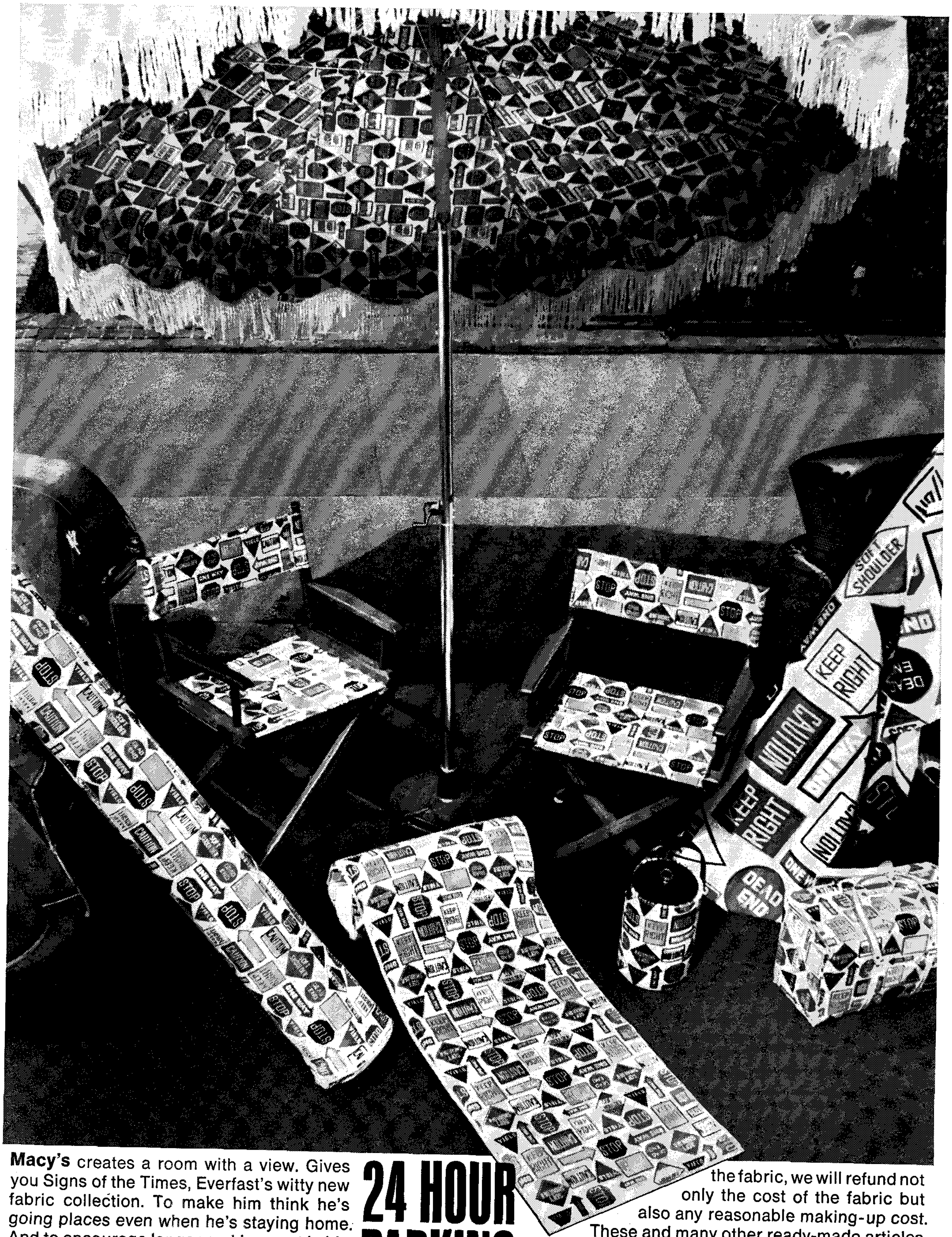

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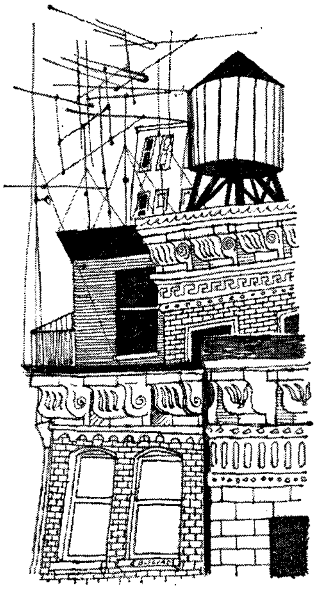
left. However, being fresh from the splendid bravado of a Presidential campaign, I told myself that an American wasn't going to flee a room just because Che Guevara entered it.

Guevara and his two bodyguards slowly circled the buffet table in the outer room, sampling the heavy cream cakes that are the Uruguayan equivalent of the eggs and coffee that often appear in the early morning at one of our own parties. Guevara then turned to an Argentine and a Brazilian, both of whom had been delegates to the conference and were casual friends of mine, and said he would like to speak with "Goodwin." They guided Guevara toward me as I was talking with three journalists, including Juan de Onís, who was then the Rio de Janeiro correspondent for the New York *Times* and is probably the most knowledgeable of all North American journalists about Latin-American affairs. We were introduced, shook hands, and stood silent for a moment—suddenly in the center of an arena. Then Guevara said he would like to say something to me. At that time, my Spanish was good enough so that I could understand much of what he said, but throughout the discussion each of us spoke in his own language, with the Brazilian and the Argentine alternating as interpreter. I replied that I had no authority to negotiate or discuss anything but that I would be glad to listen and that I would report what he said "to others." That satisfied him. However, a crowded room and samba music didn't seem an appropriate setting, so our host led our diverse little group to a small sitting room. Responding to a faint murmur of inner caution, I had asked Juan de Onis to come with us, so he could later testify that I had not bargained the Western Hemisphere away to Khrushchev. I soon discarded even this skimpy protection, when Guevara indicated that he could not talk comfortably while there were newspapermen in the room. The Argentine and Brazilian officials stayed throughout.



Although there were a small couch and two chairs in the room, Guevara and I both sat on the rug at first, to demonstrate our populist, informal, and youthful natures. Since no one else claimed a seat, I was soon in a small upholstered chair, and Guevara sat facing me on the couch. From a distance, as he walked purposefully through the conference rooms and the streets of Punta del Este, the slightly stocky, erect man in fatigues, with his untrimmed beard, had seemed rugged, even tough. Now, as I looked at him across a distance of a few feet, his features seemed soft and slightly diffuse, almost feminine. At the start, he appeared to be nervous—more nervous than I was—looking from person to person, shifting in his seat, and talking slowly and uncertainly, as if every word had to be carefully considered not only for its content but for its effect on the audience. As we talked, he relaxed. Then his manner grew intense, and for the next three hours his eyes rarely left mine. He spoke with an air of detachment. What he said was free of polemics, insults, and obvious propaganda, and he was willing to interrupt the flow of discussion for an occasional humorous exchange. There was never any question about his complete confidence that he spoke for the Cuban government. His remarks were well organized—had been carefully thought through—and rarely did he distinguish between personal opinion and Cuba's official position. Although at that time some hemisphere experts were still debating whether Castro was truly a Communist, Guevara left no doubt of his own adherence to Communism and used the word frequently in referring to himself and to Cuba. My recollection of our conversation is based on lengthy notes that I made immediately after the meeting and that I later transcribed into a memorandum for the President. Unfortunately for historical anecdote, since the memorandum was also to be submitted to the stern appraisal of Rusk, McNamara, et al., I omitted most of the jokes.

Guevara began by saying he wished to thank us for the Bay of Pigs.

I said he was welcome.

Their hold on the country had been a bit shaky, he explained, but the invasion allowed the leadership to consolidate most of the major elements of the country behind Fidel.

Perhaps, I answered, they would

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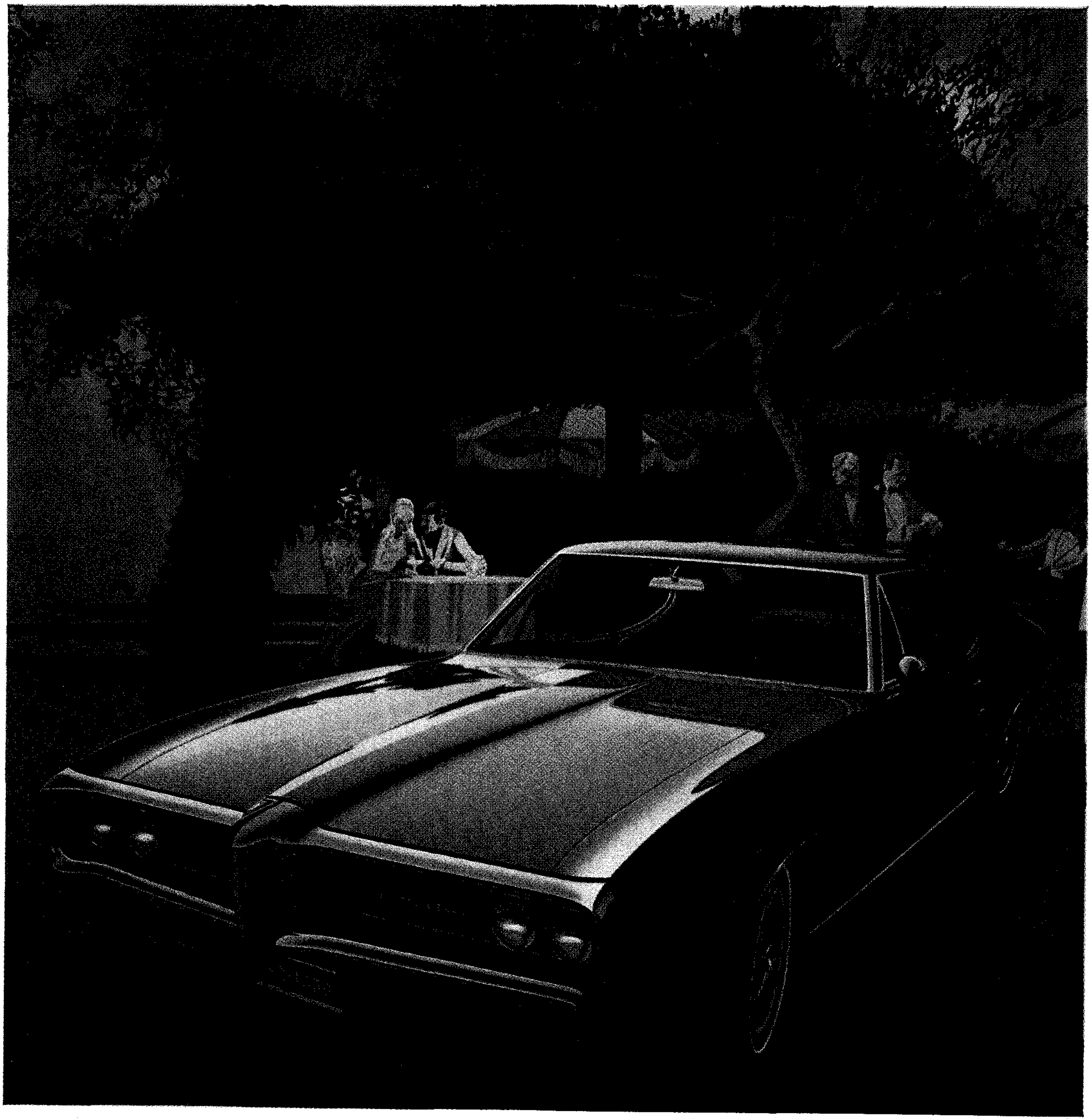

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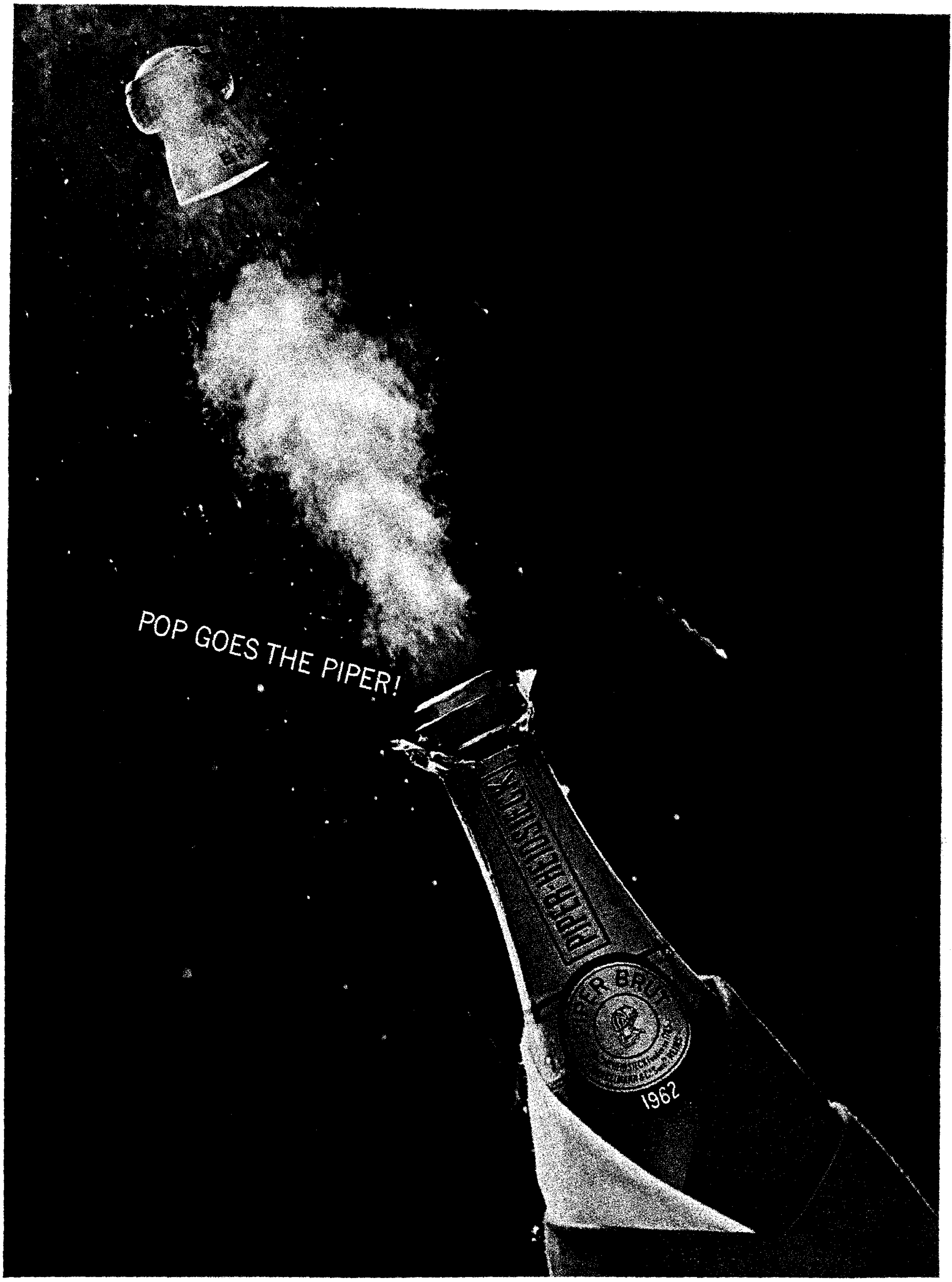
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return the favor and attack Guantánamo.

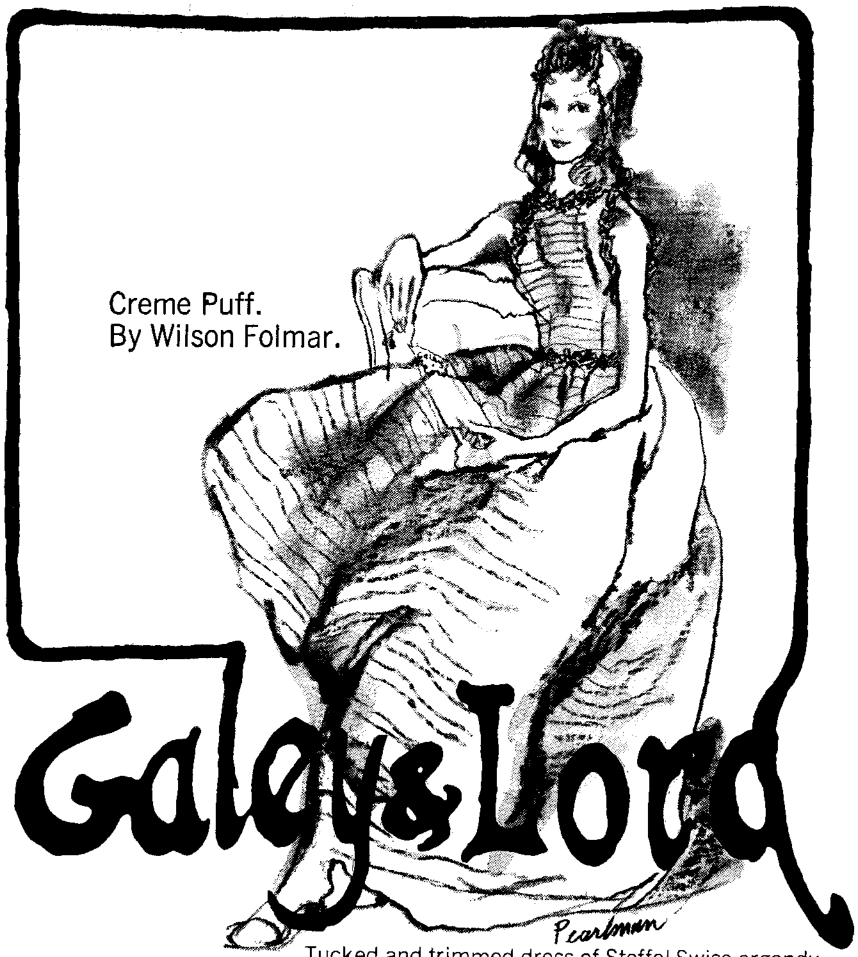
Oh, no, he said, with a laugh. We would never be so foolish as that.

Even though the Bay of Pigs was not dangerous, he continued, it did reveal the most dangerous factor in the relations between our two countries: the American failure to understand the Cuban Revolution.

Alternating between pride and admonition, Guevara began a lecture on the Cuban Revolution. That revolution, he asserted, is irreversible. We intend to build a Socialist state. We are also now out of the United States' sphere of influence, and that is irreversible. Cuba will become a single-party state, with Fidel as First Secretary of the party. Our ties with "the East" (Russia) will continue, since those ties stem from natural sympathies and from common beliefs about the proper structure of the social order. We, the revolutionary leaders, already have the support of the Cuban people for this course, and that support will grow as time passes.

You in the United States, he warned, must not act on the false assumption that you can rescue Cuba from the claws of Communism. (He clearly meant by other than direct military action.) Nor should you believe that Fidel is a moderate surrounded by a bunch of fanatic and aggressive men, and might conceivably be moved over to the Western side. He is one of us and always has been. It will not be possible to overthrow the revolution from inside, since there is diminishing support for such an effort and the internal opposition will never be strong enough. The Cuban Revolution, he said, is gathering strength, not losing it, and is influencing liberal thought all through Latin America. For example, all the left-wing forces in Uruguay are uniting under the banner of Cuba. (This was a considerable overstatement. Although Cuba did at first attract many non-Communist leftists, the appeal rapidly faded, and even at its height it never produced the popular-front kind of unity.) If Cuba were in danger (presumably from the United States), civil war would break out in many countries, and such war might well come in any event.

After this implied warning against United States intervention, Guevara spoke with growing intensity of the impact of the Cuban Revolution throughout the hemisphere in demonstrating, through the force of its example, that popular Socialist revolution was possible in the Americas. However, he continued emphatically,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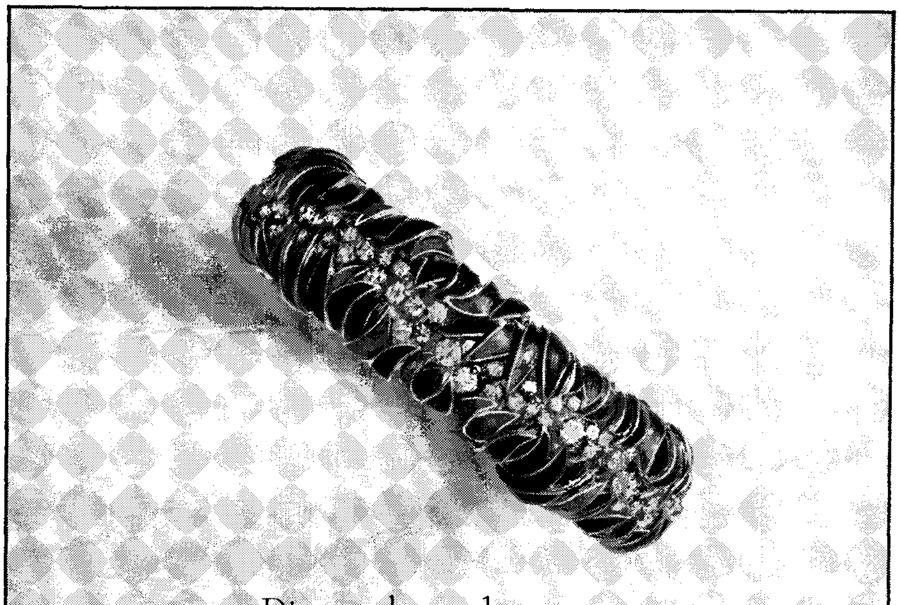
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in building our Communist state we do not intend to repeat the aggressive and repressive acts of the East. There will be no Iron Curtain around Cuba. Rather, we will encourage technicians and visitors from all countries to come to our country and to work.

The mention of visitors apparently reminded Guevara that more than a hundred people had recently made unanticipated visits to Cuba when their commercial planes had been hijacked and the pilots forced at gunpoint to fly to Havana. The responsibility for these plane thefts was then a matter of considerable doubt and controversy. The American government was uncertain whether Castro was involved, perhaps moved by some irrational whim of defiance, and the Cubans suspected that the United States might be engaged in a Machiavellian plot to create a *casus belli.* Most of us in Washington thought—what was probably the truth—that the acts were those of a few fanatics, either dedicated or deranged. Guevara said he didn't know whether I knew who stole the planes, but he wanted to affirm that the Cubans were not responsible. The first plane, he said, was taken by a young fellow who was a good boy but a little wild and who was now in jail. We suspect, he continued, that the last plane was taken by a provocateur (that is, a C.I.A. agent). We are afraid that if these thefts keep up the situation will be very dangerous.

Having touched on this problem, Guevara went on to discuss the difficulties of the Alliance for Progress, and asked if I had listened to his speech at the closing of the conference. In that speech, he had told the Ministers that the idea of the Alliance for Progress was fine but that it would fail in operation. He had also asserted that the play of historical forces was working on behalf of Communism, that there would be either leftist revolutions or rightist coups leading to leftist takeovers, and that there was a strong chance that in some countries the Communists would come to power through popular elections. (None of this has happened.)

I assured him that I had listened to his speech very carefully.

He said he wished to add that there was an intrinsic contradiction in the Alliance—that by encouraging the forces of change and the desires of the masses we might loose forces that would be beyond our control and would end in a Cuban-style revolution.

I noticed that neither at this point

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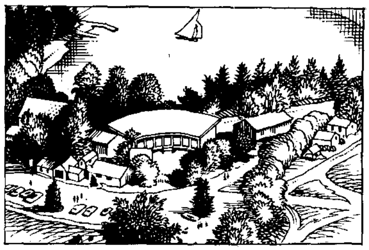

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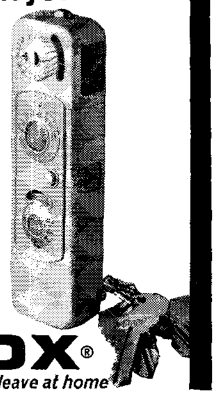

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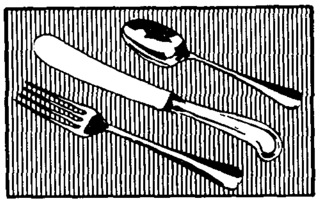

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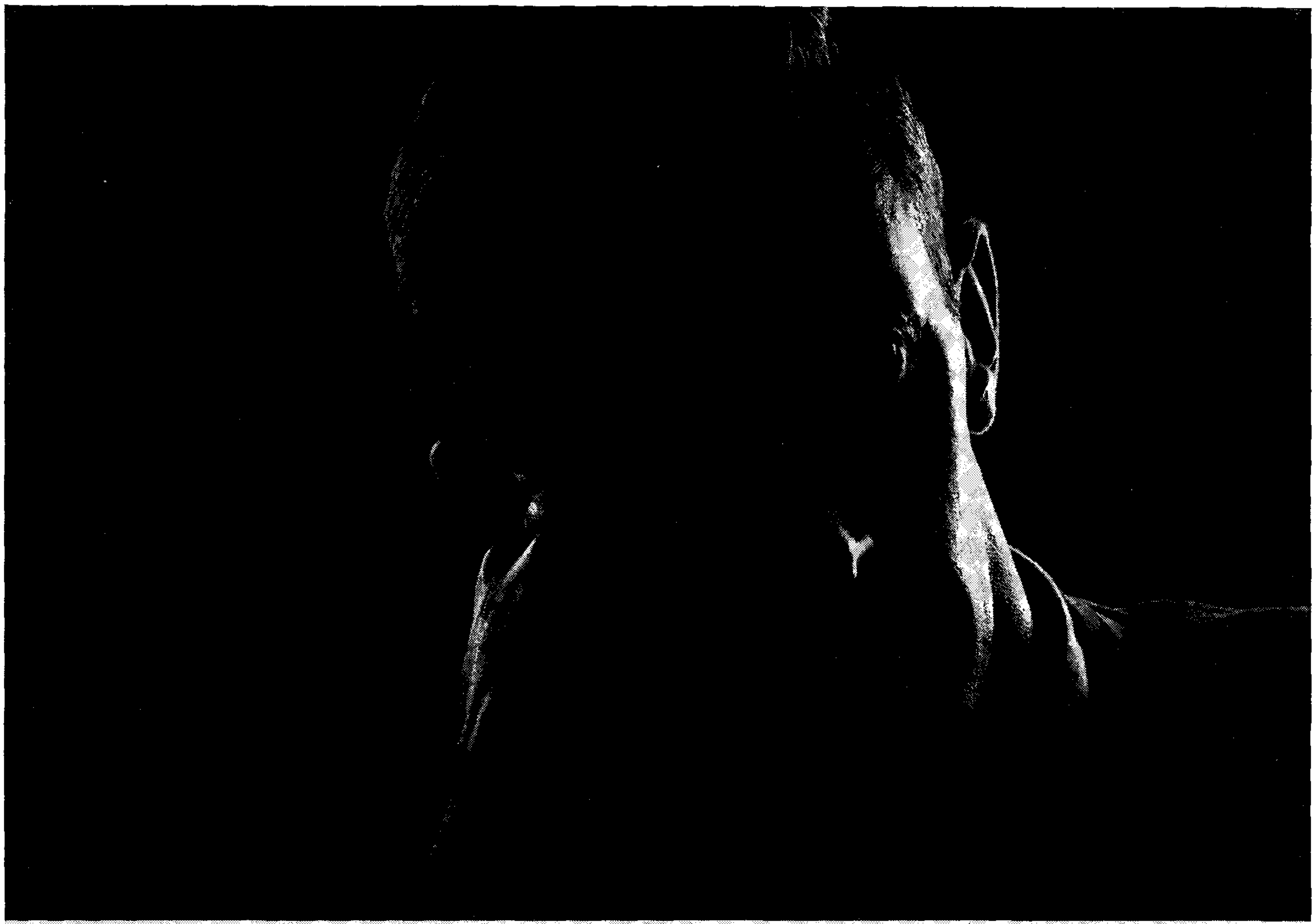

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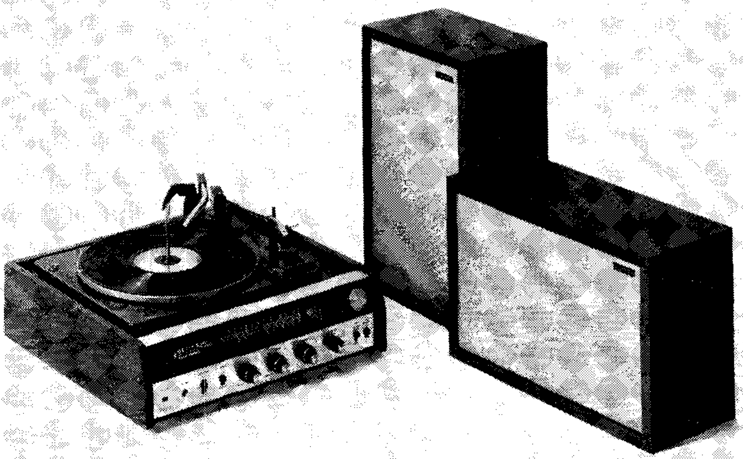

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nor at any other did he imply that Cuba might play a more direct role *in advancing the march of history.*

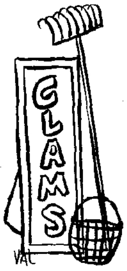
Now that he had discussed America's difficulties, Guevara continued, he would like to discuss Cuba's problems, and he would do so very frankly. We have, he explained, several rather serious basic problems. There is still a disturbing amount of counter-revolutionary sentiment, with armed men trying to undermine the government, and there is considerable sabotage. The small bourgeoisie are hostile to the revolution, or, at best, are lukewarm. Then, there is the Catholic Church. Here he just shook his head in dismay. Our factories, he said, look naturally to the United States for resources, and especially for spare parts, and at times the shortage of such spare parts makes for a critical situation. Most of the factories have American machinery and equipment, and sometimes, when it breaks down, an entire assembly line, or even a factory, is paralyzed until we can get what is needed through Canada or until we can retool with Soviet or European equipment. Completing the catalogue of ills, Guevara admitted: We have accelerated the process of development too rapidly and our hard-currency reserves are very low. Thus, we are unable to import consumer goods and meet the basic needs of the people. (This was one of the first solid indications of a Soviet reluctance to invest enough in Cuba to make it a model of Socialist development in the hemisphere—a failure that was surely one of Communism's great lost opportunities in Latin America. Perhaps it was that, as a Brazilian diplomat put it, "you don't feed the lamb in the mouth of the lion.")

After thus balancing the problems of the United States and Cuba, Guevara proceeded to the core of his purpose. We don't want a true understanding with the United States, he said, because we know that that is impossible. We would like a modus vivendi. Of course, it is difficult to put forth a practical formula for such a modus vivendi. I myself know, he said, how difficult it is, because I have spent a lot of time thinking about it. However, it is better and easier for Cuba to propose such a formula, because your country has public opinion to worry about, whereas we can accept anything without worrying about public opinion.

Guevara paused and waited.

I remained silent, aware of my own lack of authority, and unable to think of any response that would not—at least in the minds of Guevara and the *officials from Argentina and Brazil*—signify American receptivity to the idea of a modus vivendi with Cuba.

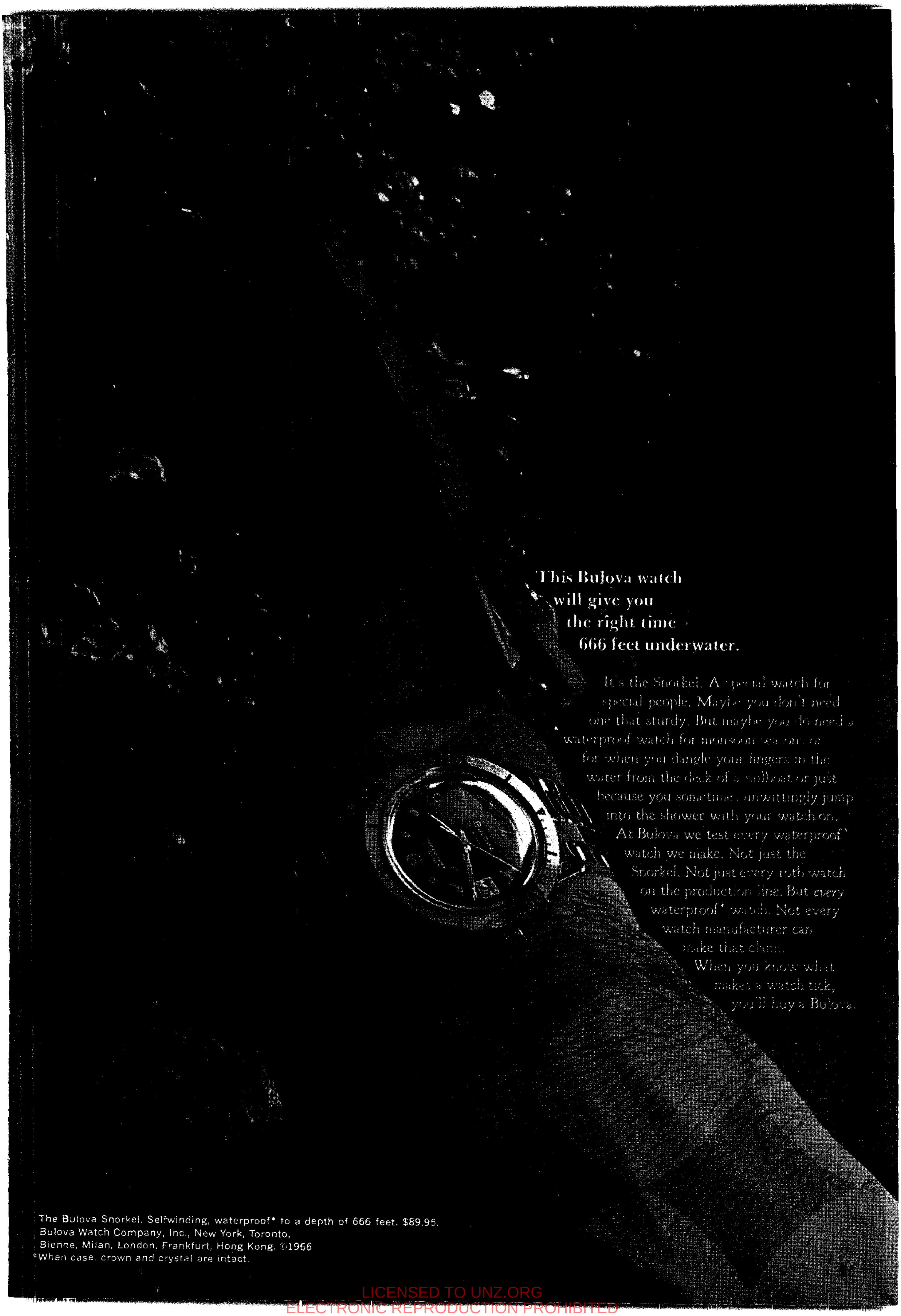
After a minute or so, Guevara broke the silence, saying that, in any event, there were some things he had in mind. He then began to outline what was evidently the Cuban negotiating position. We cannot, he said, give back the expropriated properties—the factories and banks—but we can and will pay for them in trade. We could also agree not to make any political or military alliances with the East, although this would not affect our natural sympathies. Free elections can be held, but only after a period of institutionalizing the revolution has been completed.



I asked him if this meant a one-party system.

He replied that it did. We will also agree not to attack Guantánamo, he continued, laughing, as if such an assurance were absurdly self-evident. Then he touched on the most sensitive point of all. We are willing, he said, to discuss an agreement limiting the activities of the Cuban Revolution "in other countries." Here, almost for the first time, he became cautious and oblique. Clearly, he could not affirm that Cuba was promoting revolution in other countries—even though he knew I had access to the facts about such activity—while he was in the presence of the Argentine and Brazilian officials, whose countries, after all, were somewhere on the list. Yet, although he was indirect, Guevara made clear his awareness that any possibility of a modus vivendi would depend on Cuba's willingness to refrain from revolutionary activity in other countries; and he was telling me that Cuba was willing to discuss such a prohibition as part of an over-all understanding. In return for this package, the United States was to stop any effort to overthrow the Cuban government by force, and was to lift the trade embargo. Guevara asserted that there could be no discussion of any formula that would require giving up the type of society to which the revolution was dedicated. I know it will be difficult to discuss these things, he said, but perhaps we can begin by discussing subordinate issues, such as the airplane thefts. Once such talks begin, more important issues can be brought into the discussion.

By now, almost three hours had passed. (Interpretation required more than half the time.) Having completed



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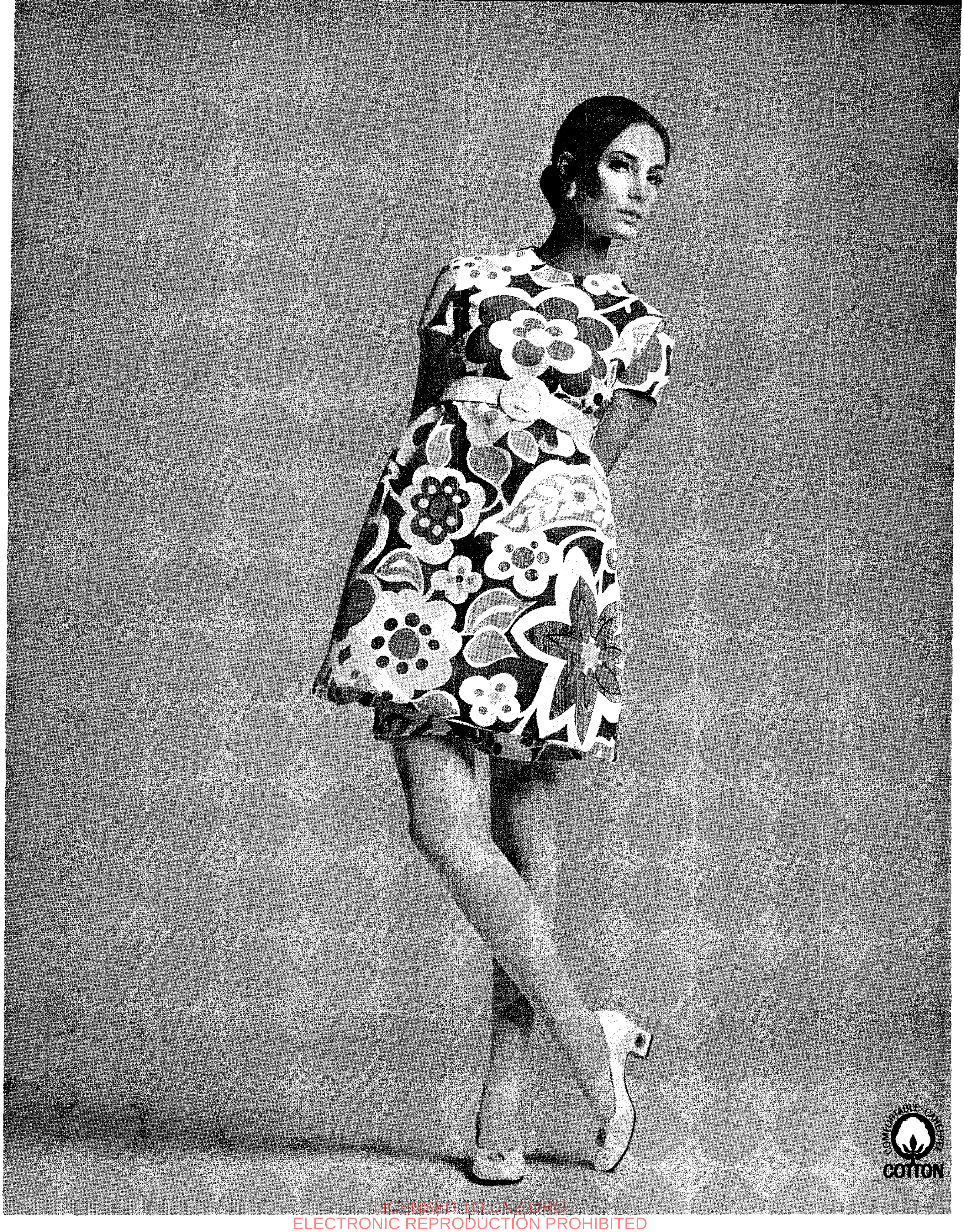

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his exposition, Guevara could not resist the satisfaction of once again gently expressing his gratitude for the Bay of Pigs. It was a great political victory for the Cuban revolutionary leaders, he assured me, and had also transformed Cuba from an aggrieved little Caribbean country into an equal antagonist of the United States. He closed by saying he would tell no one about the substance of this conversation except Fidel, and I said I would not publicize it, either.

It was almost 6 A.M. when we rose, shook hands, and went back into the main room of the apartment, where a diminished number of couples were still doing the samba. I asked the journalists to treat the fact of the discussion as off the record. They agreed, and all three honored their pledge. (Even when the encounter became front-page news, about ten days later, Juan de Onís observed his commitment with a precision rare in journalism, and never wrote a word on the subject, although the two other men considered themselves released from their pledge.)

I returned to my hotel immediately, leaving Guevara to the cream cakes, and made notes of what he had said until it was time for breakfast and the delegation's departure. In eleven hours, the Presidential 707 carried us two-thirds the length of the hemisphere, to Andrews Air Force Base, in Maryland, where the members of the delegation boarded helicopters for the familiar trip past the Washington Monument to the White House lawn. After President Kennedy had greeted us with a brief statement of congratulation, I walked into the mansion with him and told of the meeting with Guevara. He directed me to prepare a complete written account for the top officials in the government. That account is the source of this historical footnote.

THREE epilogues ramify from this unplanned and unexpected encounter: my own, the fate of the proposal for negotiations, and the epilogue of Che Guevara.

My memorandum to the President went to his foreign-policy advisers in the White House, the State Department, and the Pentagon. I also sent the President another memorandum, giving my views on our future policy toward Cuba, in the light of both the Punta del Este conference and the conversation with Che Guevara.

Meanwhile, Guevara had left Uruguay for his native Argentina, and a supposedly secret meeting with Presi-

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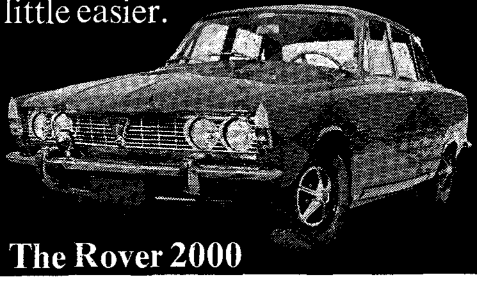

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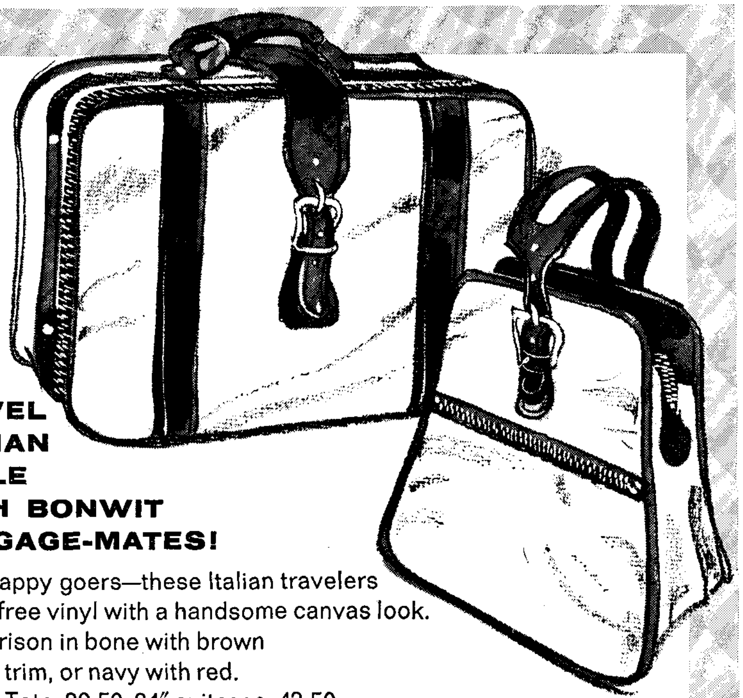

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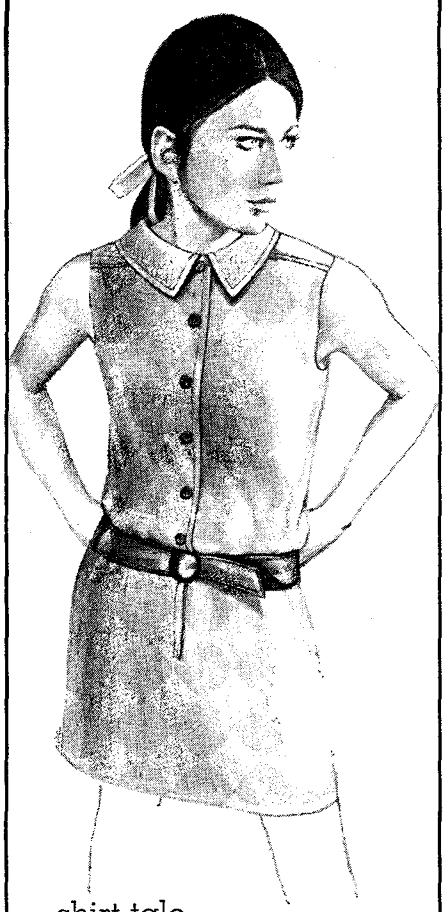
dent Arturo Frondizi. It is difficult to understand how the extremely intelligent Frondizi succumbed to the illusion that such a meeting could be hidden, especially since he knew that the Argentine military had a group of men on guard at the Presidential palace whose sole mission was to spy on the President's activities. The Argentine generals were getting increasingly restive and were seeking a pretext for bringing off one of their periodic coups (which occurred several months later). Almost immediately, there was a storm of accusation in Buenos Aires. In defense of his President, the Argentine Foreign Minister, Adolfo Mugica, claimed that it had been perfectly all right for Frondizi to talk with Guevara, because I had been negotiating with Guevara in Montevideo. In most Latin-American countries, a United States precedent is an almost perfect defense against charges of being pro-Communist.

The Minister's statement was picked up by the American press—much to my discomfort, for the clear implication was that some sort of secret formal negotiation had been conducted. I called the Argentine ambassador and pointed out that the statement was inaccurate and disturbing, and the White House denied that we had made any deals with Castro. The story lapsed for a few days, until Frondizi sacrificed his Foreign Minister to the demands of the military. Then that determined gentleman, in the course of announcing his resignation, proclaimed that what he had said about "Goodwin" was true just the same. This was enough to thrust the story onto the front page of the Washington *Post*, and to persuade Senator Wayne Morse to convene his Latin-American subcommittee to hear my story. I duly appeared, explained how the meeting had come about, and was rewarded with a public statement by Senator Morse that his committee had decided that neither I nor the government had sought a meeting with Guevara or entered into any negotiations.

The brief, trivial flurry died, but even today, at intervals of about six months, books or articles appear that mention the meeting, attributing to it vast and often malign, if vaguely defined, consequences. A final personal incident was averted almost two years later. I was told that a woman television correspondent interviewing Guevara had asked him why he didn't like any Americans. "I like one," he said. "Who?" she asked. "I won't tell you" was his generous answer. "It might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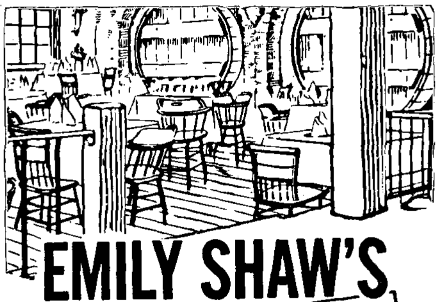
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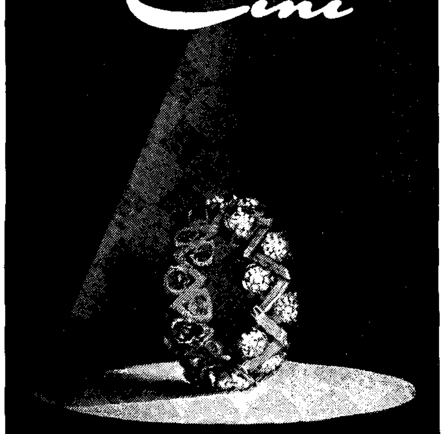
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In hope of doing each other some good

Kodak

7,000 persons of influence

In hope of doing each other some good on a cold, rain-swept morning at Atlantic City in March, we in company with two other equally well known technology corporations entertained 7,000 of the most influential people in the country, all wearing convention badges of the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development. This pallid appellation identifies professionals who tell teachers what to teach and how. The parents dutifully send the kids to school, trusting that these people will know why.

The three of us put on a big multi-media show for them. Not the least of the media was the art of the dance: competent teeny-bopping by youthful personnel from Atlantic City High School helped convey the message that the li'l red schoolhouse had been knocked down by a bulldozer and is not about to be rebuilt, not even in spirit.

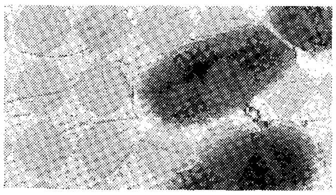
To our guests this was hardly news. They understand our position. They can see that we, too, want to be influential in a large way but have only technology—in which we have placed all our faith—to win us a sense of participation.

A tour of the exhibits at the convention was reassuring. Photography, the technology in which we happen to specialize, need no longer plead hard. It is accepted. It shows the child the great and real world direct, not just the way the teacher sees the world. The machinery which this technology brings into the schoolhouse now gets less in the way also, having been recently shrunk physically. On exactly how to use the film image, our powerful friends have not yet endorsed any one line of sales talk. Standardization seems far off. Bless them.

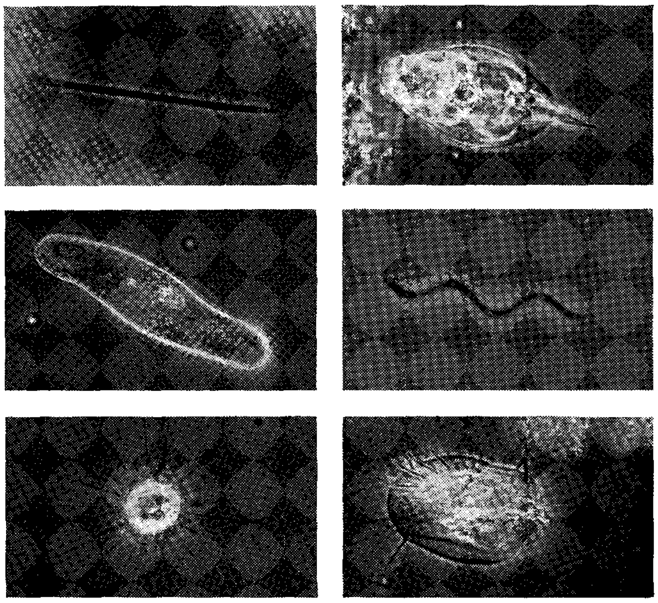
Activated sludge, a fascinating subject

We take water from Lake Ontario and put it back in the Genesee River after we are through with it. Right now we are building a $6.5 million plant further to improve the quality of the discharge. We are going to give the water back sparkling clear and fit for trout. Biggest voluntary project of private industry in support of the state's pure water program, says the Governor.

- If the factory were closed, the benefits of the light-sensitive materials made there forgotten, and the people sent far away, the quality of the water in the Genesee River would further improve. There is a better way.
- Distillation purifies water the most. Some day nuclear energy may be cheap enough to distill half a billion gallons of water a day. But the heat evolved might change the climate. Too bold for now.
- Passing through artificial membranes also does a good job. Plant to do it might run a few hundred times the cost of any other purification plant on earth. Imprudent.



- Better at the job than any passive artificial membrane is the natural one that separates the outside world from the active and incredibly efficient and adaptable chemical plant inside a bacterium. Nobody knows how to build such a plant, nor is there any need to. Under foot everywhere and awaiting the chance to flourish are abundant prototypes in whatever design is required to disassemble any compound presented, including phenol and other "germicides." Poison for one nurtures another.
- The public (including millions of healthy, satisfied owners of septic tanks) equates all bacteria with disease, failing to understand what a mess there would be if they were all wiped out forever.
- Bacteria serve as food for organisms of more complex form, which are eaten in turn by other forms, and so up a chain. All are so small that one sees with the naked eye only brown broth, an abomination almost by definition. Yeasts and other fungal cells may also be present to compete with the bacteria for the nutrients we wish to get rid of. Except for certain bacteria at the bottom of the chain, all the organisms need oxygen. Supply that in abundance and life is lived in the tank at high pitch. Thus are wastes burned off biologically. Steps are taken to make sure the organisms remain behind when the cleansed water leaves.



Members of the team on a certain day

- The chain of life that cleanses streams was working long before vertebrates and factories evolved. Engineers just make the process more efficient.
- Activated sludge systems like the one we are building are designed and operated by engineers who wish the biologists would get interested and clear up the mysteries of the day-to-day and hour-to-hour population changes in the tank. Predictability and clear, firm specifications are wanted.
- Biologists are well aware that many mysteries are there to be unraveled, but it's hard to establish a scientific position on a foundation of factory effluvia.
- Our management has committed us to share happily any technology we develop as the plant progresses.

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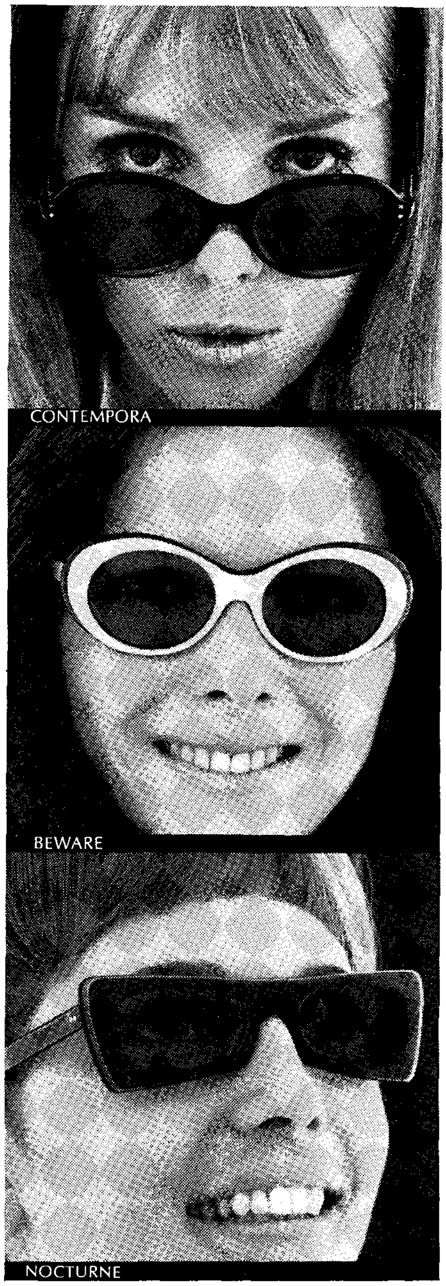

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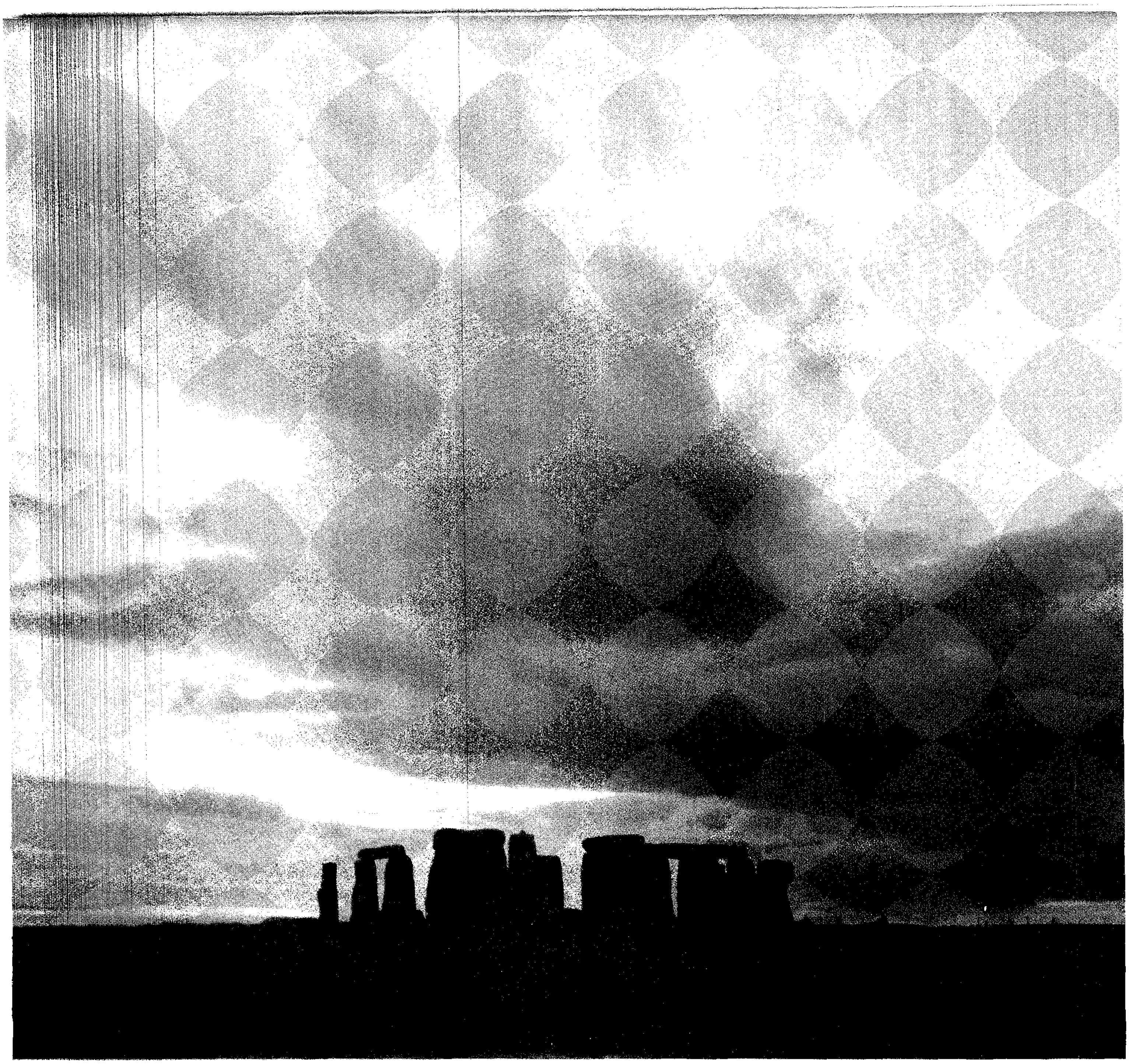
hurt his career." The correspondent persisted, however, until she hit on my name. Guevara nodded, and said, "That's the one." When I heard this story, I rushed to the phone and called the correspondent, expressing the hope that she would yield to the combined judgment of Che Guevara and me. She said she had no intention of broadcasting his testimonial.

THE possibility of a negotiated modus vivendi with Cuba which Guevara raised was put aside for two years. At the time, some of our most progressive associates in the hemisphere were under serious attack by pro-Castro Communists. The position of President Rómulo Betancourt, of Venezuela, was especially precarious. His elected government was menaced both by Communist revolutionaries and by a fearful military. This infinitely courageous man was in the midst of a battle for political survival that often erupted into violence on the streets of Caracas or in the surrounding countryside. Any formal accommodation between the United States and Cuba would undoubtedly have strengthened the insurrectionary forces, perhaps decisively, and would probably have precipitated a military coup. There might well have been similar consequences in other countries. There was also the larger awareness that Castro's influence was rising and that any understanding between Cuba and the United States would be taken to mean he had successfully compelled us to accommodate ourselves to a Communist, anti-American government in Latin America. This would probably increase the already rising appeal of similar movements elsewhere. At least, that was the assessment. These were not the only reasons we did not pursue the Guevara initiative, but they were the most compelling. By 1963, however, much had changed. Castro's appeal as a revolutionary model had almost disappeared. The missile crisis had changed the nature of the Cold War while seriously undermining Castro's claim that a small nation could be both Communist and independent. "We were for Fidel," a young Chilean said, "until we heard the balalaika." And South American governments were far more secure against Communist revolution. That fall, President Kennedy sent a representative to conduct discussions with the Cuban representative at the United Nations, to determine whether direct negotiations with Castro might be fruitful. Those talks were suspended when the President was killed, and there, as far as I know, the matter remains.

CHE GUEVARA's own career followed an erratic and puzzling course from the time of our meeting in 1961 until he went to Bolivia to die. The Russians disliked him for what they regarded as his stubborn inefficiency in economic matters. His revolutionary beliefs demanded that Cuba be made an industrial state and relieved of dependence on its sugar crop. Soviet economists tried, with limited success, to persuade him that economic facts would not yield to ideological commands, and that it was far more efficient for Cuba to sell sugar and buy goods with the income than to manufacture everything it needed. The economists were right, of course, and as the Cuban economy lagged, Guevara was gradually relieved of his control, although many other circumstances and individuals have to share the responsibility for the lack of rapid growth. In addition, it is almost certain that Guevara's relations with Castro were marked by periods of violent strain alternating with periods of renewed intimacy. Perhaps there was just not room enough in Cuba for both of them.

From the moment Guevara left for Bolivia, in the hope of duplicating the Cuban success, or, at least, beginning a guerrilla movement that would reinvigorate the fast-wilting expectations of fellow-revolutionaries in the hemisphere, his defeat was almost inevitable. It is hard to think of a place where a guerrilla war would be more certainly doomed. Bolivia is run by a general, but his government is neither particularly more repressive and corrupt nor particularly less popular than its civilian predecessors. Revolutionaries there have no oligarchs to terrorize, no wealthy businessmen to hate, and no large landowners from whom the soil can be wrested. Everyone in Bolivia is poor. The oligarchy was driven from the country in the revolution of 1952 and the land redistributed to the campesinos. The most important industry, the tin mines, is largely owned by the



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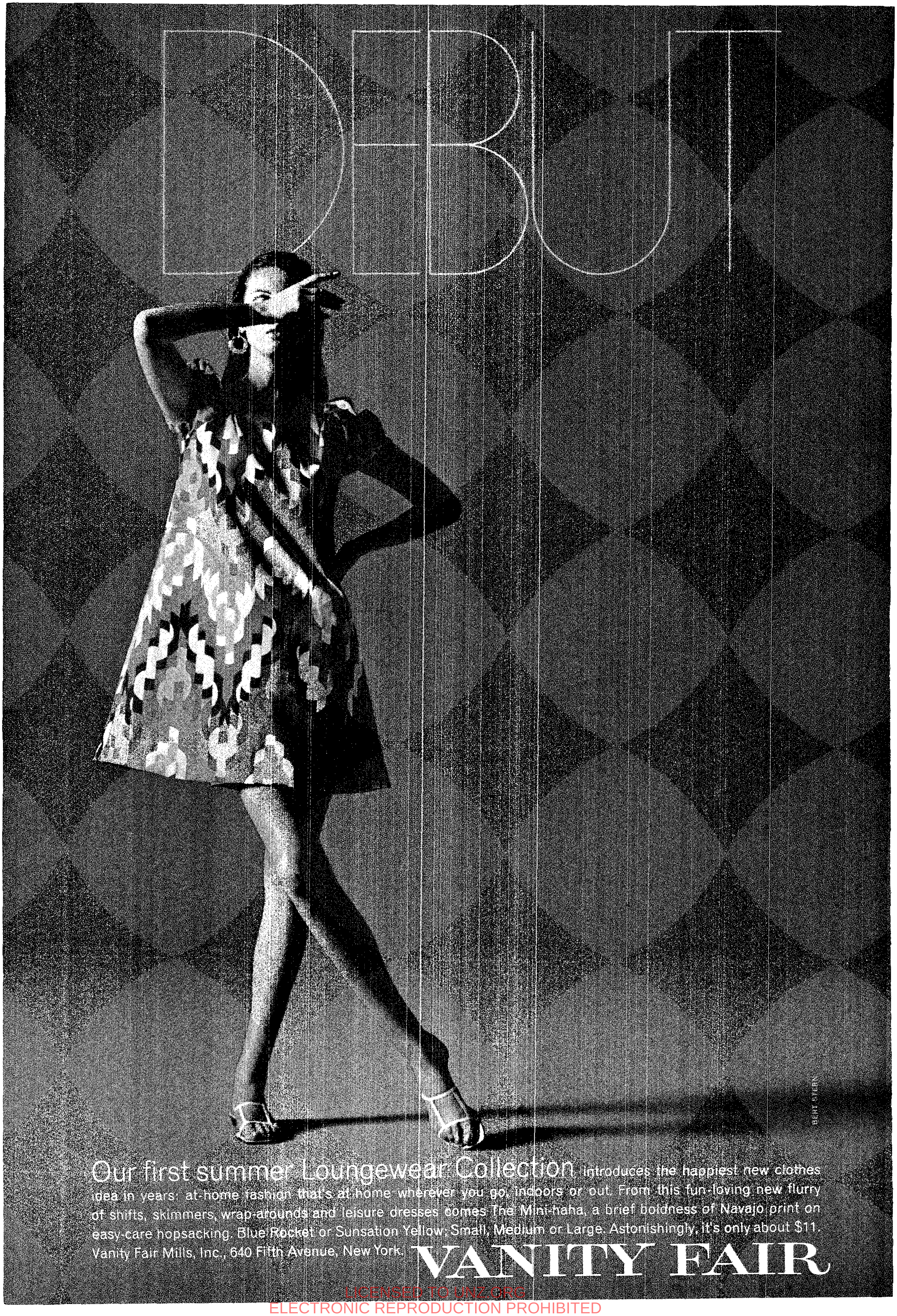

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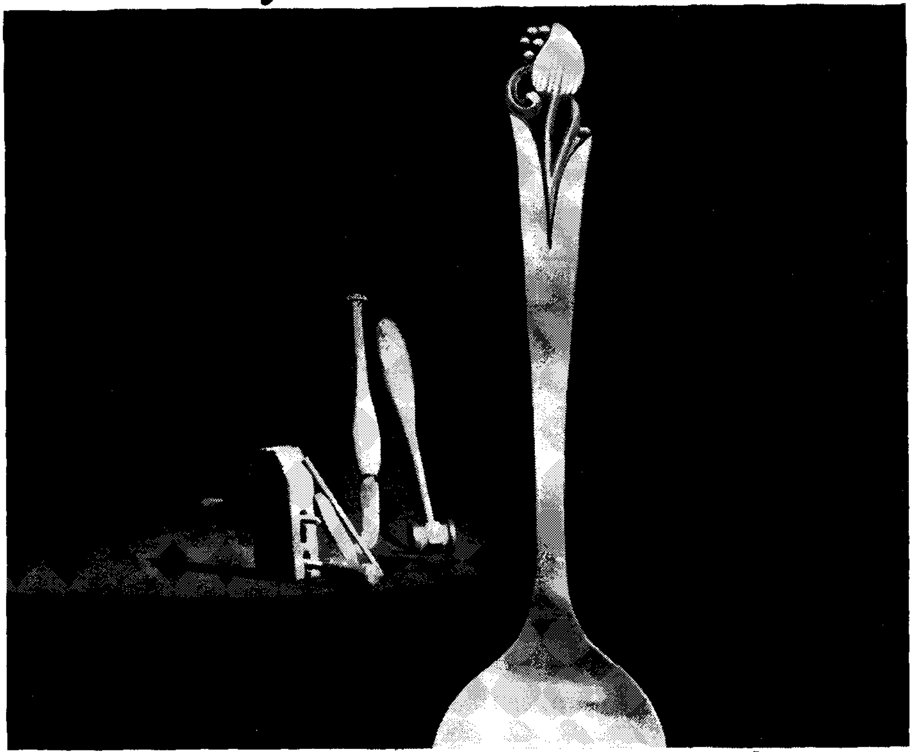
state. Bolivia is a country afflicted with outrageous poverty, but those whom one must kill in a struggle for power are mostly men and women who share the common misery. It is hatred of injustice and the sight of wealth, far more than discontent over poverty, that fuel ideological revolutions. Moreover, Guevara's type of guerrilla war demands a growing band of men who share passionate convictions and expectations—men with a cause that can attract recruits and sustain their revolutionary spirit through painful and dangerous years. The Indians of the Andean plateau cannot easily be shaped into such an instrument. It is about four hundred years since the Spanish conquerors smashed the empire of the Incas and reduced its people to servitude. Since then, the descendants of the conquered have heard many promises, unmeant and unfulfilled, and they rarely believe in the rhetoric of redemption, whether it comes from the Bolivian government, from the United States, or from Che Guevara. They trust only what they can hold—new land and tools, clothing and food. Nothing is more haunting as you travel across the altiplano of the Andes than the eyes of the Indians as they watch and listen to their leaders and to yours—eyes blankly attentive, with an emptiness so profound that it seems to reflect a dimension of existence outside your own experience. (It is reported that Guevara wrote in his notebook shortly before his death, "The inhabitants of the region are as impenetrable as rocks. . . . You talk to them, and in the depths of their eyes it can be seen that they don't believe.") They are not a hopeless people, for when they have been given new land to colonize, or a chance to learn more productive methods and skills, they have responded with a vigor drawn from their impressive heritage. But they answer to the substance of hope, and not its language. Nor are the stocky brown Indians of Bolivia likely to follow a romantic white Argentine suddenly materializing from a place as foreign to them as New York City or London. The only really successful and charismatic modern leader of the Andean Indians has been Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre, of Peru, who is said to be descended from the Incas. A sympathetic foreign nation may help an indigenous revolt, but it is certainly as difficult to initiate and lead an internal revolution from the outside as it is to halt one. This is the twin lesson of Vietnam and Che Guevara. There are other reasons the pattern of the Cuban revolution cannot

Once you had to inherit it



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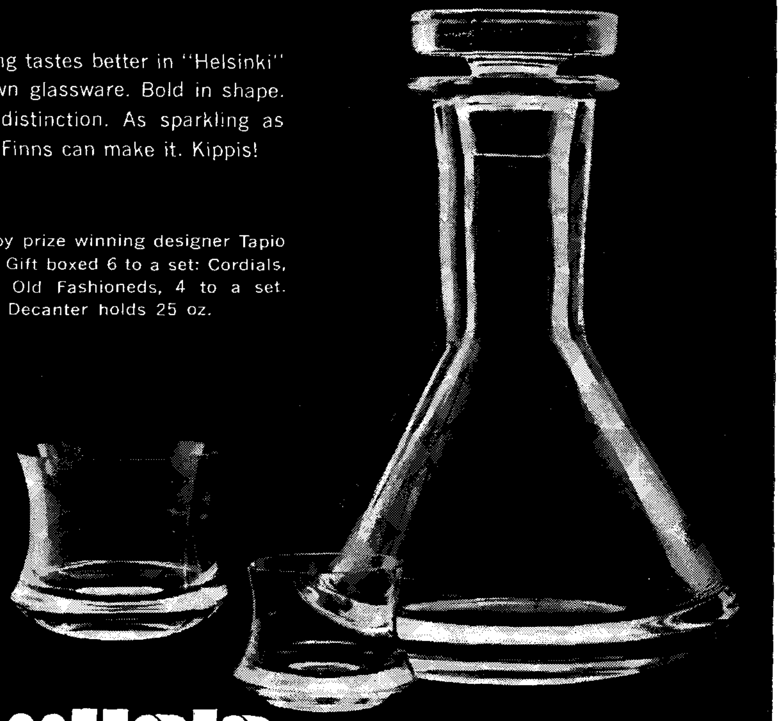

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easily be repeated in other Latin-American countries. After all, Castro himself followed a path distinct from that of revolutionaries in other countries, and if successful Communist insurgency does come elsewhere, its shape will flow uniquely from the circumstances of the nation concerned.

It was wrong and tragic that the Bolivians executed Che Guevara after capturing him. He is a far more compelling symbol in death, yet my brief glimpse of his personal vitality makes me believe he would rather have survived, even as a prisoner, than have become a legend. But that is the way things are in Bolivia. In full view of the President's office window in La Paz, one of the country's most highly prized monuments, intermittently guarded by two soldiers, is a lamppost from which an earlier President's body was suspended by an angry mob. It is a reminder that those who lose in Bolivia must expect to die. I am sure that that was Che Guevara's expectation. And, after all, he came to kill.

In the note that accompanied the cigars, Guevara referred to me as an enemy. He was right. Had I been in office, I would have joined in recommending that we assist the Bolivian government to subdue the guerrillas. I like to think, however, that I would have done what little I could to prevent Guevara's execution, and without any illusion that he might have done the same for me. If he had been able to, he would have destroyed much that we all cherish. Still, I wish he had not been killed. In a minor repetition of an old human tragedy, I could sense, as we talked, shared passions fruitlessly struggling to cross the barriers of irreconcilable loyalties and beliefs. But in his quest he was, in E. E. Cummings' words, "more brave than me: more blond than you."

—Richard N. Goodwin

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

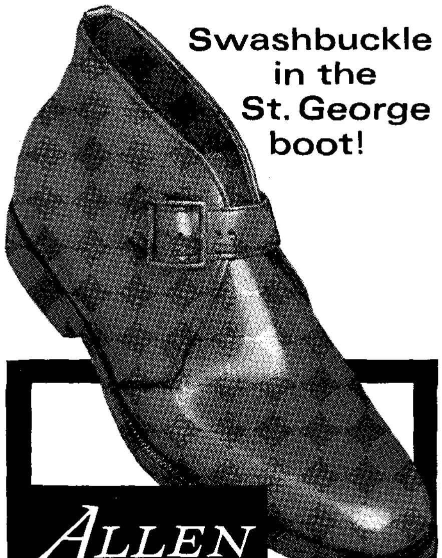
[*From the Cleveland Press*]

In answer to the doctors' complaint that there is a two to three-month wait for hospital beds in the area, Seifert said retaining the 200 beds at Doctors would have little effect on the situation. If there were more beds, there would just be more persons wanting to get into the hospital, said Seifert.

•

After a further wait of 20 minutes, reporters filed out into the garden, where the crisp, sunny afternoon chairs had been set up.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Probably made in Japan.



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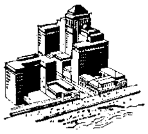

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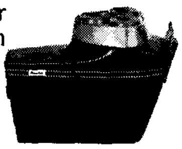

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THE ART WORLD

The Concept of Action in Painting

IN the history of painting styles since the Renaissance, action is a mode of drawing and of handling pigment that tends to alternate with modes of stillness. Van Gogh is active, Seurat still; Mondrian is still, Soutine active. Action in the art of the past fifty years has, however, aims much broader than style; it seeks a recasting of life, and it extends painting beyond aesthetics into issues of politics, ethics, psychology, and the future of culture. Indeed, action in twentieth-century art implies a repudiation of any objective aesthetics. With Mondrian, for example, the equilibrium of tensions produced by relations of color, line, and scale is intended to evoke the intellectual state necessary for a new social order. American Action painting at its inception was a method of creation—not a style or look that pictures strove to achieve. In some instances, it was not even a method so much as an attitude, an outlook. Theoretically, the canvases of Action painters could be entirely different from one another in appearance, and in fact they have been different. Many are totally abstract; others are landscapes and figures, plus figures in landscapes and landscapes that *are* figures.

Jackson Pollock was an Action painter, and so was Hans Hofmann, and so is Willem de Kooning. But so also, or very close to being one, is, in his own view, Barnett Newman. These artists have shared a concept of creation based on the intuition that there is nothing worth painting. No object, but also no idea. The activity of the artist became, in their opinion, primary. In this activity, Pollock sought what he called "contact"—that is to say, a certain state in which the artist is guided by the image he is in the course of producing, with neither object nor preconceived image as aim. But the act of the artist *might* (the "might" is essential, since one could not be certain)—the act of the artist *might* produce an image worth seeing. "I paint in order to have something to look at," said Newman. This joke reflects the sense of being surrounded by a visual void. Existing forms lack significance, and instead of pursuing objective ends the artist therefore falls back on a method of creation that invites possibilities of innovation.

Why should artists of the forties have held such a negative view? Were there not trends and directions in art that could still be developed? For instance, the problem of surface and depth as conceived by Cubism and carried forward by Mondrian? Or some aspect of color and its optical vibrations as investigated by Seurat? Formal problems such as these were the focus of nineteenth-century vanguard art movements. Confronted by new devices and industrial techniques—the camera, optical research—that were usurping the social functions of painting while providing new visual knowledge, the modernists of the last century sought to purify the formal elements of their art and to liberate those elements from utilitarian ends and from association with the way things look. Some wanted painting to be painting, music to be music, and nothing else. Others wanted to detach color, drawing, composition from nature and to use them independently to stimulate the spirit and the imagination. "Pure art" was one of the most powerful slogans of the late nineteenth century, though for every concept of pure art there was another that called for mixing forms with reality in a more direct way. This formal modernism, or modernist formalism, came to an end in 1914. "By World War I," testifies David Jones, the Anglo-Welsh poet-painter, who is one of the keenest commentators on the art of our epoch, "even academicism, let alone tradition proper, was already moribund," and the sacred words of the old aesthetics—"form," "shape," "composition," "represent"—were all in the process of shifting their inner meanings.

Modern modern art—that is, art since the World Wars—arises from the conviction that the forms of Western culture, including its art forms, have permanently collapsed. What does the collapse of forms mean? It means that while they may still be repeated, the forms of Western art are no longer capable of arousing deep feelings or affecting major experiences. They can no longer be taken as a guide or developed to a higher level. The notion that art could be vanguard in 1968 by elaborating the color theories of 1880 could occur only to the bright design students of *Art Forum*. Tra-

The air conditioning is Chrysler Airtemp.
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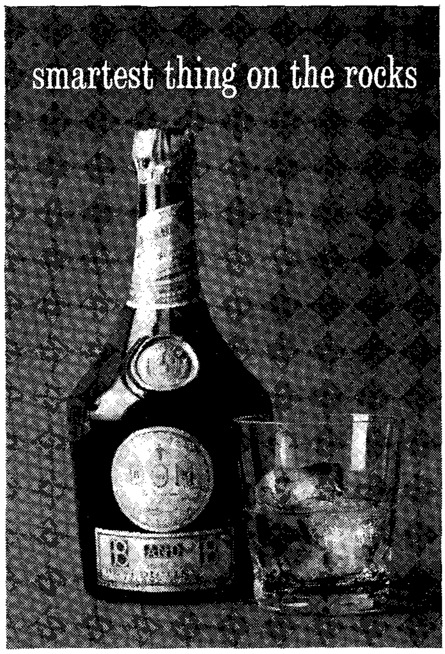

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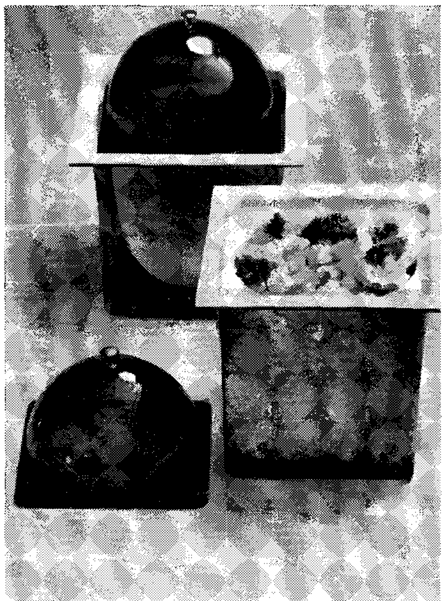

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ditional forms have become, in T. S. Eliot's phrase, "fragments I have shored against my ruins"— shored, that is, for those who wish to avert ruin instead of starting out anew. "Modern life," wrote Delmore Schwartz, commenting on Eliot, "may be compared to a foreign country in which a foreign language is spoken." He might have added, "And in which there are no natives."

Being convinced of the collapse of forms is Axiom One of the vanguardism of the past fifty years. It is the basis of the major moves in art, from Dada anti-art to electronic spectacles and mixed media. The *modern* modern poet or painter, as distinguished from the old modern artist, picks his way among the bits and pieces of the cultural heritage and puts together whatever seems capable of carrying a meaning. The Action painter does this putting together in an original and lively way. He starts an action and observes what kind of image it will magnetize out of the formal accretions piled up in his mind. He is a kind of archeologist, and he digs anywhere, not just among modern art movements. Action painting is an attempt by artists to project themselves into the present, to shake off a past that has become a mental harness. In this respect, Action painting is a precursor of psychedelic and other magical moods that also aim at a plunge into the present moment. But the present of action is different from that of hallucination.

The general model for *modern* modern art is thus given by Jones: "A series of fragments, fragmented bits, chance scraps, really, of records of things, vestiges of sorts and kinds of *disciplinae*, that have come my way by this channel or that influence. Pieces of stuffs that happen to mean something to me." Is this a description of de Kooning's "Gotham News"? Of collage? Of Pop Art? What difference does it make? All have the same cultural physiognomy and different individual content, whether or not the works look like "chance scraps" and "records of things," as do the "combines" of Rauschenberg. In regard to form, Jones's key phrase concerns the vestiges of disciplines. There are no disciplines, only vestiges of disciplines; no forms, only vestiges of forms. It is vestiges of disciplines that are found in de Kooning, Pollock, Kline, Guston, as it is vestiges of forms that constitute the work of Gorky and David Smith—vestiges of the discipline of Cézanne, of Cubism, of a form of Miró, of strokes of Manet, of a contour of Michelan-

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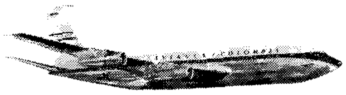

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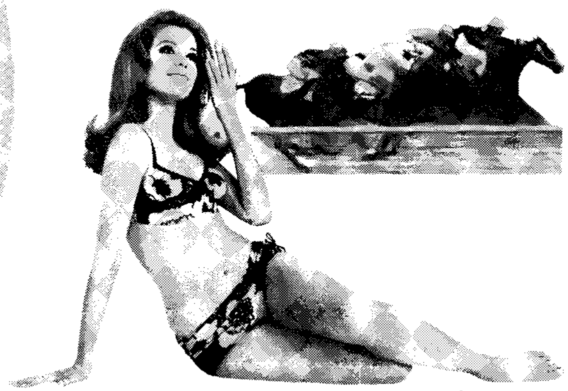

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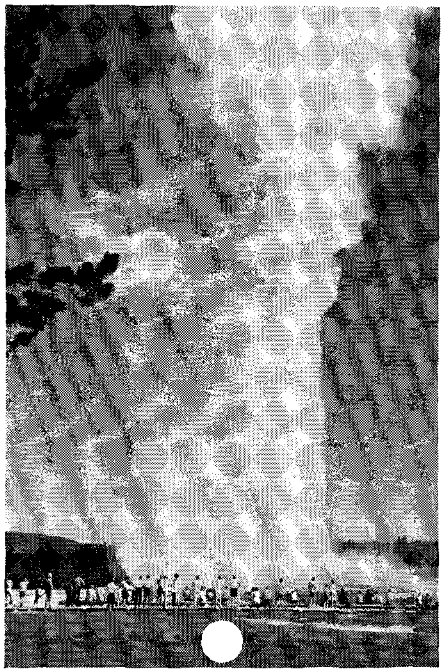

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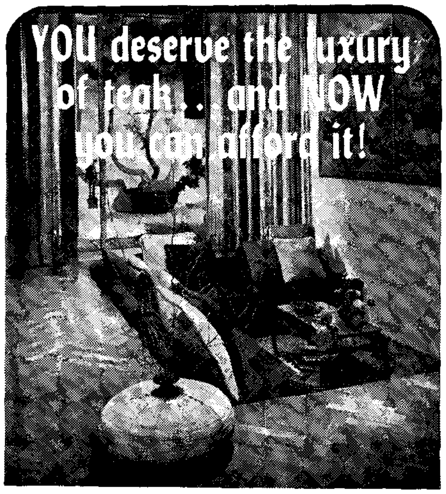
gelo. The Action painter fuses these vestiges into a single vision by the intensity of his psychic concentration in the course of painting. He doesn't know which form of the past he is going to draw on, and he will therefore tend to draw on more than one.

The artists I have mentioned, and most deliberately de Kooning, produce what I have called a "transformal" art—the only kind of art that is consistent with the recognition of the present formless state of our culture, on the one hand, and of the indispensability of form for human consciousness, on the other. The transformal art of Action painting stands between the sterile formal exercises of academic modernism and the liquidation of art into data and into aimless spontaneity. Its product is a fragment—something perhaps sketchy and incomplete compared with the masterpieces of the past. But this fragment, this sketch, is a succession of wholes, in that each gesture of a brush that goes into its composition is a totality in itself. One might say that an Action painting begins by being complete and develops toward being a fragment. The process was made clear in de Kooning's celebrated "Woman I," of the early fifties, into which dozens of paintings disappeared, while the final canvas was the result of an arbitrary interruption.

In Action painting, the problem of beginning and ending, of entrance and exit—for both artist and spectator—becomes the focal question. (There is no such problem when an artist, intending an "object in itself," projects a work from a blueprint or orders it from the factory.) The fragmentary art of transformal Action painting engages itself within the fragmentary inner world of contemporary man and the fragmentary outer world of a civilization in which the cultures of all times and places are being blended and destroyed. The notion of producing formal wholes in such a situation—in a word, of formal art—is, if not an absurd illusion, a kind of act of force directed against the individual as he is. No matter by what technique a work is produced, it cannot constitute a whole, since the condition of the artist and the spectator must be taken into account. In the constantly disintegrating social context, the artist can, as Paul Klee said, create only "parts." And after an interval these parts, too, fall to pieces. The vision of the collapse and disintegration of forms is repeated in the art and literature of our time in thousands of metaphors, ranging from the notion of the prearranged physical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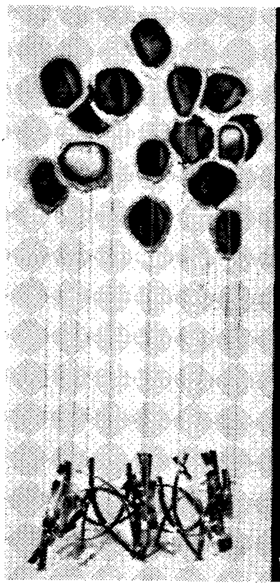

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deterioration or destruction of works of art to their inevitable deterioration in the mind of the spectator. Joyce makes art out of the disintegration of words, Beckett and Ionesco out of the disintegration of action, Peter Weiss out of the disintegration of history. More than a hundred years ago, Edgar Allan Poe measured the maximum number of minutes that poetic excitement could be maintained. Duchamp has spoken of a work's loss of aroma, which turns it into an object for academic study. In sum, paintings and sculptures have lost their character as enduring objects and have been reincarnated as *events*. This happens as well with works inherited from the past, insofar as their existence as art is concerned. The "Mona Lisa" arrives from Paris and is greeted at the dock like a movie star. She has suddenly come to life, which means that she must also anticipate periods of eclipse. In a recent book on museums, the curator of the Louvre complains that the new crowds of visitors threaten the physical survival of masterpieces. On the philosophical plane, all values are crowded into the present; i.e., into future oblivion or myth.

"Thirty years ago," declared Paul Valéry in 1935 (that would make it 1905), "it was still possible to examine the things of the world *in historical perspective;* that is, everyone in those days expected to find in the present (the present of those days) a fairly intelligible sequel and development of the events that had taken place in the past. Continuity reigned in their minds. . . . What made up civilization was quite easily linked with the past. But during the thirty or forty years we have just lived through, there have been too many innovations in every field. There have been too many surprises, too many things created or destroyed; and too many great and sudden developments have brutally interrupted . . . that continuity I spoke of. More and more numerous problems every day, perfectly new and unexpected problems, have arisen on all sides, in politics, in the arts, in science." This was written before the Second World War, the collapse of France, the discovery of nuclear weapons, and the emergence of the United States as the world's great power. With these developments, the link between the present and the past has grown infinitely weaker. It is this aggravated situation that Action painting has confronted with its techniques of evoking the present. "Since henceforth," Valéry said in another discussion, "we must deal with the *new*, of the irreducible type I have

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mentioned, our future is endowed with *essential unpredictability*, and this is the only prediction we can make." Valéry, too, decided that art was action, in which inherited forms had no function but to provide an arbitrary resistance calculated to heighten the concentration of poetic energy. Art is an act of the mind in which the body has its part. Valéry describes how one of his most renowned poems originated in the rhythm of walking. Bad art, he decided, is art that arises out of the principle of "*least* action." This standard, properly understood, could serve as a guide in contemporary art criticism.

That culture has collapsed carries radical implications. Collapse is taken for granted by revolutionists of both the left and the right. Both foresee the need for reshaping life as well as for replacing social institutions and disciplining the arts. In the breach of cultural continuity, radical politics sees the end of history and the beginning of the reign of an Idea. The avant-garde artist is also aware of the inner collapse of culture, and he, too, is a radical who demands a new kind of life and a new kind of art. But the artist can*not give himself to political Utopianism.* He knows that in the reign of the Idea, whether it be in Plato's Republic or Stalin's Russia, the imagination is outlawed and the free artist is treated as superfluous and a nuisance. Thus, avant-garde art since the Second World War has kept shifting its position along the frontiers of politics. At times, as was true of the Dadaists and Surrealists, it has produced parodies of political action. At other times, as with the Social Realists, it has conceived of itself as a political weapon. In American Action painting, art became a mythical substitute for the myth of the American revolution. Political relations are a key quantity in postwar modernism.

The outlines of art as action began to emerge in the nineteenth century. Marx speaks of the liberation of work, and declares that free work is work for the sake of the worker, as distinguished from work for the sake of the product. In this idea, which puts creation above the object, whether artifact or commodity, Marx anticipates the thought of Klee and of the Action painters—a thought that Jones beautifully formulates in his concept that in art "one is trying to make a shape out of the very things of which one is oneself made." In Marx, Klee, Jones we have entered a dynamic world dominated no longer by things but by the activities of men. Beyond Marx,

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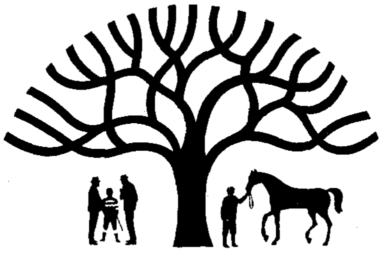

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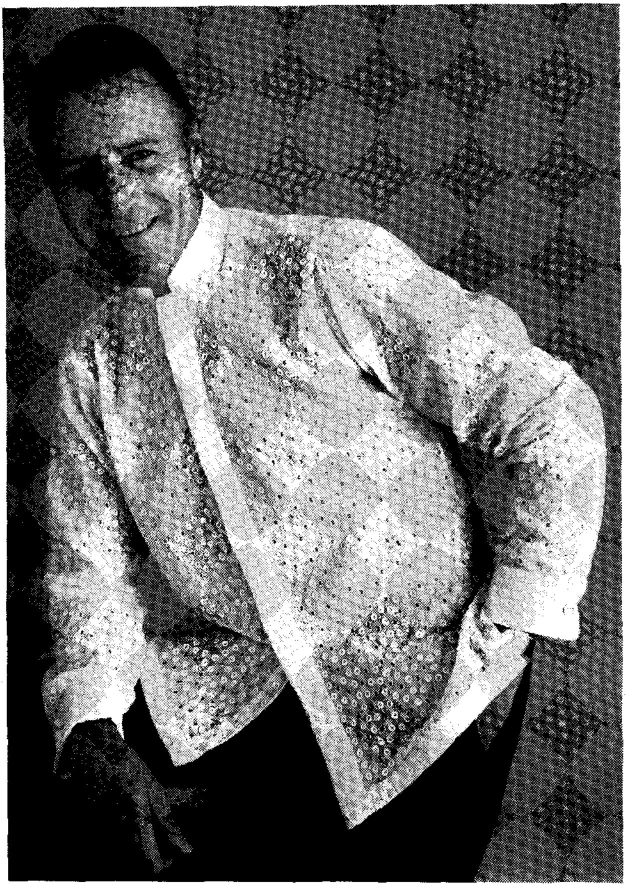
the idea of art as action looks back to Hegel and his concept that truth does not reside in essences but is brought into existence by historical events.

Art as action took on body when the First World War revealed the chaos of the West. It reached the level of philosophy in the writings of Valéry and Klee. Is the negativity of the postwar outlook still relevant? Hasn't it become possible in the sixties for art to turn once again to formal disciplines? The issue, as Jones pointed out fifteen years ago, is not a question of mood. For the problems of art to reach an objective resolution in new forms, said Jones, a radical change would have to have occurred "not in our own inclinations or wishes but in the actual civilizational situation." A new tradition would have had to arise, "for no 'external discipline' can be real, invigorating, and integrating unless it comes to us with the imperatives of a living tradition." But who will claim that a new civilization has been achieved in the past twenty years?

Such, in outline, is the cultural-historical background of Action painting as a philosophical development in American art—one might say the first philosophical development, since never before had there been in the United States such a concentration of informed reflection, subtlety of analysis, enthusiasm, and technical insight and experience as in the milieu of artists, mostly self-educated, like Gorky, de Kooning, Pollock, Rothko, Matta, Baziotes, Still, Newman, Gottlieb, Reinhardt, Tomlin, Guston, Lassaw, Motherwell, David Smith, Nakian, Kline, Hofmann, Steinberg, Hare. Human action is form-making. It is imitative but inevitably original. It is the common denominator that animates work, combat, and sign language—a primitive human base to fall back on, and the means for constituting an order in individuals and society. It embodies decisions in which one comes to recognize oneself as well as what is useful or destructive. Action is also a means of probing, of going from stage to stage of discovery. If someone asks me a question, my answer will come from the surface of my mind. But if I start to write the answer, or to paint it, or to act it out, the answer changes. What is being done provides a clue to another thought. The materials I use—words, paint, gesture—become the means for reaching new depths, for unveiling the unexpected. Thus, the activity that transforms materials is essential to thinking. It is for this reason that a work of art that carries out an idea



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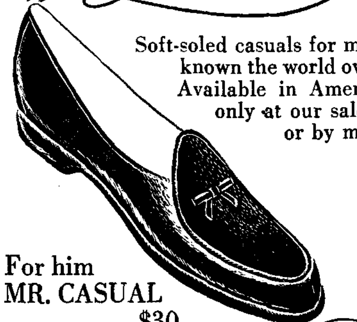

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conceived by someone else—as in commercial art, or art made under the intellectual prodding of dealers, critics, or cultural managers—is bound to be inferior to art brought into being through a continuous passage between the mind and the hand of a free individual.

Action painting is philosophical art, but art is not obliged to be philosophical; it has the privilege of being commonplace, obvious, boring—even idiotic. On the other hand, it has not the right or the power to coerce our interest by pretending to participate in a grandeur that at the moment it does not possess. The notion that art deserves respect as art no matter what it is doing is bait set out in the interests of a profession.

I DO not believe that art needs to be defended any longer against hordes of howling philistines intent on destroying it. The situation has changed, and the stockade syndrome, the feeling of holding out against the philistine-redskins, has become an anachronism. Today, the redskins are inside the stockade whooping it up for art—and the more extreme the better. The issue in art today is still the question of creation—a question now much sharpened, compared with the situation in the forties, by the merging of the art forms into the mass media and design. This new aspect was brought to the surface by Pop Art, the greatest achievement of which was to cross the line that for a hundred years had seemed to separate the fine arts from the art forms of popular entertainment, information, propaganda (including advertising), and decoration. I say "seemed to separate" because the division between the arts and the media has never been firm. One thinks of artists, from Toulouse-Lautrec to Steinberg, who have operated on the border between the opus and the commodity. Strictly "fine-art" ideas—concepts of aesthetic essences, and of quality unrelated to content—have always been a specialty of the academy and of academic art criticism.

Pop carried the process of mixing art and the mass media to a new stage. With Pop, the traditional notion of the commercial and decorative arts as the "enemy" no longer applies. The Pop artist is eager to have a place—preferably, of course, a privileged one—in the entertainment business and in "communications;" e.g., posters. Pop Art is an offspring of Action painting in that it has capitalized on the latter's lack of respect for the integrity of existing art forms. Action painting

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repudiated these forms in picking up "vestiges of disciplines" and recasting them for its own purposes; as de Kooning once put it, in a meeting at the Artists Club, "we are all working on the basis [i.e., the formal basis] of ideas in which we no longer believe." Pop Art rediscovered the conventional forms of art in their daily use in the street and the marketplace, and ironically demonstrated that the only difference between the commercial media and art was one of location. One of the pioneers of Pop Art declared that art is anything in an art gallery or a museum. This is, naturally, an oversimplification. In order to enter a gallery or a museum, a work has to comply with certain prejudices concerning the history of form.

Thus, Pop Art developed an aesthetic of displacement; the conversion of beer cans and comic strips into art is carried out through changes in the scale and color values of the commercial originals, and through sly references to past art, all these being introduced not for their own sake but as a bow to the etiquette of so-called high art. In turn, masterpieces of the past are converted into Pop, as in Lichtenstein's parodies of Cézanne and Mondrian. In this procedure, form is an insiders' joke, which the public is induced to take seriously because of its logical consistency. None of the maneuvers of Pop have a radical content, in the sense of carrying a demand for a new kind of life. Pop Art represents the stasis reached by American art with the decline of Action painting into a style in the late fifties. But Pop Art is hospitable to radical content. Indeed, it is the art mode most favored by leftists in Europe and Latin America. In the United States, certain Pop artists—Oldenburg, Segal, Rosenquist, Red Grooms, Oyvind Fahlström, Peter Saul—have understood that an indispensable ingredient of avant-garde art, if it is not to degenerate into parody, camp, or schoolroom art-history demonstrations, is social dissent. Cool, or non-rebellious, avant-gardism is an absurdity of the modern art museum and university art department. It rests on a passive faith in the notion of progress; it assumes that human life will be steadily improved without the intervention of the imagination and that art will progress by an evolution applying exclusively to art forms. Pop is traditional in regard to form; thus its rebellion tends to take on the character of the radicalism of the thirties. Oldenburg's "Models for Monuments" conveys with lyrical *élan* the essence of absurdity in the physical features of the

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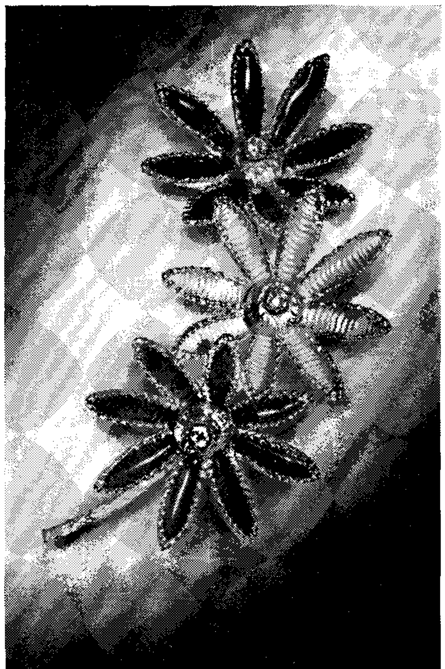
MAY 25, 1968



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contemporary metropolis. Segal and Red Grooms provided the most effective items in the recent anti-war exhibit at the New School. In their paintings and collages, Fahlström, Rosenquist, and Saul have attacked American foreign-policy adventures. This is social action by a mode of art that is not itself active.

In emphasizing the creative act rather than the object created, Action painting, or—by the testimony of Allan Kaprow—the *idea* of Action painting, led logically to the Happening. Action painting is ambiguous; it asserts the primacy of the creative act, but it looks to the object, the painting, for confirmation of the worth of that act, and for clues that will lead to beginnings of new paintings. Action painting is subjective, yet it is bound to a *thing*, even though a thing in process. In the end, *the action results in an artifact*, which, as everyone knows, takes on a life of its own; it enters into the art market, is acquired as a treasure, is displayed in museums as a contribution to twentieth-century culture. Action painting does not escape the law of the fetishism of commodities, by which Pollocks, for example, have carried on all kinds of magical shenanigans—such as becoming the parents of Nolands and Olitskis long after the artist himself was hurled into his violent grave. As in all art, there is inherent in Action painting a temptation to chicanery. Presumably, the artist carries out the action in order to constitute a self. But this act, equivalent to an experience of love or warfare, is repeated on canvas after canvas, presented in frames, and floated on the market. Allan Kaprow, who has a penetrating way of looking into the art world, realized that once the Action painting had left the seclusion of the studio the old art game was going on as usual.

Happenings can be seen as an attempt to advance or modernize Action painting by severing the act from the object; i.e., the painting. With the object out of the way, all kinds of leftover attitudes seem to be cleaned up. In particular, the formal essences still hovering over the rectangle of the canvas and over the color chart are given the *coup de grâce*. The Happening, like its twin, Pop Art, carries to a logical conclusion the offhandedness of Action painting in regard to the "vestiges of disciplines" inherited from the old modern art of prewar Europe. In art, however, it is always a mistake to push a concept to its logical conclusion. Art comes into being not through correct reasoning but through uniting contra-

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dictions of reason in the ambiguities of a metaphor. To remove the object and make the artist's action into the work of art is to bring the artist face to face with the audience. But the audience is the personification of the art market; a Happening is the dubious social aspect of an Action painting reduced to immediacy. If "Blue Poles" or "Nude Descending a Staircase" is an event, it is an event that can be repeated at different times in persons of different conditions and stages of development. In contrast, a Happening necessarily accepts the audience as it is, in its single collective mood, and makes no demands the audience cannot immediately fulfill. Ultimately, there is more for the individual to "perform" in examining a Hofmann or a Kline than in watching Kaprow's recent Happening, which consisted of pushing furniture through the streets of Chicago.

There are many aspects of Action painting that still require clarification, such as the ancient relation of action to individual identity and to change of identity, as well as the difference between action as practiced by Pollock or de Kooning or Hofmann and the automatism and free association of the Surrealists. The Action painter does not begin with an image, nor does he proceed by the association and combination of images. From his first gesture on the canvas, be it a sweep of yellow or the figure 4, he establishes a tension upon the surface—that is to say, outside himself—and he counts upon this abstract force to animate his next move. What he seeks is not a sign representing a hidden self, the unconscious, but an event out of which a self is formed, as it is formed out of other kinds of action when those actions are free and sufficiently protracted. It is in this sense that Action painting could be said to break down the barrier between art and life—not by merging art into the environment, as in Pop and Happenings, but through engaging in art as a real (that is, total) activity.

Surrealism never lost its character of a *collective* movement, and all collective movements are held together by ritual and ideology. Its articles of belief were repeated in manifestoes and statements of faith paying tribute to the irrational. Action painting was never an ideology, and no one adhered to it strictly. Indeed, no one would have known what "strictly" meant. Still, many painters and sculptors have found its insights to be pertinent, and still do. I read, for instance, on the opening page of the current issue of *Cimaise*, "The act is creation. It contains the

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entire nature of the artist. It is independent of the will and of control," and so on—insight, commonplace, and error all mixed together.

The aim of vanguard art is to build a new kind of life in an epoch in which forms have collapsed or turned into purposeless restrictions. Some people deny this ABC of advanced art; they believe that art is carrying on business as usual, that de Kooning or Newman or Judd is engaged in the same enterprise as Grünewald and Rembrandt—the enterprise of building a system of forms for the edification of an ideal spectator who lives only for art. For such a hypothetical spectator, the real events and transformations of his time are surmounted by a bridge of artifacts by which he is lifted out of the world. This perfect art lover is an amusing personage of fiction, customarily identified with the eighteen-nineties. Perhaps he existed in that celebrated decade, or came close to existing. The aesthete today, however, is a specialist who has adopted his supra-historical aestheticism for professional reasons; like specialists in other fields, he wants to limit the substance of his study in order to be able to deal with it more effectively.

But art is an activity that engages the total being of individuals—not a set of skills employed in order to provide wall decorations for penthouses or public bomb shelters. The aesthetic avant-garde is potentially the cultural nervous system of the political avant-garde, although, as I have noted, a theoretical and physical convergence between them is a menace to art. The advantage of the artist over the political radical is that he can create a world of symbolic signs and perfect himself by action in it. He can build his Utopia now, in the present, as Mondrian did, and he can protest now, as the Dadaists and Surrealists did. When the moment of social action arrives, he can transfer his energies from the symbolic world to the world of real struggle, as did the painters and sculptors who fought in Spain. Thus, art can be action—in the half-fictional world of history or the half-real world of the imagination. Or it can be a sanctuary. But whether art seeks action or release from action, the purpose of the artist in regard to the works themselves is doomed to be defeated by the social process that transforms a creation of his into an artifact hanging as a trophy on the wall of the collector or acquired by an institution as an educational datum. In sum, the reality of art remains a subjective reality, the reality of creating it. All its other attributes belong to sociology and mass psychology. To repeat Duchamp's dictum, a work of art has a short life. Most people make its acquaintance when it is a corpse.

Art has its official pallbearers, charged with removing works as quickly as possible to their place in the cemetery. "That corpse you planted . . . in your garden . . . Will it bloom this year? Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?" asked Eliot. He might have been speaking of the art page of the *Times*. I do not regard it as the function of criticism to make the life of the work of art still shorter. Works of art need to be continually resurrected through new enactments of their meaning by artists and through new encounters in the minds of spectators. It is through the action of living imagination that the dying of art, which nothing can prevent, is overcome in a constant renewal.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

• •

THE GOLDEN LILY

(FOR MY DAUGHTER)

On pools of quiet where the midnight drinks
My golden lily floats and faints with light,
Her eyelids nervous toward an inward sight,
Her restless breath a dream that sighs and sinks.
Her gently stirring arm flings up and links
A sudden golden band about my flight;
I quiver down to rest upon those bright
Implacable and inward-turning brinks.
And now she murmurs music from a strange
Forgotten, unregenerate land and sunny;
She weeps at her enchanted midnight change,
And midnight birds will taste her secret honey.
More fragile than the cycle of the rose,
Her scentless petals tremble, wake, and close.

—E. N. SARGENT

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U.S. JOURNAL: SAN ANTONIO

POLLUTION AT THE CONFLUENCE

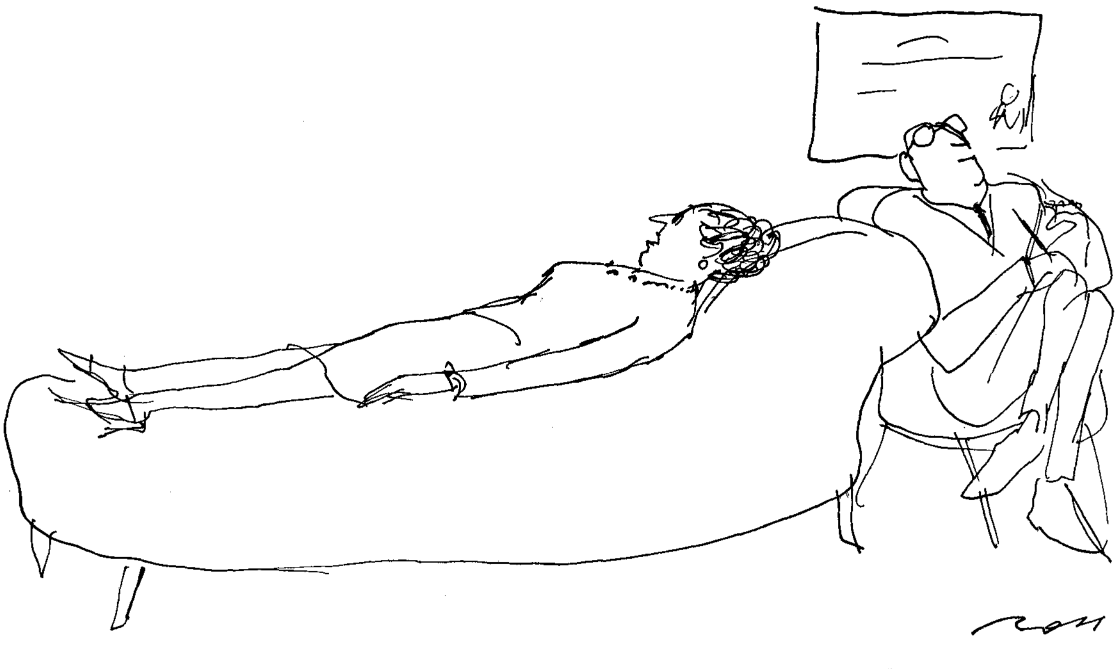
San Antonio, Texas

During the last New York World's Fair, I decided to begin reading the *Worker*—which I still prefer to call the *Daily Worker*, since that sounds more ominous. I figured that any Communist newspaper presented with a target the size of the New York World's Fair deserved an audience. Imagine being an editor of the *Daily Worker* and being able to stroll over to an express subway that whisked you off to a hulking symbol of the sham and waste and cynicism and sheer physical ugliness produced by capitalism—all neatly laid out and outfitted with signs pointing the way to the various shameless examples. I looked forward to at least one biting editorial pointing out that only a society with a uniquely distorted view of the world could apply the term "world's fair" to what actually amounted to a collection of advertisements for American corporations. I also expected the *Daily Worker* to warn its readers that any workingman who was lured into the fairgrounds was really paying only for the privilege of paying more at every turn—a reaffirmation of the economic theory of Nate Eagle, the renowned carnival promoter and student of free enterprise, who said, "It's not how much it costs them to get in but how much it costs them to get out." The first reference to the Fair I saw in the *Daily Worker*—just below an advertisement for Puerto Rican Cabaret Night in honor of the People's Advocates Against the McCarran Act—was an advertisement that said, "We know you are going to the Fair. Why not buy your tickets from the *Worker* and help the paper financially?"

At the time, I was surprised at how easily the Communists had capitulated, but I have since decided that it was inevitable. A sub-theme of American world's fairs is that radicals don't stand a chance in this country: if they're not disarmed by being offered a cut of the boodle, some other way to take them in can always be found. For instance, San Antonio's HemisFair seemed like another perfect target—a world's fair taking place in Texas, of all places, this summer, of all times, in a city whose Mexican-American population makes it a required stop on the tour of anybody studying poverty in America. But how can a symbol of American society be criticized while it is criticizing American society? HemisFair has a Hall of Issues, where marking pencils and paper are provided for anyone who wants to write a sign to tape on the wall—even a sign saying "How many Vietnamese fought in *our* Civil War?" or "HemisFair is a bad dream." Instead of the customary world's-fair shots of children skipping through fields, the film at the United States Pavilion shows spacious skies turned gray by air pollution, and impoverished old people staring vacantly at the walls of crumbling shacks. Water pollution is also popular. After a couple of days at HemisFair, the image of hideous substances being poured into rivers was so strong in my mind that I was barely able to restrain myself from sniffing suspiciously at the water coming out of the taps at the Hilton Palacio del Rio Hotel. The second act of the General Electric Pavilion's mixed-media musical on the joys of electric living is dominated by the problems of the day. At one point, the relentlessly cheery heroine sings, "When he goes to the city he should really have a ball/ Looking at the consequence of modern urban sprawl." If the girl from General Electric is singing about urban sprawl, where is a radical going to take his stand?

Although R.C.A. treats the fairgoer to some good shots of rioting in American cities, no one matches the United States Pavilion in pointing out just how dismal the country really is. In its film, the happy newlyweds who are speeding along America's highways waving euphorically at their smiling fellow-citizens end up in a traffic jam; a pleasant, friendly American neighborhood turns silent and hostile when a Negro family arrives to move in. As the camera records a medley of American ugliness, a voice reads narration by W. H. Auden that goes, "Yes, we are free in our greed to let poisons/ Befoul the streams till the fish die,/ Discommodate cities, turn smiling fields/ Into junk graveyards and garbage dumps,/ Let noxious effluvia fill the air, polluting our lungs." Toward the end of the film, the narrator says, "The eyes of the world are upon us/ And wonder what we're worth,/ For much they see dishonors/ The richest country on earth." Naturally, the film is a big hit. A few citizens, it's true, have written to the local newspaper to complain that self-criticism is being carried a bit far, but an editorial in the San Antonio *Express* said proudly that the film "tells it like it is."

The exhibition section of the American Pavilion has the usual story of how "the men and women and children of this confluence came to our shores"—the theme of the fair is "The Confluence of Civilizations in the Americas," and the word "Confluence" is used as a synonym for practically anything—but there is also a display of assorted American problems entitled "The Confluence Road: Chal-



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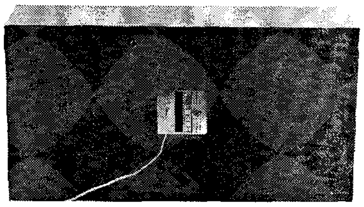

Oh, there will be cynics who will rationalize that these scientific findings are inconclusive.

But to us it is abundantly clear that when you buy a Model Twenty Four three piece stereo system at $320†, or a Model Twenty at $400†, and the full dynamic range of a symphony orchestra or a rock and roll group, as the case may be, or a crooner, even, is heard, as if for the first time, throbbing out from our famous speakers, you are bound to be a happier and more loving person for it, aren't you? You certainly are.

Yes.

ADDENDUM: *For complete survey data (scientific findings on other things: toothpaste, wives, mechanics, tv programming, etc.), drop us a line, saying, "Love," at KLH, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass., 02139. (If you also would like a catalog, put it this way: "Love" "Catalog.") Yes.*

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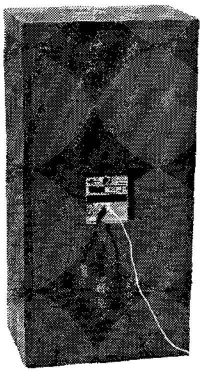

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BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

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Well, BUSINESS WEEK keeps its mouth shut about the plans of our advertisers. But we did point out that Bemis ran a four-color spread in the *second* cover position of that issue.

The episode proved that it's not just BW's editorial pages that investors watch. They look at the index on the next-to-last page—the weekly listing of BUSINESS WEEK advertisers. You might say it's BUSINESS WEEK's own "Exchange"—of ideas and information between America's leading companies. Want to be listed? Just call us down at the Street. 42nd, that is.

Business Week

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BUSINESS WEEK
to inform
management

A McGraw-Hill Magazine

lenge for Group Action." After being treated to some more riots and a bit of pollution, the happy fairgoer walks down the exit ramp and sees himself on a television screen with a sign over it asking "Am I Part of the Problem?" At the next turn, he sees himself again, under a sign asking "Am I Part of the Solution?"—and then he is released to the bright colors and gay carnival music of the fairgrounds.

After a morning at the United States Pavilion, I went to the Hall of Issues, thinking I might write "Mea Culpa" in black marking pencil and hang it on the wall. The Hall of Issues is part of Project Y, a youth pavilion that also has a theatre, a cabaret, an outdoor discussion pit, and, as the final badge of modernity, a Paraphernalia Boutique. Project Y presents people with "opportunities for involvement." The morning I was there, I joined about twenty other people—some Ys but mostly older people—in the theatre for a film and discussion. A young man with a broad, constant smile got up and said that the film we were about to see had a story on one level—it was about a circus—but that "somehow or other something else is being told to you." The film was called "Parable." The main character was a man in white robes who rode a donkey. He went around the circus lightening the load of the humble, thus antagonizing some of their oppressors. Finally, he helped three suffering players in a human marionette act out of their harnesses, got into one of the harnesses himself, and, while spread-eagled in the harness by the evil puppeteer, was killed by the people who had been so angered by his acts of goodness.

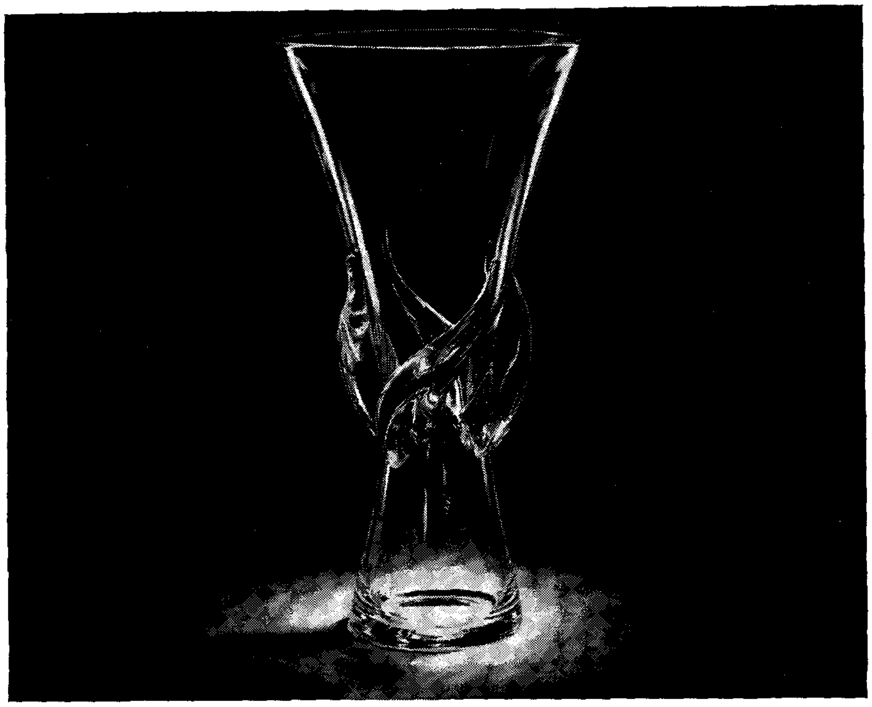
"I don't get it," the lady on my left said to me. "Do you know what the story was?"

"I don't know, Madam," I said. "It's a new one on me."

THE international section of HemisFair, Las Plazas del Mundo, has pavilions from two dozen foreign countries and the State of Arkansas. The average fairgoer might wonder what the Confluence a pavilion from Arkansas is doing there. I guessed right away that it might be the Parody Pavilion, a necessary feature at every world's fair. At Expo 67, in Montreal, the Parody Pavilion was provided by the Republic of Haiti. The Haitian Pavilion was a bar. I don't mean it had a bar; it *was* a bar. Near the back door of the bar, there was a small table with some plastic combs and some enamel kitchenware on it and a sign above it saying something like "Commerce and Industry." I suspected I had guessed right about Arkansas when I entered the pavilion and heard a man behind me ask his wife, "Do you think they'll have an exhibit on their prison system?" I always try to visit the Parody Pavilion first; it gives proportion to the rest of the fair. The Italian display on Columbus that says "Yet westward did he set his prow on that August day of 1492" is more meaningful after you have seen a display entitled "Hernando de Soto Discovers Arkansas." The model of the world's largest ship in the Japanese Pavilion can be measured against a model of the proposed extension of the Little Rock Municipal Airport, and the accounts of military victories by Latin-American patriots will recall a scene entitled "The Battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas."

Since I consider all descriptions of historical and engineering triumphs pretty much the same—equivalent to "La Salle Claiming Arkansas for France" or "The Arkansas River Improvement Project"—I spend a lot of my time at a world's fair searching for a good machine. The best machine I've ever found was a potato-sorter in the Netherlands exhibit at Brussels—a marvellous instrument that bounced potatoes along a bed of crossed wires and, most of the time, dropped them into the section whose openings corresponded to their size, presenting an almost perfect betting device to anyone willing to wager on the size of a potato. At HemisFair, good machines are not easy to find—partly, I think, because most countries have confined themselves to the approximately fifty-by-sixty-foot pavilions assigned to them by the fair and don't have room for much more than a series of photographs and color slides and small manufactured objects in glass cases. I did discover one good machine—a piece of sculpture, really—hanging from the ceiling of the Swiss Pavilion. A large flying machine of pipe and cardboard and canvas, it had flapping wings, a beak opening and closing, and feet madly pedalling a bicycle—the first object I have ever seen that looked like a bird, a plane, *and* Superman. But the best machines at HemisFair are furnished by I.B.M., or what the public-relations men of the New York fair probably thought of as the Republic of I.B.M. At the I.B.M. Pavilion, a visitor can sit down at a machine that looks like a typewriter with a television screen on it, type out his date of birth when the machine asks him to, and learn from the screen how many years, how many months, how many days, how many minutes, and how many seconds he has been alive, what day of the week his birthday will fall on this year, and, if he happens to be seventeen, the fact that in 1951 Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were found guilty of giving atomic secrets to the Russians. During my turn, the machine asked me if I wanted to try my hand at a little quiz. I chose world geography. The machine asked me whether the longest river in the world was the Nile, the Amazon, or the Mississippi. I pressed No. 2—the Amazon. "You have made a good choice on a difficult question," the machine said. "The Amazon River has the greatest flow of any river in the world. It discharges up to 3.5 million cubic feet of water per second into the Atlantic." I beamed. I was only sorry I hadn't thrown in the fact that Lake Titicaca, in South America, is the highest, deepest lake in the world (other lakes are higher and other lakes are deeper, but no lake is both higher and deeper), as long as we were on the subject. "But," the machine continued, "the longest river is the Nile." It's no wonder that American capitalists had such an easy time taking in the *Daily Worker* at the New York fair. Who else would think of producing a discreet machine?

LOOKING over the products of the Republic of China at HemisFair one day, I suddenly thought I recognized a pair of shoes from the Chinese Pavilion at Montreal (a pavilion I considered one of the tackiest at Expo, by the way; when I read later that it had burned down, my first reaction was that the deed had been done by some visiting Chinese interior decorator, in one of those acts of excessive Oriental shame that we learned about from movies of the Second World War). I could be wrong about the shoes—the Chinese, after all, were not the only people in Montreal to demonstrate to the world their ability to turn out an ordinary pair of women's shoes—but many of the entertainment attractions of HemisFair do come from other fairs (Les Poupées de Paris from Seattle and New York, Kinoautomat from Montreal, Lanterna Magika from Brussels and Montreal). At HemisFair, a veteran fair-trotter sometimes gets the feeling he has travelled down that mini-rail before. HemisFair has a first or two—notably, the first display of Alexander Girard's extraordinary collection of Latin-American toys and folk art, by far the best feature of the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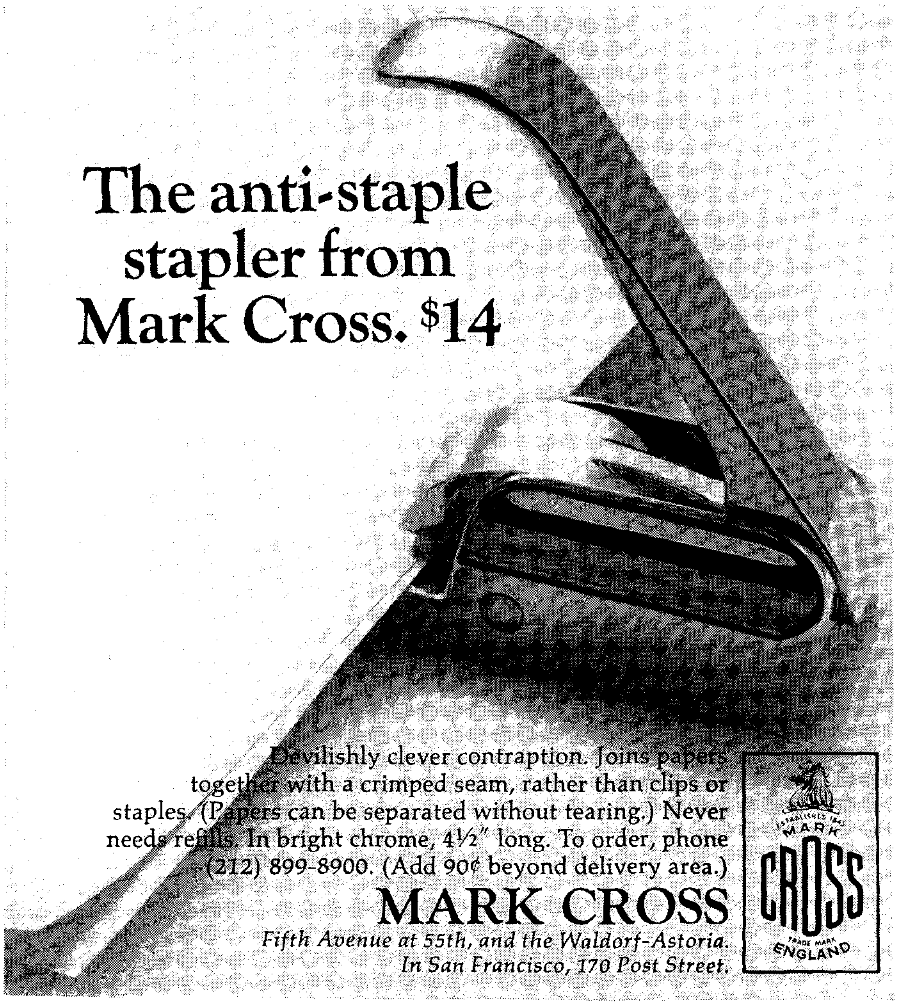
The anti-staple stapler from Mark Cross. $14

Devilishly clever contraption. Joins papers together with a crimped seam, rather than clips or staples. (Papers can be separated without tearing.) Never needs refills. In bright chrome, 4½" long. To order, phone (212) 899-8900. (Add 90¢ beyond delivery area.)

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Fifth Avenue at 55th, and the Waldorf-Astoria.
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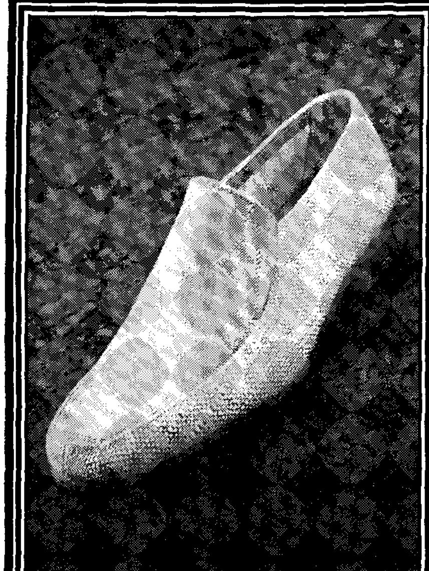

Our lightweight slip-on is your best bet for a casual summer shoe that's also most comfortable. Made of linen with high kid vamp, soft rubber sole, it comes in a fresh white or natural color. For sizes 6 to 13, narrow or medium, it's priced at $20 the pair. Men's Shoe Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

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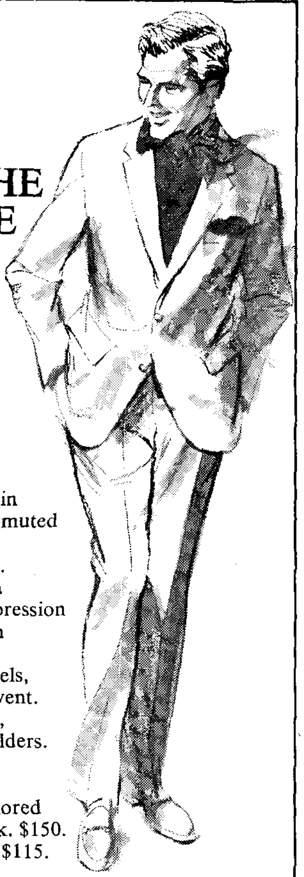
fair—but anyone familiar with world's fairs feels the need to glance up now and then to make sure that the architectural trademark looming over him is the Tower of the Americas rather than the Seattle Space Needle or New York's Unisphere, the great corpulent seal that I can still never recall without adding, "Reg., U.S. Steel Corp."

HemisFair does have one exhibit that nobody saw at Brussels—the Institute of Texas Cultures, a huge display dedicated to proving the proposition that its title should not strike people as a joke. Announcing that it would use solid history to correct the cliché that all Texans are boors, the Institute has arranged a tasteful and instructive exhibit dominated by historical artifacts of the various ethnic groups that have contributed to the state. Of course, nobody is fooled for a minute. Near the entrance, where it can't be missed, is a garish display of Texas products dominated by a green-and-white helicopter, a gigantic tire, and stacks of Pioneer Biscuit Mix and Texsun Grapefruit Juice—as if the designers felt compelled at the last minute to say, "Don't be put off. It's just us boors." The over-all managers of HemisFair have tried to show more restraint. HemisFair has been publicized as a small, reasonably priced, almost dignified fair—a kind of scale-model synthesis of what people have enjoyed at other fairs. None of that flashy Texas stuff. So many people have responded to this pitch by staying home that HemisFair is already having its financial crisis, considerably ahead of the normal world's-fair schedule for financial crises. San Antonio is filled with complicated theories to account for the shortage of customers, but I find it hard to give up the notion that the poor Texans may have overcompensated and produced a spectacle so unspectacular that nobody is bothering to see it. Who, after all, wants to go to a dignified fair?

For those who do show up, the proprietors provide a lot of cheerful outdoor entertainment—a kind of reassurance that it's really all right to have a good time even if we have been poisoning the rivers and filling the air with noxious effluvia. There is a Mexican mariachi band, and a water-ski show, and a group of Indians who, under the sponsorship of Frito-Lay/Pepsi-Cola, climb a 114-foot pole every few hours and swing down on ropes, simulating the sacrifice of a virgin almost as an afterthought. On the day I saw the afternoon marching-band parade, a



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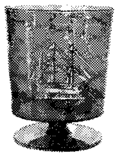

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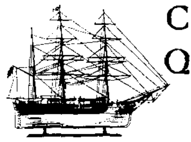

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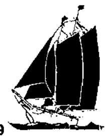

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young man rode on a float in front of the band announcing periodically, "At six-thirty and nine this evening, Mr. Henri LaMothe will jump from a forty-foot platform into seventeen inches of water, at the Special Events Plaza." I was at the Special Events Plaza at five-forty-five, just in case. As long as I can remember, I have wanted to meet a performer of that particular feat of daring so I could ask him if it made any difference whether he dived into hard or soft water. In the plaza, a ladder with a small platform on it rose above a small, round pool—the sort people buy for their children to wade in. At about six-thirty—after the Richardson High School Golden Eagle Band, which was scheduled to follow LaMothe's act, had warmed up for a while—a girl in a bikini came out to measure the depth of the water with a yardstick. It was exactly seventeen inches. Then an announcer introduced Mr. LaMothe—a distinguished-looking, somewhat bald man with a gray mustache. LaMothe stood poised on the platform for several minutes while the announcer spoke ominously of wind direction. Then he dived forward in a swan dive, landing perfectly on his stomach. The crowd cheered. I went to talk to him as he dried off. He told me right away that he had been able to do a belly flop without hurting himself ever since he was a boy in Chicago, and he started discussing his careers as a dancer, a water-show producer, and a commercial artist. I tried to figure out how I would ask my question about the water: "Uh, I guess this may sound a bit silly to you, Mr. LaMothe . . ." or maybe, "Speaking of water, Mr. LaMothe . . ." He was telling me about some of his appearances at shopping-center openings and sports shows. "Sometimes I think it'd be nice to have a little water softener in that water," he said, and he chuckled. There was nothing left to ask him about then except water pollution, so I chuckled, too, and headed toward the I.B.M. Pavilion, where I had been meaning to take up a machine's invitation to answer a few questions about wild animals of the world.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

MOVIE

"Flight from Ashiya," (1964). Starring Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark and George Chakiris. Three danger-defying Air Force Service Rescue officers are dispatched to assist the passengers and crew of a cargo vessel being battered by a tycoon.—*All Florida Magazine.*

He can't control his temper?

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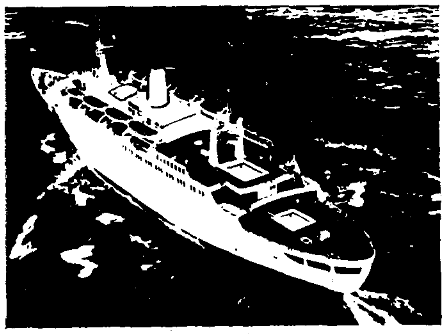

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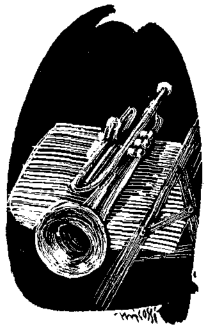
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Concerts



THE brilliant ascent of Ray Charles, the thirty-five-year-old Georgia-born singer, composer-arranger, pianist, organist, and alto saxophonist, has been ironic and puzzling and wholly satisfying. Not only has Charles beaten the almost ludicrous odds of being a blind, chronically ill Negro who was orphaned at fifteen but he has done what no other jazz performer has done—remained incorruptible and first-rate while becoming nationally revered. White moms and dads love him, and so do Negro moms and dads. (He is the first jazz musician who has successfully combined the antithetical strains of Negro church music and secular music and got away with it.) Harlem schoolchildren love him, and so do Briarcliff girls. He is worshipped by rock performers and by jazz musicians, and he is esteemed by the rough-tough blues singer B. B. King and the vanilla-frosted Peggy Lee. He has wowed them at the Hollywood Bowl and the Copacabana, and this year he will have an afternoon to himself at the Newport Jazz Festival. Instrumental jazz, beset by inner turmoil and the avalanche of rock, has faltered, but he has zoomed. The American public embraces Dean Martin and Barbra Streisand and Lawrence Welk, but it also presses to its bosom the hot, startling, naked music of Charles. Miraculously, Charles' aching testimonies appear to be at once a safety valve for Negroes and a balm for whites.

Charles' dexterity is unique. He is a ballad singer who, like Billie Holiday, usually turns dross to gold. He is also a nonpareil down-home blues singer and gospel singer, the father of all rock singers, the only country-and-western singer to sublimate his materials, and a funny novelty singer. But no matter where he turns, he is a jazz singer. That is, his timbre, rhythmic and melodic techniques, and phrasing inevitably alter and elevate his materials. (Charles is not that well-heeled as an instrumentalist. He plays cagey neo-bop piano, fine Jimmy Yancey blues piano, functional organ, and a good yelling alto saxophone, and the musical knowledge implicit in his playing constantly informs his singing.) It took Charles just five or six years to get his teeming self together. (From the very beginning, he has considered himself merely an "entertainer.") When he began recording, in 1952, he was a straight, unaffected blues singer who revealed the influence of Nat Cole and Louis Jordan, and even Hot Lips Page. A couple of years later, he fashioned his singular mixture of the blues and gospel music, and assembled his own accompanying band. His singing took on more flourishes. Whoops and near-yodels appeared, as did falsetto cries, and he developed a sense of dynamics. By the late fifties, his invention was completed and in working order, and he had a couple of hits under his belt. He had become an extraordinary melismatic singer (breaking a single word into many notes), and he had added even more ornamentation—shrieks, growls, "oh-ho"s, and hums, all of it regulated by matchless dynamics. He had broadened his repertory to include country-and-western songs (much tsking from the critics), novelties, and anthems like "Georgia on My Mind," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and "Ol' Man River," and his accompaniment had swelled to include strings, big bands, and a female vocal group, the Raelets, who acted as an echoing, repeating Greek chorus. Triumphantly, the glossier his accompaniment, the wilder and denser and more affecting his singing.

Most great jazz singers have eccentric voices. Billie Holiday had an askew contralto, and her idol, Louis Armstrong, has a baritone whose surface is endlessly broken by bass bubbles. Bessie Smith sounded like an untutored diva, and Mildred Bailey had a peaches-and-cream parlor soprano. Charles is no exception. Indeed, his voice is disguised by so much convolution and ornamentation that it is almost impossible to tell what its pure, unadorned base is. He will start a slow thirty-two-bar tune by stating the first few words flatly and softly and a little behind the beat. (A gentle vibrato ripples almost steadily through his voice.) The next phrase may begin with a high, quick cry and drop back to the matter-of-fact beginning. Then he suddenly puffs out his voice, ballooning it right into the listener's face, and,

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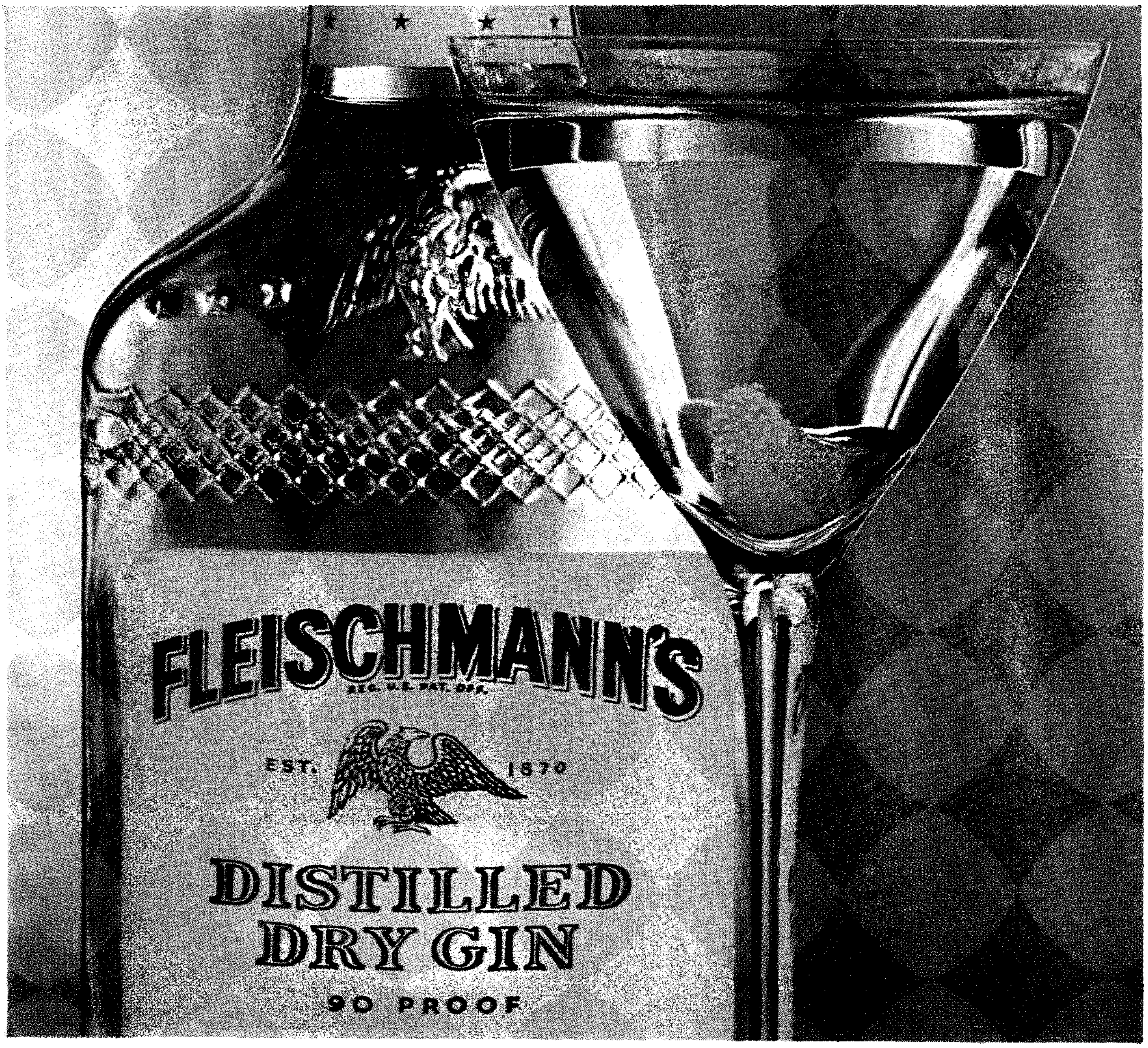
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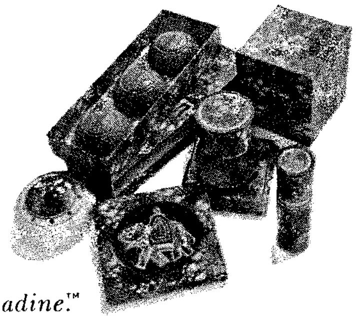

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taking the last word of the phrase, breaks it into eight different, juggling notes. He will boom-chant his way down the bridge, pause before the final eight bars, and slip swiftly into a pleading, barely audible, words-jammed-together phrase that brings out goose pimples, and, obviously possessed, raise his voice and parade out with a high, clenched shriek. Charles' occasional failures would be other men's triumphs. The emotional content of most of his numbers is so high and freely offered that he must continually one-up himself to sustain it; when he "fails," it is only because he has been unable to top what is untoppable.

Not so long ago, Charles might be heard as a bit performer in a concert given by the likes of Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins and Billie Holiday, but a week or so back "The Ray Charles Show—'68" steamed through Carnegie Hall like the circus. The first half of the evening was divided into performances by Charles' seventeen-piece band, the Raelets, and a young singer and organist named Truman Thomas, who is a diminutive Charles. The audience primed, the Master himself appeared after the intermission, and we had, in the course of fifteen or so numbers, a rocking "Georgia on My Mind," full of rending whoops, cries, and sotto-voce turns; a slow, statuesque "Yesterdays;" a version of "Come Rain or Come Shine" in which the words "lose" and "stay" were each hung from at least a dozen notes; a funny "Baby, It's Cold Outside," which had some beautiful grandstanding Charles piano; and several good six-eight blues. Charles was equally fascinating to watch. He swayed steadily back and forth and from side to side on his piano bench, clearly buf-

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feted by his own emotions, and he had a spidery cowboy gait when he got up and moved around. The production was lacking. The band was too loud, and a good many of Charles' beauties were submerged. Enough came through, though, to make it mandatory for every sensible man, woman, and child to hie himself to Newport in July.

THE Whitney Museum's third Tuesday-evening concert was an ambling, disjointed affair given by Gil Evans and a thirteen-piece band that included such as Joe Farrell (tenor saxophone), Howard Johnson (tuba), Joe Beck (guitar), and Julius Watkins (French horn). Evans' arrangements are notoriously rich and globular, but at the Whitney they had a loose, workshop sound; most of the numbers consisted of a succession of long solos underlined by swatches of Evans' navy-blue-flannel writing and enclosed by lip-service ensembles. Nonetheless, the third floor, where the concert was held, was jammed to the point of immobility, belying the avowed purpose of the Whitney musicales—to give casual non-concerts that can be sampled at random as a kind of counterpoint to the exhibits. Moreover, the rest of the building was largely empty. But no one—the Whitney, the musicians, the audience—was at fault; jazz has always refused to be incidental.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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THE LEGAL STOMACH AT WORK

[*Memorandum circulated at the New York office of the American Civil Liberties Union*]

TO: Due Process Committee
FROM: The Office
RE: New Dinner Arrangements for Due Process Committee Meetings

The Due Process Committee is the only standing committee of the ACLU that does not have dinner meetings. Therefore, the office has scheduled Due Process Committee meetings to include drinks and dinner for the rest of the year. Since we have found that the committees that do serve dinner and drinks turn out significantly more work than those that do not, we are now bringing this committee into line with the dinner-type schedule on which other ACLU committees operate.

We are sure that this arrangement will be more satisfactory and more pleasant for the Committee. The meetings will begin at 5:30.

If there are serious objections to dinner and drinks, we will of course change back to the old rugged way. But, the office doubts that that is preferable and strongly recommends the policy that we are adopting with the next meeting. Scotch and dinner anyone?

BOOKS

A Knight of Doleful Countenance

SOONER or later it was bound to happen, though for an "Existentialist" writer it is a slightly comic fate: Kierkegaard has become a Classic, to be published in a definitive edition with full scholarly apparatus. The English translation of his "Papirer" ("Journals and Papers") is to be issued in five volumes, of which the first has now been published by the Indiana University Press. The translators and editors, Howard and Edna Hong—their translation, by the way, reads very well indeed—have decided to group the entries by subject matter instead of printing them in their chronological order. This decision seems to me wise for two reasons. In the first place, the journal is a chronicle of ideas, not of events; in the second, it is of enormous length and frequently repetitive. For this we have no right to blame Kierkegaard, since he did not write it for publication, but I cannot imagine any human being reading straight through it without skipping. Classification by subject matter is a question of editorial judgment, which must to some extent be arbitrary. For example, this volume begins with "Abstract" and ends with "The Exception." Under the "C" entries I expected to find some devoted to what Kierkegaard himself always calls "Catholicism," but found none; I presume they will appear in a later volume, under "R."

Like Pascal, Nietzsche, and Simone Weil, Kierkegaard is one of those writers whom it is very difficult to estimate justly. When one reads them for the first time, one is bowled over by their originality (they speak in a voice one has never heard before) and by the sharpness of their insights (they say things which no one before them has said, and which, henceforward, no reader will ever forget). But with successive readings one's doubts grow, one begins to react against their overemphasis on one aspect of the truth at the expense of all the others, and one's first enthusiasm may all too easily turn into an equally exaggerated aversion. Of all such writers, one might say that one cannot imagine them as children. The more we read them, the more we become aware that something has gone badly wrong with their affective life—a derangement which, though it may, and probably does, include some kind of sexual neurosis, extends far beyond the bounds of the sexual; it is not only impossible to imagine one of them as a happy husband or wife, it is impossible to imagine their having a single intimate friend to whom they could open their hearts. It is significant, surely, and sad, that though Kierkegaard was the most brilliant Dane of his time and a famous, even notorious, figure, there are, to the best of my knowledge, no references to him in the memoirs of his contemporaries, no descriptions, friendly or hostile, of what he seemed like to others. All we know about Kierkegaard is what he tells us himself.

"Goodness, I don't know! Who do you like?"

I hope that someone will soon write a fully documented history of the *Corsair* affair. All I know about it is that Kierkegaard challenged its proprietor, Meyer Goldschmidt, who had hitherto praised his writings, to attack him, which Goldschmidt thereupon proceeded to do, and my only information about the nature of the attack comes from the account given by David Swenson in his "Something About Kierkegaard":

> For several months thereafter, there appeared little articles in the *Corsair* satirizing one or another feature of the pseudonymous writings. The articles were illustrated with pictures of Kierkegaard walking through the streets, his umbrella under his arm, and one trouser leg depicted as considerably longer than the other. The result of this campaign was that Kierkegaard could not show himself on the streets without being followed by a gaping and howling mob of boys and young men. So deeply did the attack sink into the popular consciousness of Copenhagen that we have from Brandes a narrative of how his nurse used to bring him back from the error of his ways, whenever his clothes were not properly put on, by pointing at him a warning finger and saying reprovingly, *"Søren, Søren!"*

This must have been very disagreeable, but can it really be considered, as Kierkegaard himself considered it, an example of a righteous man's being martyred for the sake of the truth? As a scandal sheet, the *Corsair* was clearly a social evil, and Kierkegaard was not alone in thinking so. For a writer, the normal way of trying to abolish a social evil is to write attacks on it, demonstrating by quotations and facts the kind of evil it represents and does. Such attacks are likely to be the more effective the less the writer draws attention to himself and the more he seems to speak as the voice of public conscience. But instead of attacking, Kierkegaard demanded to be attacked, and this, I must confess, I find distastefully egotistic. Goldschmidt, incidentally, must have been a stupid man: a moment's thought should have told him that if he really wished to torment Kierkegaard he should ignore the challenge and go on praising his work to the skies.

> If I, suffering, were to have become an object of attack by mob-vulgarity, admiration for me would have increased. But the fact that I myself demanded it shocked men. They felt alienated by anything that went over their heads.

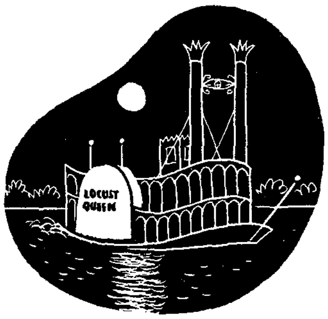
Thus Kierkegaard in his "Journals." But was it so unnatural that they should be shocked? Further, is there any evidence, outside his own testimony, that *nobody* sympathized with him in the persecution to which he was subjected?

Then there is the question of the persecution itself. When a newspaper proprietor has it in for somebody, his usual procedure is to publish innuendos (or facts, if he can get them) about the private or public morality of his victim: it is suggested that he has a taste for young girls or has been involved in some shady financial or political deal. All that Goldschmidt was able to do was to make fun of Kierkegaard's writings—one would be curious to know if these criticisms were at all funny—and to make fun of his physical appearance. Caricature exaggerates, but it is only possible if there is some peculiarity to exaggerate. If the *Corsair* caricatures showed one of Kierkegaard's trouser legs considerably longer than the other, then it seems certain to me that he must have been somebody, like myself, who was careless about the way he dressed. One would have expected him to laugh and say, "Yes, I am a careless dresser, but I don't care." On the other hand, if his feelings were seriously hurt, as it seems they were, he had only to dress more carefully in the future for the caricatures to lose their sting. If the vulgar laughed at him on the streets, it was because they could recognize him as the original of the caricatures. His second attempt to get himself persecuted for the Truth's sake—his polemic against Bishops Mynster and Martensen—was even less successful. The public may have been shocked and thought his articles in bad taste, but they read them. Nobody tried to silence him. For all his contempt for the press, he made use of it, and the editors of *Fædrelandet* were perfectly willing to publish what he wrote. Far from getting stoned or imprisoned, he made the headlines. One has to draw attention to this failure to get martyred not as a personal reproach, which would be cheap and unjust, but because Kierkegaard was continually attacking the Danish clergy of his time for failing to achieve something which, under the circumstances of his time, he was unable to achieve himself.

Of what he calls the "wilting" of Christianity, Kierkegaard says:

> It will appear most easily in a Protestant country that does not have the counterweight of Catholicism in the same country. *Furthermore, it will appear most readily in a small country, which by being small is only too close to pettiness, mediocrity, spiritlessness; and, again, it will appear most readily in this little land if it has its own language entirely by itself and does not even through its language participate in possible movements elsewhere. It will most readily appear in such a small country if the people are prosperous, have no great differences in life, and have a common and regularized abundance, which is related all too easily to secular security. It will most readily appear in or show itself as the fruits of good days of peace.*

Leaving aside the first sentence for later consideration, let us examine the rest of this passage. To condemn a society for being small and provincial is to condemn it not for being worldly but for not being worldly enough: a provincial society lacks the worldly virtues of broad-mindedness and cynical tolerance exhibited by more cosmopolitan societies. As someone who had to write in Danish, Kierkegaard could reasonably complain that this severely limited the size of his potential audience, but this is a worldly objection. Further, I cannot believe that the cultural situation in Denmark in Kierkegaard's day was radically different from what it is today there or in any other country, like Holland or Sweden or Hungary, where few strangers can be expected to understand its mother tongue: in such countries both intellectuals and businessmen are obliged, like Kierkegaard himself, to learn the more cosmopolitan languages. I should be extremely surprised, for example, to hear that Bishop Martensen or any other members of the Danish Ecclesiastical Establishment could only read and speak Danish. Kierkegaard then goes on to reproach Denmark for qualities which common sense surely would regard as blessings—the absence of seri-



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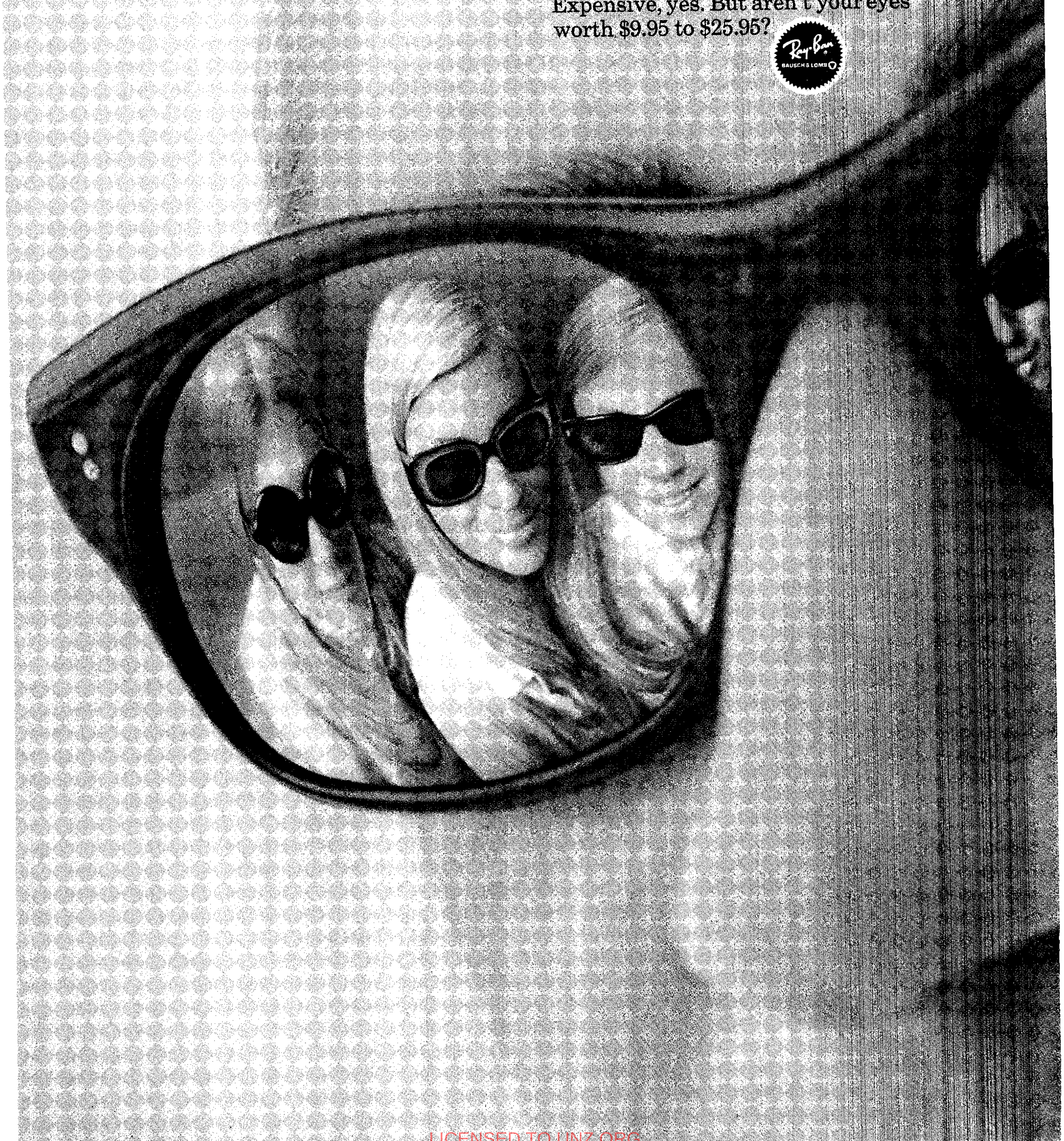

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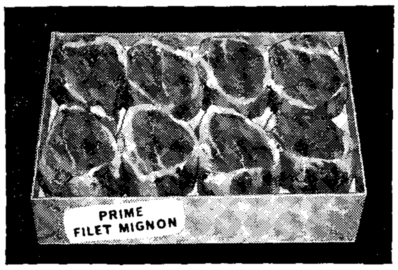

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ous poverty, the freedom from sharp class distinctions, the lack of involvement in war; for being, in other words, a society without gross and obvious social evils. Whether this was really the case I do not know, but it must certainly have been Kierkegaard's opinion, for never, when he is attacking the Danish clergy for worldly prudence and cowardice, does he specify a concrete issue about which he thinks it their Christian duty to protest. In England during the first half of the nineteenth century, there were a number of issues one can think of—the slave trade, the treatment of the industrial poor in mines and cotton mills, the criminal law, the unjust treatment of Catholics—about which, to their shame, most of the Anglican clergy remained silent, though a few did have the courage to protest, at the cost of losing preferment. Were there really no comparable issues in Denmark? I have the uneasy feeling that if there were, Kierkegaard would have considered them unimportant.

About Roman Catholicism as a "counterweight" Kierkegaard was acute. In Catholic countries one may find, as in all countries, worldly, even immoral, prelates, but one also finds monastic orders of men and women vowed to chastity, poverty, and obedience: a parish priest may be more stupid and tiresome than many of his congregation, but he is a celibate, who has made a sacrifice which they know they would not or could not make themselves. By doing away with the monasteries and fasting, by not only permitting but encouraging the clergy to marry, by abolishing all visible "works" of self-sacrifice, Luther and Calvin made piety a matter of internal conscience. As C. S. Lewis has said of Calvin:

> The moral severity of his rule ... did not mean that his theology was, in the last resort, more ascetic than that of Rome. It sprang from his refusal to allow the Roman distinction between the life of "religion" and the life of the world, between the Counsels and the Commandments. Calvin's picture of the fully Christian life was less hostile to pleasure and to the body than Fisher's, but then Calvin demanded that every man should be made to live the fully Christian life. In academic jargon, he lowered the honours standard and abolished the pass degree.

Similarly, Kierkegaard says of Luther:

> Luther set up the highest spiritual principle: pure inwardness.... And so in Protestantism a point may be reached at which worldliness is honoured and highly valued as—piety. And this—as I maintain—cannot happen in Catholicism.... Because Catholicism has the universal

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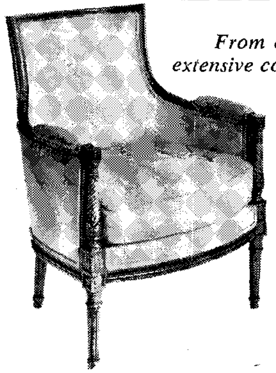

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premise that we men are pretty well rascals. And why can it happen in Protestantism? Because the Protestant principle is related to a particular premise: a man who sits in the anguish of death, in fear and trembling and much tribulation—and of those there are not many in any one generation.

There is another aspect of Protestantism which Kierkegaard seems to have overlooked—one which makes the position of a Protestant minister more ambiguous and vulnerable than that of a Catholic priest; namely, that in the Lutheran and Calvinist Churches, and increasingly so as time went on, the sermon, the ministry of the Word, took precedence over the Sacraments, the ritual acts of worship. The Catholic priest, of course, also preaches, but his primary function is to celebrate Mass, hear confessions, and give absolution. His right to perform such actions depends not on his moral character or even his faith but on the fact that he has been ordained by a bishop. But when a man preaches, all kinds of questions begin to arise. While it is meaningless to ask of a priest "Does he celebrate Mass well or badly?," the question "Does he preach well or badly?" is a real one, with a real answer. Preaching, like lecturing, demands an aesthetic gift: a preacher may himself be a hypocrite but still have the power to stir the hearts of his congregation; conversely, he may be personally a holy man but because he lacks a gift for verbal expression he leaves them cold. Also, the preacher must necessarily address his congregation not as individuals but as a group. As long as his sermon is confined to doctrinal instruction, to telling them what the Church believes and what her credal formulas mean, this presents no problem, but the moment he turns to moral exhortation, to telling them what they should or should not do here and now, he is in difficulties, for each member of his congregation has his or her unique spiritual problems. At confession, a priest may give a confessand stupid, even harmful, advice, but at least this is given to a particular sinner, not to sinners in general. But the preacher in the pulpit is confronted by sinners in general. If he is to avoid generalities which will leave most of them exactly as they were before, he must speak of some concrete situation in which he knows they are all equally guilty, and this, in practice, usually means one about which they not only feel no guilt but are convinced that they are righteous. As Bonhoeffer said:

The preacher must be concerned so to incorporate the contemporary situation in

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his shaping of the commandment itself relevant to the real situation. It cannot be "War is evil" but, rather, "Fight this war," or "Don't fight this war."

He will have small occasion to say either, unless he knows his congregation are going to be shocked; that, in the first case, they are willing, out of cowardice, to appease a tyrant, or, in the second, that they are jingoist patriots who say, "My country, right or wrong." In doing so, he risks martyrdom. Attacking sinfulness in general is always perfectly safe, for each listener will assume that it is not he personally but people in general who are being attacked. It is only when a preacher attacks a concrete case of worldliness that he is likely to get into trouble. A clergyman in Mississippi can scold his congregation for not loving God and their neighbor, and they will sit there in smiling agreement, but if he tells them that God demands that they love Negroes as themselves the atmosphere will soon change.

Of the Danish clergy in his day, Kierkegaard complains:

> Like children playing war games (in the security of the living room), so all of Christendom (or the preachers insofar as they are the actors) plays at Christianity; in the security of worldliness they play the game that the Christian is persecuted (but no one persecutes him, the speaker), that the truth is crucified (but the speaker himself already ranks with the court justices).

This complaint seems to suggest either that they only preached on such texts as "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor" and "Marvel not if the world hate you," which cannot have been the case, or that such texts are the only ones on which a true Christian may preach, which is heretical. Secondly, it lacks effectiveness, because Kierkegaard does not or cannot specify any concrete issue for which it was their duty to invite persecution and crucifixion.

It is curious that the author of "Repetition," who could analyze so subtly the difficulty for human beings in their daily life of having to live in and with time, should have failed to see that any church, as a visible organization on earth, has the same problem. Ideally, of course, everyone who calls himself a Christian, whether a clergyman or a layman, should be an apostle, but to imagine that at any time in history this has been, or could be, the case is a sheer Donatist fantasy. It is true, as Kierkegaard says, that "Christianity cannot be 'introduced' into a country as one introduces improved sheep breeding," but if an individual is ever to become a Christian he must be introduced to the Christian faith, and this is one of the church's functions. The Danish Lutheran Church may have been as worldly as Kierkegaard thought it was, but if it had not existed he would never have heard of the Gospels, in which he found the standards by which he condemned it. Actually, it was his father rather than the Lutheran Church who "introduced" Kierkegaard, as a child, to Christianity, and no introduction, as he himself half realized, could have been more unfortunate:

> The greatest danger for a child, where religion is concerned.
>
> The greatest danger is not that his father or tutor should be a freethinker, not even his being a hypocrite. No, the danger lies in his being a pious, God-fearing man, and in the child being convinced thereof, but that he should nevertheless notice that deep in his soul there lies hidden an unrest which, consequently, not even the fear of God and piety could calm. The danger is that the child in that situation is almost provoked to draw a conclusion about God, that God is not infinite love.

He did not realize, however, exactly how peculiar and unlucky he had been, for in discussing the difficulty of bringing up children in the Christian faith he attributes to the average child thoughts which would never occur to one brought up in a normal Christian home:

> Christianity presupposes the actuality of a conviction of sin; it is the glad news that God in Christ accepts sinners.... But now the child: he has no actual consciousness of sin. What then? Well, all that talk about how good God and Christ are—the child must have his own thoughts about that—he notices that an *aber* is included: if one has sinned. Take an analogy. Describe the family physician to a child as a very rare and lovable man, etc. What happens? The child thinks something like this: yes, it is very possible that there is such a rare man. I would gladly believe it, but I would also rather steer clear of him, for the fact that I become the object of his special love means that I am sick—and to be sick is no fun; and therefore I am far from being happy at the thought that he has been called.

But what Christian parents in their senses ever spoke to a child about God in Christ accepting sinners? If they are intelligent, they will see that a child's first encounter with the religious life should be aesthetic, not reflective, with exciting rituals, not with sermons. As far as possible, they will avoid talking to the child *about* God, for they know that, as Ferdinand Ebner said, "This is on a par with telling him he was

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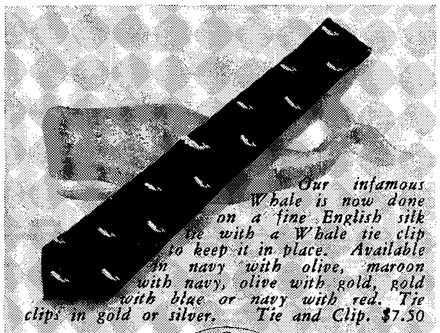

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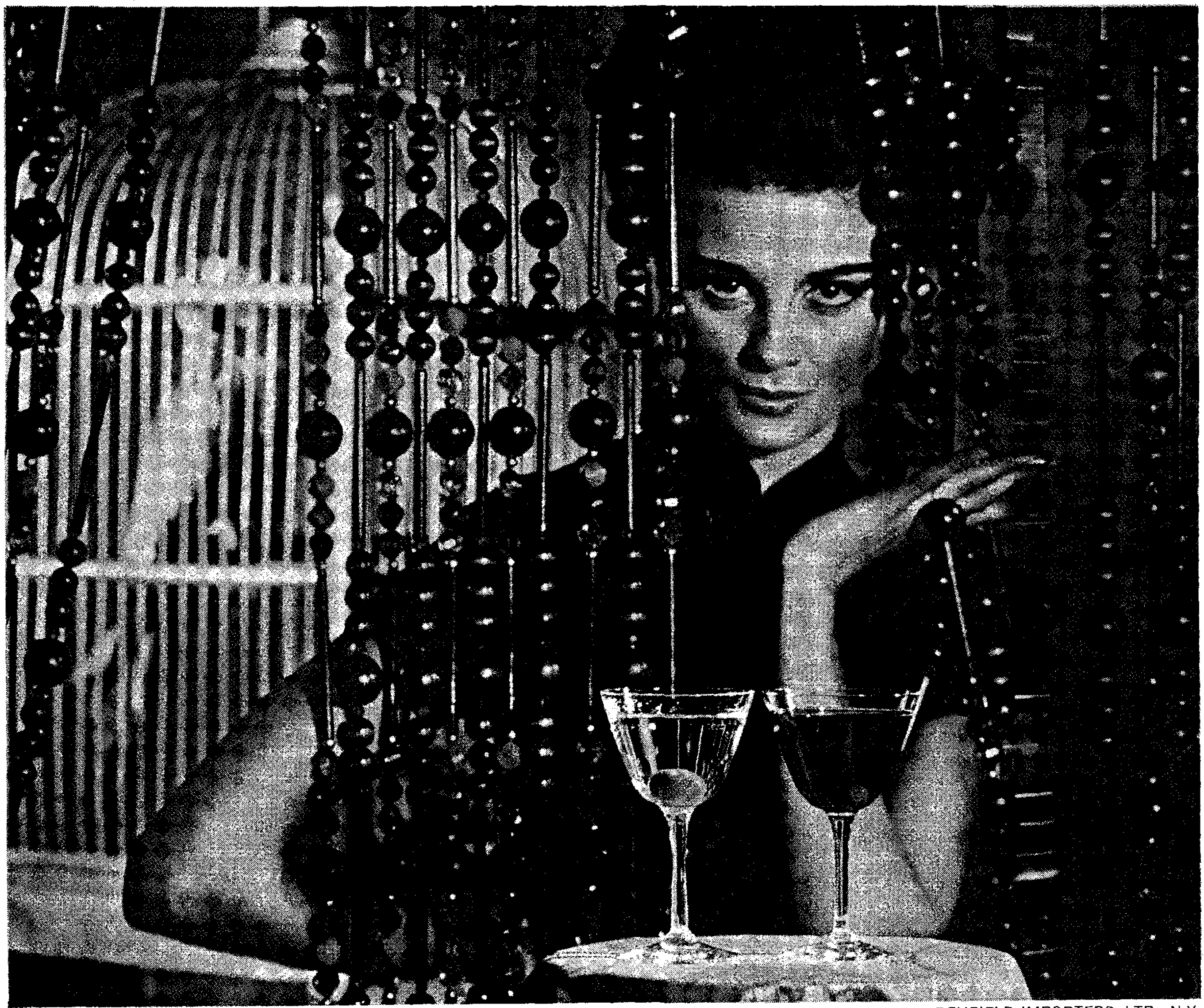

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brought to his mother by a stork," but if they must speak of Him they will speak of Him as the Creator who loves all the creatures He has made, never of His actions as Redeemer or Judge. The church has always believed that though we are all born in sin, no child under seven can become guilty of a personal sin. Consequently, it is wicked to talk to a child about sin or guilt. One can only speak of the difference between a good little boy and a bad little boy. Good little boys do what is expected of them when put on the potty and do not pull their sisters' hair. Good little boys get candy; bad little boys get none.

Given his extraordinary upbringing, it is hardly surprising that Kierkegaard should have become—not intellectually but in his sensibility—a Manichee. That is to say, though he would never have denied the orthodox doctrine that God created the world, and asserted that matter was created by an Evil Spirit, one does not feel in his writings the sense that, whatever sorrows and sufferings a man may have to endure, it is nevertheless a miraculous blessing to be alive. Like all heretics, conscious or unconscious, he is a monodist, who can hear with peculiar acuteness one theme in the New Testament—in his case, the theme of suffering and self-sacrifice—but is deaf to its rich polyphony. By anthologizing the New Testament, selecting the passages that appeal to him but ignoring their concrete context, and omitting those passages which do not appeal to him, a man can produce a Pelagian, a Calvinist, a Montanist, a Gnostic Gospel as he pleases, and claim that he has Scriptural authority: what he says is true enough in itself, but it is falsified by what he omits. The Passion of Christ, for example, was to Kierkegaard's taste, the Nativity and Epiphany were not. It is quite true that, as he complained, an overemphasis on the joy of Christmas at the expense of the sorrow of Good Friday can produce an all too cozy version of Christianity, but to reject Christmas altogether is to say that the importance given it in the Gospel narratives was unchristian. One's suspicions about Kierkegaard's antipathy to Christmas are confirmed when one reads his description of ordinary human birth:

> ...the entrance to this room [life on earth] is a nasty, muddy, humble stairway and it is impossible to pass without getting disgustingly soiled, and admission is paid by prostituting oneself.

To this, Bonhoeffer, who speaks with the authority of someone who, un-

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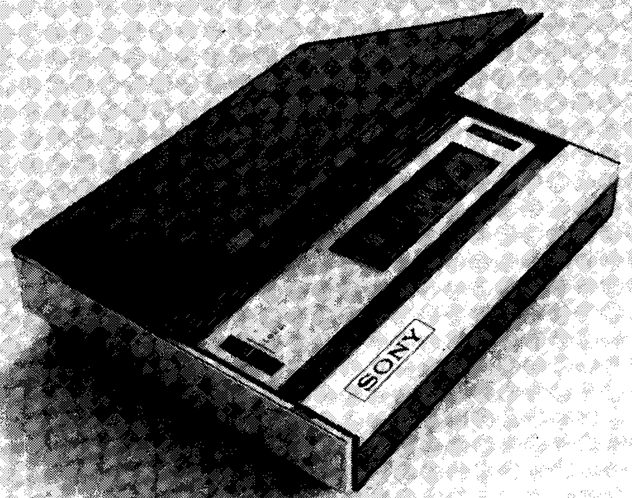

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like Kierkegaard, was actually martyred, has the proper corrective:

> We should love God eternally with our whole hearts, yet not so as to compromise or diminish our earthly affections, but as a kind of cantus fermus to which the other melodies of life provide the counterpoint. Earthly affection is one of these *contrapuntal* themes, a theme which enjoys autonomy of its own.

It is certainly at least partially true that, as Kierkegaard says, "Erotic love is self-love, friendship is self-love," but according to the Gospels Christ never condemns erotic love and friendship as sinful; He merely says that since they come "naturally" to human beings, men and women must not take moral credit for them.

Again Bonhoeffer:

> To long for the transcendent when you are in your wife's arms is, to put it mildly, a lack of taste and it is certainly not what God expects of us. . . . If He pleases to grant us some overwhelming earthly bliss, we ought not to try and be more *religious than God Himself.*

Kierkegaard could not honestly have said this about himself, but in his extraordinary portrait of the Knight of Faith one discovers to one's amazement that he knew—bless him!—that it was a defect, not a virtue, in him that he could not say it. The ideal Christian he describes is happily married, looks like a cheerful grocer, and is respected by his neighbors. "That," Kierkegaard says, "is what one should be, but, alas, to me he is incomprehensible: I only understand the Knight of the Doleful Countenance."

Even reading him in an English translation, one can tell that Kierkegaard is a master of his mother tongue, who can manage with equal effectiveness every style—the high, the homely, the abstract, the concrete—but he suffers from one great literary defect, which is often found in lonely geniuses: he never knows when to stop. Lonely people are apt to fall in love with the sound of their own voice, as Narcissus fell in love with his reflection, not out of conceit but out of despair of finding another who will listen and respond. As Hammarskjöld wrote:

> Narcissus leaned over the spring, enthralled by the only man in whose eyes he had ever dared—or been given the chance—to forget himself.

The writer who believes that he has, or will have, an audience always shows a sense of proportion in what he writes; he knows when to pause so that his readers may have the chance to respond. But the writer who despairs of an audience dares not stop for fear of the

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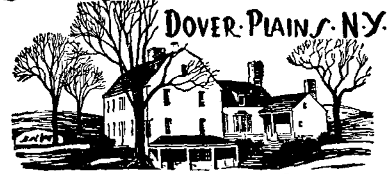

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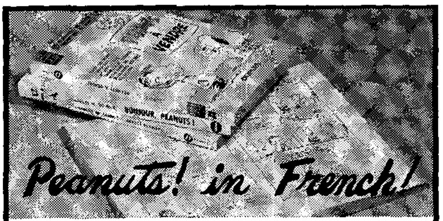

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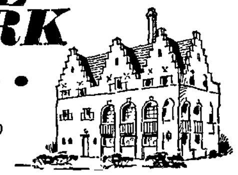

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blank silence which might follow if he did. Further, he will tend to believe that no genuine writer can communicate with his fellow-men, that when a writer seems to have an audience who understand him, this must be an illusion:

> Imagine a poet. I do not deny that he is truly great as a poet: but it is probably not for this reason that he becomes so highly regarded and admired by his contemporaries. No, he is also a weak character, cowardly: he maintains good public relations with the voices of envy, bolstering himself up with good connections, etc.—therefore he lives honored and esteemed.

There is some truth in this, but only some. Any poet who has had a measure of public success has encountered admirers who did not seem to have the slightest comprehension of what he was about, but he has also met others who have read his work as he would wish it to be read. Then, while, as we all know, some poets are cunning literary politicians, many, including the best, are not. Or, again:

> There lived in a market town a small group of dancers; only one of them could leap two feet in the air, the others only a half-foot. Yet there was one among the others who could leap a half-foot plus two inches. He was greatly admired and praised. The one who could leap two feet high was ridiculed, regarded as demented and eccentric.

This parable seems to me simply untrue. Kierkegaard might have said that the citizens of the town could not see any difference between the many who jumped a half foot, the one who jumped eight inches, and the one who jumped two feet—that all the audience could see was that they were all dancers. But the dancers themselves would not ridicule the two-footer; they might envy him and intrigue maliciously against him, but they would be envious precisely because they recognized his superiority.

Kierkegaard once said that if Luther had lived in the nineteenth century he would have said the opposite of what he said in the sixteenth, and one cannot help speculating upon what Kierkegaard might be saying were he living today, in what Harvey Cox has called the Secular City. The religious and cultural situation with which he was familiar lasted more or less until 1914. Till then, Official Christendom existed; that is to say, large areas of the earth where the majority of the population, with various degrees of understanding but nearly all of them sincerely, professed the Christian faith, and on Sundays and feast days attended some place of public worship. This meant

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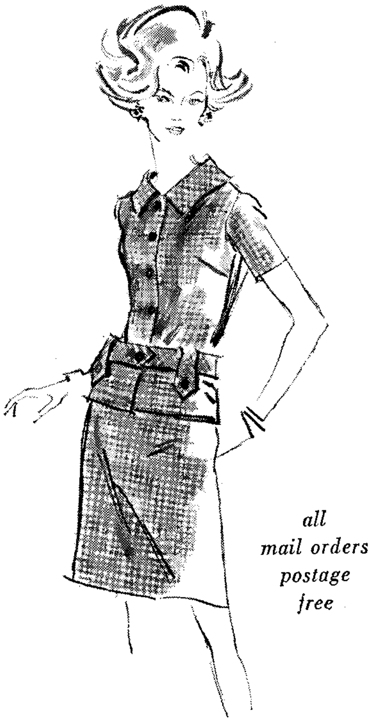

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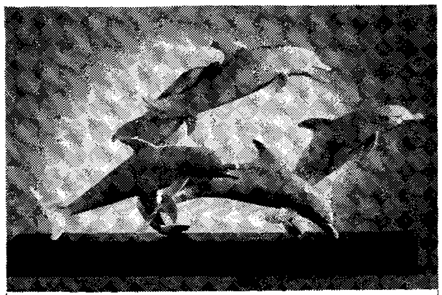

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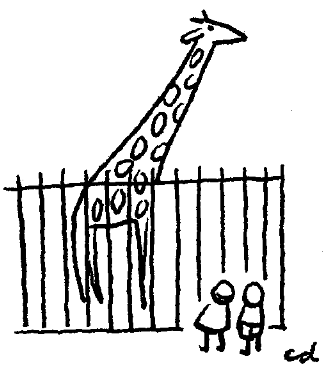
that, as a matter of social fact, it was a worldly advantage to be a Christian and a churchgoer, a worldly disadvantage to be a confessed atheist or freethinker. It did not mean, of course, that people went to church *because* it was a worldly advantage. Secondly, it meant that to enter the Catholic priesthood or the Protestant ministry was one out of various possible worldly careers. In Catholic countries, the bright son of poor peasants might rise to be a cardinal, and even if he got no further than becoming a parish priest, as such he enjoyed a power and a prestige which his parents lacked. In Protestant countries, it was predominantly sons of the middle classes who entered the ministry; when I was a boy, children still used to play at divining their future careers by counting the plum or cherry stones on their plates and reciting "Army, Navy, Law, Church." Again, it would be false and unjust to call those who become clergymen in this way hypocrites; nearly all were devout and most of them very hard-working and conscientious.

Today, in our part of the world, society could not care less what one believes; to be a Christian is regarded by the majority as a rather silly but quite harmless eccentricity, like being a Baconian or a flat-earth man. But there are large areas elsewhere where Christianity is taken seriously, where a Christian is debarred from all but the lowliest jobs and may even lose his life. What would Kierkegaard say to all this? Maybe he would think the situation behind the Iron Curtain a healthier one than that of his Denmark. But what would he think of the present state of the churches in the West? The worldly prestige of the priest and the minister has declined, and what is the result? Those who teach in seminaries, whether Catholic or Protestant, are disturbed not only by the dwindling number of would-be ordinands but by the low intellectual level of those who do apply. Among them there are a few, as there always have been, with a real sense of an apostolic calling, but the majority are persons who are too dumb to stand a chance of success in one of the more remunerative and high-status worldly professions. Holy Orders is their last resort; they cannot dig, and to beg they are ashamed.



There is a parlor game I sometimes play with friends called Purgatory Mates. Each player has to name two persons of such different temperaments that on meeting they would dislike each other intensely, and they are condemned to live together in Purgatory until they come to understand and love each other. The other players have to be convinced that a reconciliation between the pair is ultimately possible. For example, T. S. Eliot and Walt Whitman, Tolstoy and Oscar Wilde. My choice of a Purgatory Mate for Kierkegaard would be the Anglican clergyman who ended up as a canon of St. Paul's—Sydney Smith. I can imagine the look of horror on Kierkegaard's face as he listens to this portly member of the Establishment stating his views on the finances of the Church Visible:

> Could not all the duties of religion be performed as well by poor clergymen as by men of good substance? My great and serious apprehension is that such would not be the case.... A picture is drawn of a clergyman with a hundred and thirty pounds per annum, who combines all moral, physical, and intellectual advantages, dedicating himself intensely to the care of his parish—of charming manners and dignified deportment—six feet two inches high, beautifully proportioned, with a magnificent countenance, expressive of all the cardinal virtues and the Ten Commandments—and it is asked with an air of triumph if such a man would fall into contempt on account of his poverty? But substitute for him an average, ordinary, uninteresting Minister; obese, dumpy, neither ill-natured or good-natured, striding over the styles, with a second-rate wife—dusty and deliquescent—and four parochial children, full of catechism and bread-and-butter; or let him be seen in one of those Shem-Ham-and Japhet buggies driving among his pecuniary, saponaceous, oleaginous parishioners. Can any man of common sense say that all these outward circumstances of the Ministers of Religion have no bearing on religion itself?

And I can picture Sydney Smith's initial dismay at the prospect of being confined to the company of a fanatical dissenter with no sense for the conventions of polite conversation. But after a frigid century or two, both, I believe, would begin to thaw. Each would discover that his companion was, like himself, a wit and, like most funny men, liable to melancholia. Presently they would be able to make each other laugh and to exchange recipes for dealing with low spirits. Then, in time, Kierkegaard would discover that his worldly, society-loving colleague had

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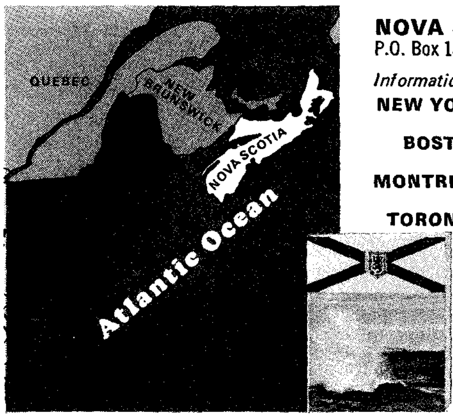

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been banished, at the age of thirty-eight, to a rural parish in Yorkshire, where, instead of taking to drink, he served his rustic flock devotedly for the next twenty years. He would discover, too, that Sydney Smith had unsparingly and effectively attacked both the Established Church and the government for such specific evils as their treatment of Catholics and the game laws, for which attacks he had paid a price: though everyone knew him to be the ablest man in the Anglican Church of his day, not even a Whig government dared make him a bishop. On his side, Sydney Smith would discover that Kierkegaard was not a fanatic but a serious thinker, and under his influence would come to see that he had been wrong when he said, "There is no enthusiasm in the Gospels."

Kierkegaard had, and always will have, an audience for whom it is imperative that they listen to him. His essential warning is directed not to the man-in-the-street, not to the bourgeois man, not even to the clergyman, but to the gifted man, the individual endowed with an exceptional talent for art or science or philosophy. The fact that such a gift is granted to one and not to all means that it is ethically neutral, for only those demands are ethical which apply to all human beings. It is meaningless to say that it is the duty of an artist or a scientist to exercise his talent, for there is nothing he wants to exercise more. The question of duty can arise only in circumstances in which it might be his duty not to exercise it: if his country is invaded it might be required of a painter that he stop painting and become a soldier. And because talent is, humanly speaking, a matter of accident, the relation between a man's talent and his character is accidental. The question "Is X a good or a bad poet?" and the question "Is X a good or a bad husband?" have nothing to do with each other.

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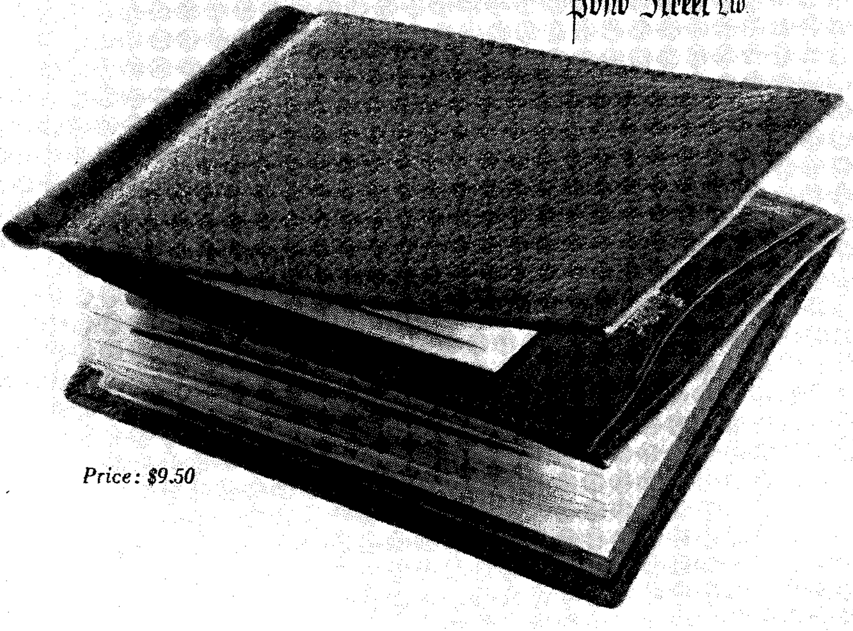

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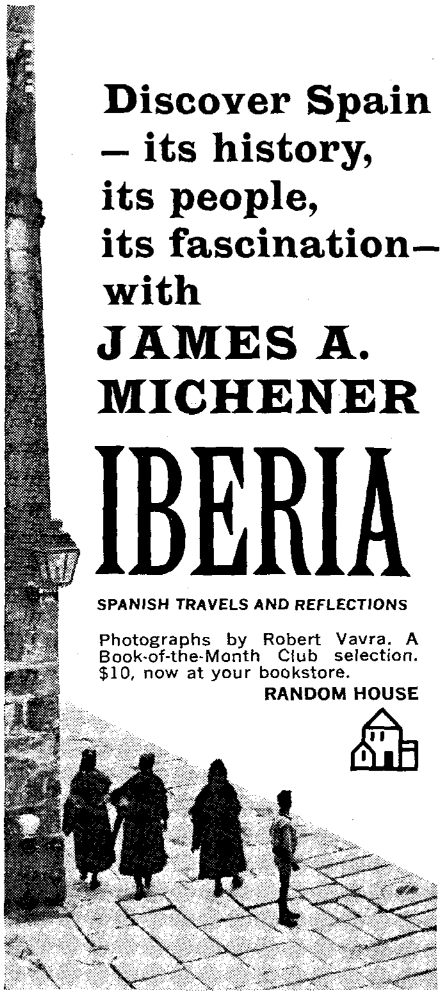
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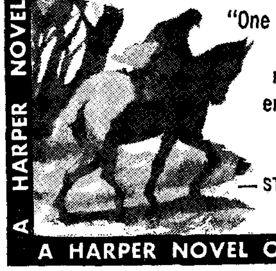
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On this subject, Kierkegaard speaks with absolute authority; one may doubt his theological orthodoxy, one may question his right to demand of others a martyr's death which he did not suffer himself, but one can have no doubt whatsoever that he was a genius.

—W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LES CHOSES: A STORY OF THE SIXTIES, by Georges Perec, translated from the French by Helen R. Lane (Grove). The couple sketched in this wistful, brilliant, and accurate short novel (it won the Prix Renaudot in France) happen to be French, but they are true for any country in the affluent West. Jérôme and Sylvie are romantically in love with possessions, and they weave dreams of wealth and happiness around stylish knickknacks that they either own or covet. Their youth passes amid fantasies of acquisition and ends with practical surrender to dull security. M. Perec leaves it to the reader to decide whether the couple's destruction is due to that peculiar idealism "taste," or to greed, or to social snobbery, or to a wicked society. The work succeeds as much because of the author's restraint as because of his original, profound, and humane concept. The translation is unfortunate; the language is certainly not French, but the style is not quite English.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Scribners). Here we read about a group of people we have never met and never expect to meet, so that our interest in them is questionable, because it has its source in what is essentially poor stuff—hearsay and gossip. This is a small and almost exclusively literary group—husbands and wives, lovers and friends, rivals and admirers. Miss Hansford Johnson carries them easily—on one arm, as it were—from the days of Munich, when most of them were in their very early twenties, to the present day, when some are dead, some not. All the characters are cleverly drawn, but not one is radiant. The

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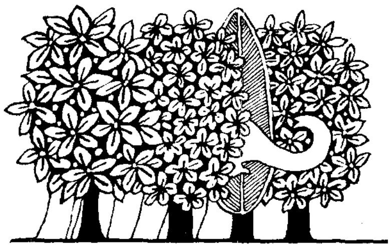
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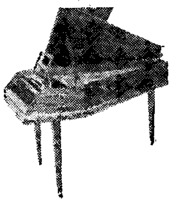
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scene is London, for the most part, with occasional side trips to Russia and America.

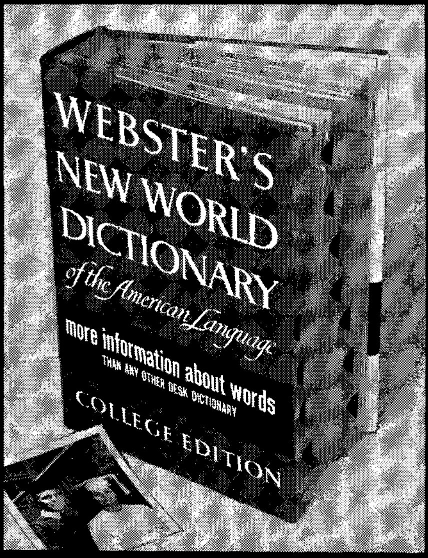
LORD MALQUIST & MR. MOON, by Tom Stoppard (Knopf). This is the first novel by Mr. Stoppard, who wrote the play "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead." It is a kind of nonsense novel, formed out of verbal and intellectual whims and minor fantasies, and stretched to fill out a couple of days against a background of funeral ceremonies for an unnamed statesman, presumably Churchill. Mr. Moon, a helpless theoretical anarchist who represents an extreme form of concern about the state of the world, is hired as a Boswell by Malquist, a practicing anachronistic nobleman who represents perfect detachment.

THE LUCIFER CELL, by William Fennerton (Atheneum). Mr. Fennerton's admirable suspense story is set in one corner of an enormous canvas that is otherwise empty. Under Chinese Communist rule, England is quite blank except for a tiny point in London where members of the underground army are planning to assassinate the Prime Minister, a soft-spoken Englishman named Servison. The assassination squad, known as the Lucifer Cell, is in the charge of a thirty-five-year-old former university instructor named Brett. Ten years have passed since the Communist invasion, but Brett and his colleagues remember very well how things were when the "royals" were still in Buckingham Palace. Their most desperate regret is not for the Royal Family, but they want to restore the monarchy anyway, just as a starter. Mr. Fennerton writes very well, and makes Chinese Communist London so immediate that one can hardly believe the state he describes has not yet come into being.

NOTE: Scribners has published "The Empire of Things and Other Stories," by H. L. Mountzoures. All but one of the stories originally appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE DISNEY VERSION, by Richard Schickel (Simon & Schuster). An illuminating and thoughtful study. Mr. Schickel is interested in Disney's achievements—upgrading several forms of mass entertainment (the movie cartoon, the nature movie, and the amusement park); creating several characters, such as Mickey Mouse, who entered the world's



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folklore; and building a big, solid business. At a time when film companies were failing and other men were losing control of studios they had founded, Disney prospered. Mr. Schickel is also interested in Disney's limitations: the man was a perfectionist within narrow cultural bounds, driving for the highest technical excellence but avoiding any sort of art that seemed to him sissy, dirty, or complex—which, in practice, meant avoiding art. Mr. Schickel sees Disney's taste and push as representative of the American Middle West from which he came, but he does not make the mistake of dissolving the man into his background.

IBERIA: SPANISH TRAVELS AND REFLECTIONS, by James A. Michener, with photographs by Robert Vavra (Random House). The author, who has been travelling all over Spain since the nineteen-thirties, here presents an immense catalogue of his enthusiasms: for varieties of Spanish landscape, architecture, and people; for *gazpacho*, *zarzuela*, new government-sponsored inns, and bullfighting. His wish to impart information and share delight is attractive. His struggle to convert what is wholly alien to him—for instance, the Spaniards' historic habit of massacring Moors, Jews, and one another—into something wholesome or comprehensible is funny. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Ten dollars.

THE AWAKENING OF THE GREEK HISTORICAL SPIRIT, by Chester G. Starr (Knopf). A study of the development in Greek thought of a historical sense, with its necessary awareness of space, time, and man, culminating in the world's first great history—Herodotus' account of the Persian Wars. It is a fascinating pursuit in intellectual history, and Professor Starr leads us learnedly through writers from Homer to Pindar in his quest. Illustrated.

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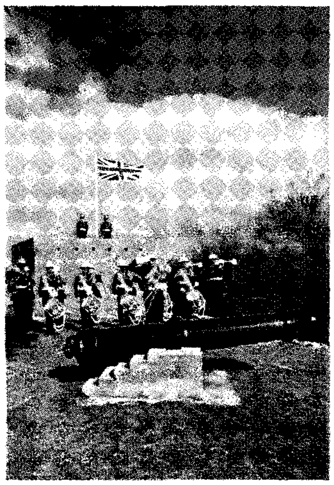

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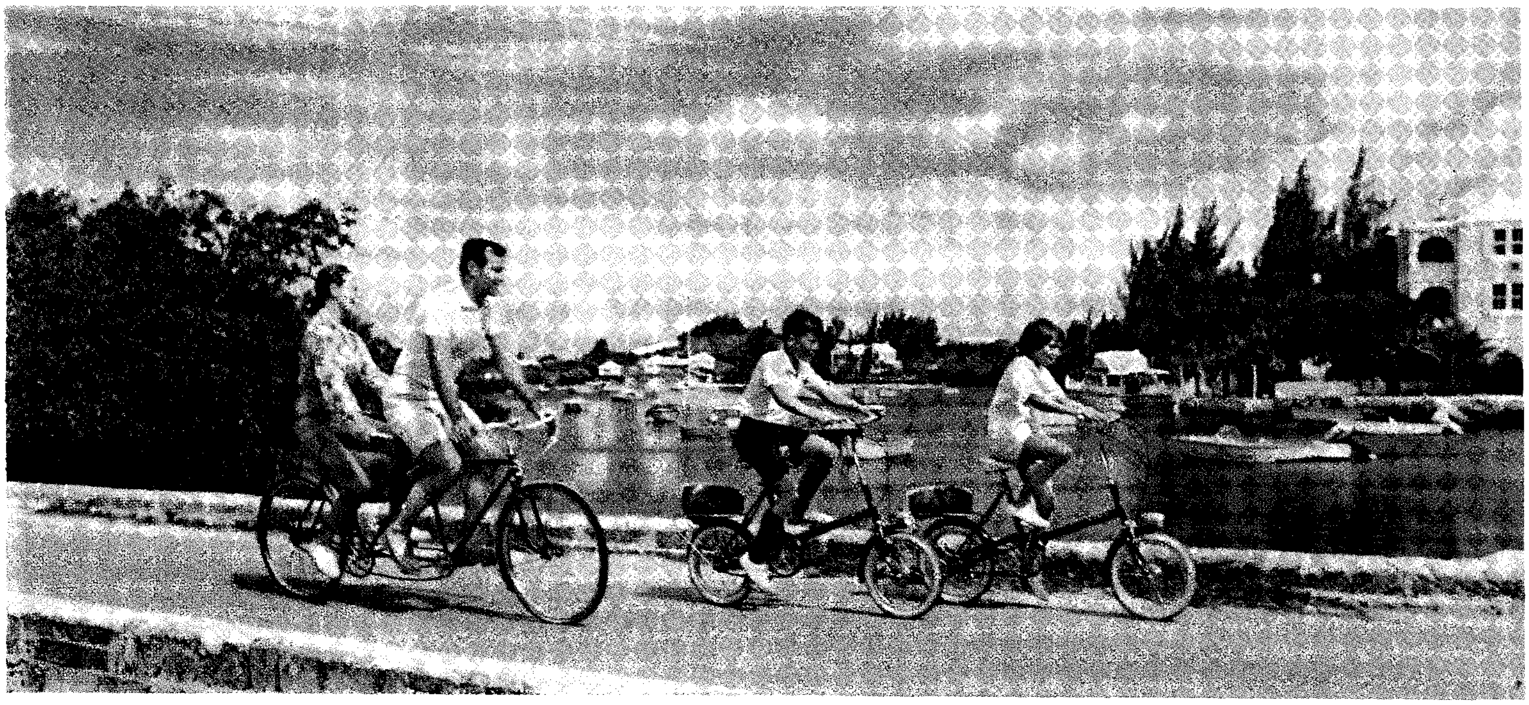

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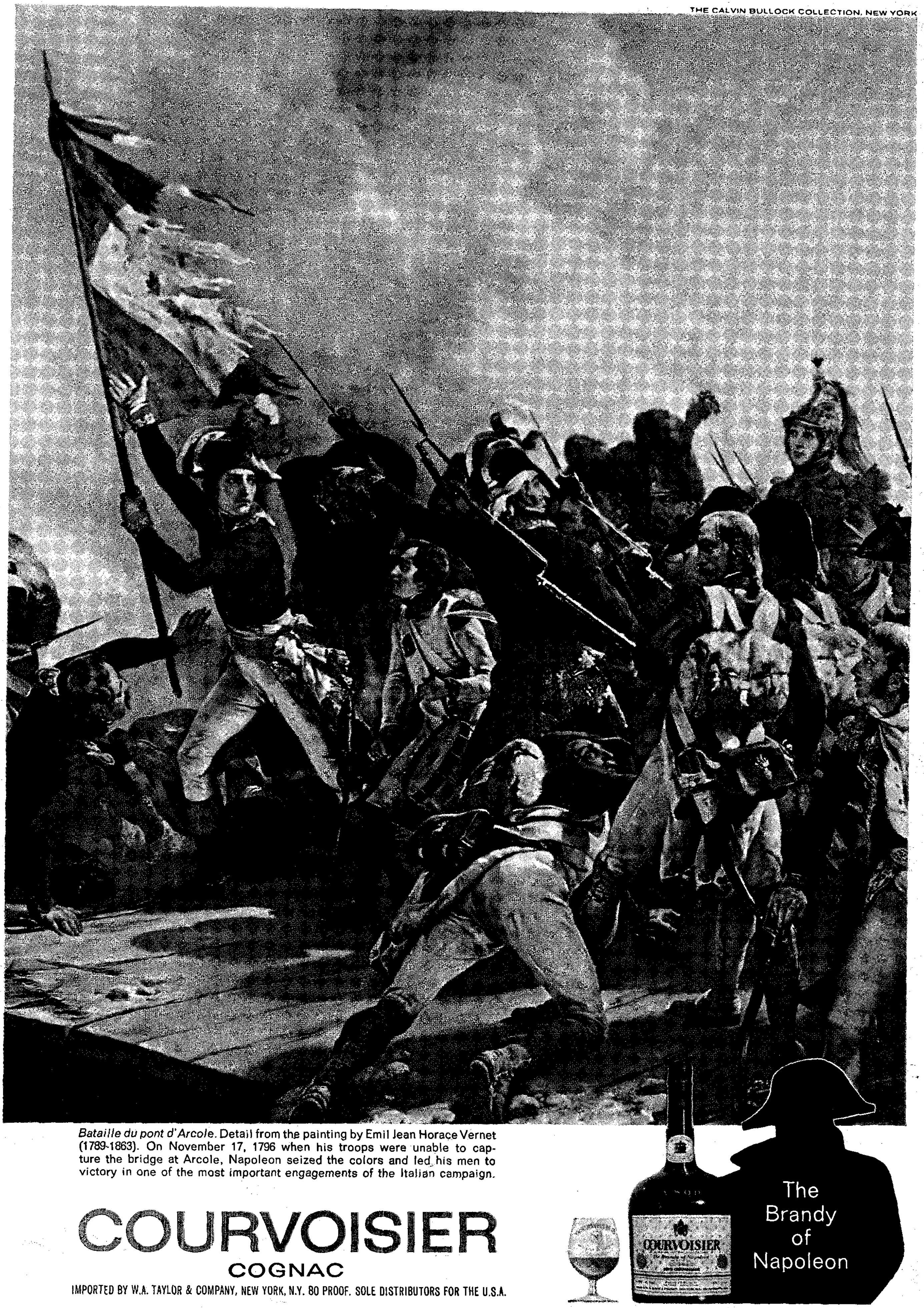

Bataille du pont d'Arcole. Detail from the painting by Emil Jean Horace Vernet (1789-1863). On November 17, 1796 when his troops were unable to capture the bridge at Arcole, Napoleon seized the colors and led his men to victory in one of the most important engagements of the Italian campaign.

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